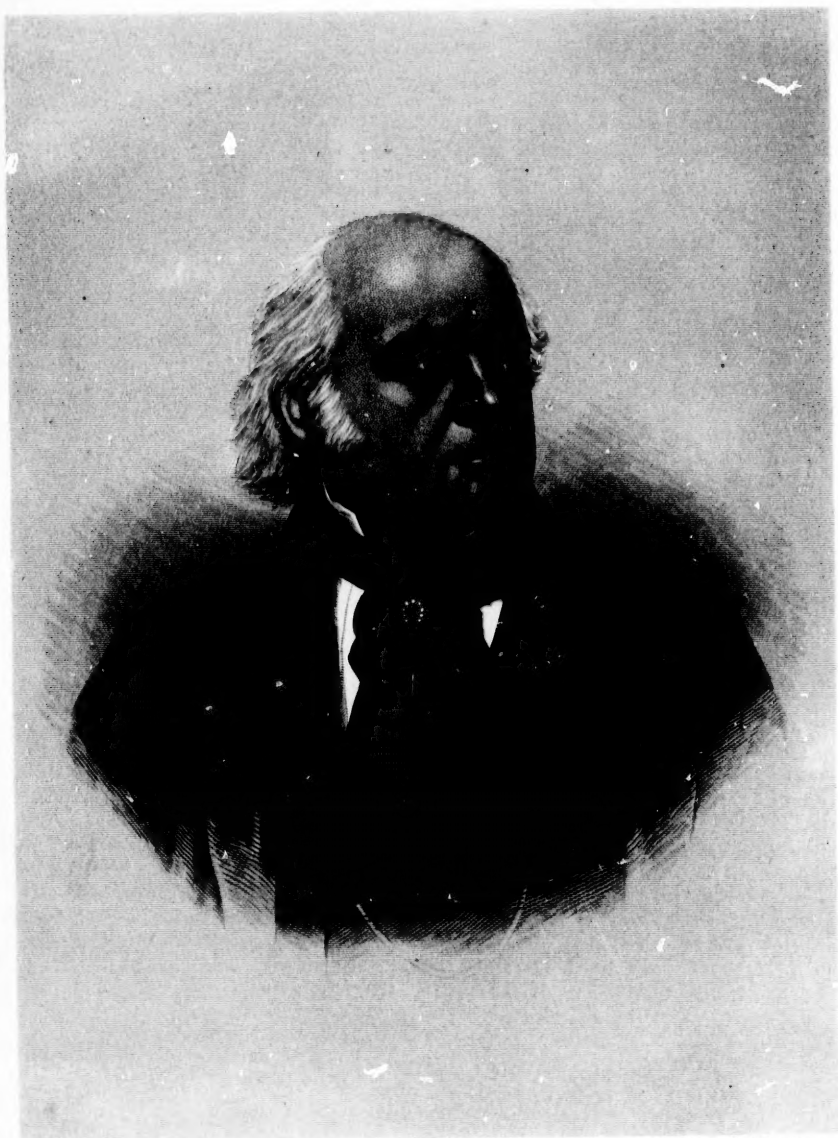




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THE EARL OF ELGIN & KINCARDINE.

169

THE SCOT

IN

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BY

W. J. RATTENAY, B.A.

VOL. I.

Alex Macdonell



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Portrait of the Duke of Devonshire

By Sir John Everett Millais

THE FACE OF THE KINGDOM

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

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GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA,

HEIR TO

THE McCALLUM MORE,

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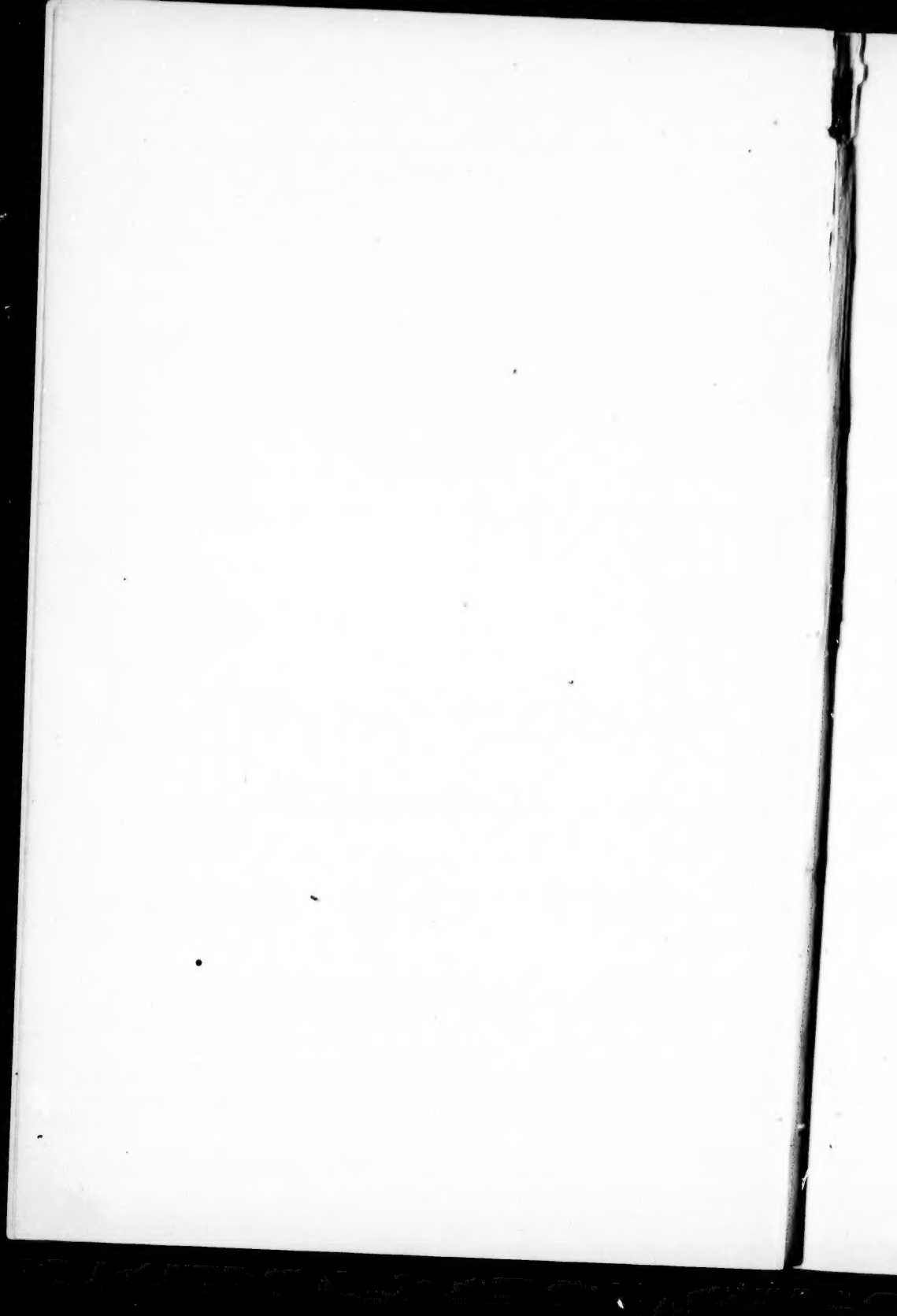
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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this work is so fully developed in the introductory chapter that any preliminary reference to it would seem unnecessary. At the same time readers expect to have a preface to a book, even if they do not read it. There are one or two remarks to be made, by way of addenda, to the explanation given in the body of the volume. In the first place it seems well to disclaim emphatically any attempt to exalt the Scot above his fellow-colonists of other nationalities. The publishers have already given Ireland a chance to speak, as she is fully capable of doing, for herself and her sons; and it is only fair that "auld Scotia" should also have her turn. It seems strange, and yet it is a fact, that there has been, amongst kindred peoples, an amount of prejudice against the Scot, which seems perfectly inexplicable. From the time when James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England until now, not merely at home, but in later years in the colonies, nothing has been so common as virulent criticism of the Scottish character. The predominant religion of the country, the caution and the thrift of its people, and their so-called clannishness, have been made the unmerited butts for ridicule or sarcasm.

In England, during the eighteenth century, most of the literary men took delight in abusing the North Briton. Horace Walpole, Junius, John Wilkes and Dr. Johnson are only samples of the general herd. The virulent pen of Junius was especially active. He had, or fancied he had, grounds of suspecting the backstairs influence of Lord Bute, and afterwards fell foul of Lord Mansfield, whom he abused, when argument failed, because he was born north of the Tweed. That most vindictive of political opponents, whilst he admitted that "national reflections" were not to be justified, as a general rule, deemed them quite proper when they gave point to the stiletto he plied in the dark. Of the later use of prejudice against the Scottish people, it is unnecessary to speak, for every reader must have met with instances of it even in the Dominion. The truth seems to be that, while "nothing succeeds like success," there is nothing which so readily inspires jealousy. The very virtues which have given Scotsmen success have been the causes of "envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness" in regard to them.

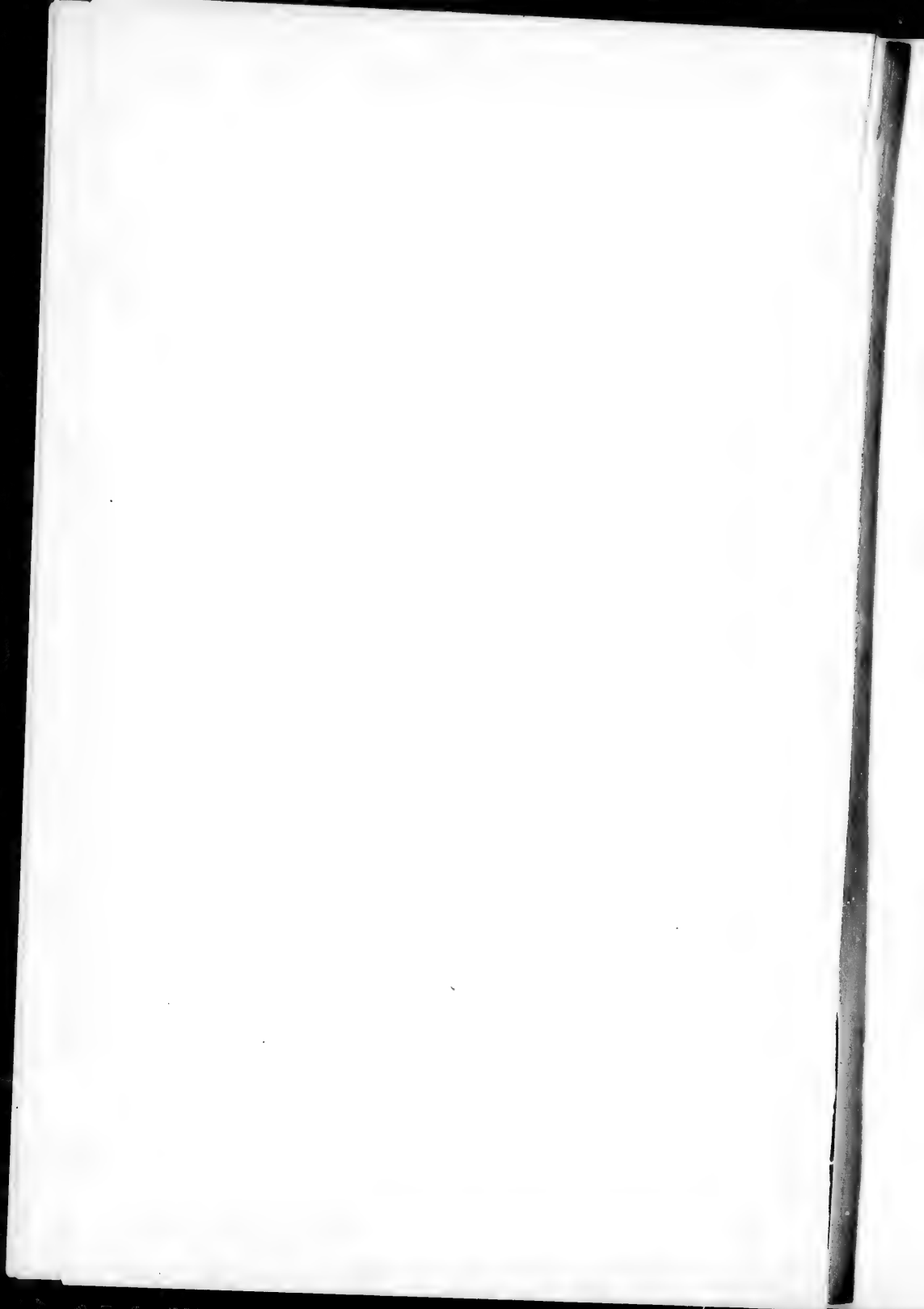
In this work an endeavour is made to show whence the strong, honest and persevering character of the Scot had its origin, and then to describe in detail what he has done for British North America. While doing this to the extent of the information at his command, the writer has been careful to avoid invidious comparisons between the Scottish and other nationalities. The aim of the book is simply to show what the Scot has done in the Dominion, without in any way undervaluing what it owes to the

Englishman, the Irishman, the Frenchman, or the German. The difficulty of collecting local data or facts of any sort only to be found outside of books has been an obstacle; and if the survey seems to lack completeness, the reader must be so kind as to lay it to this account.

Without desiring to obtrude his personality unduly, it seems proper to state that, although, on one side of the house a Scot—the son of a Scotsman—the writer has never had the advantage of visiting North Britain. Perhaps that may not be so great a disadvantage as it might at first sight appear. This preface is necessarily written before the remaining volumes have taken final form and shape and therefore, seems to be hardly so complete as it otherwise would have been. It is to be hoped that, when the entire work is in the hands of the public, the promise of its title page will be found to have been fully kept.

TORONTO, February 16th, 1880.







The following works have been consulted in the preparation of this volume :—

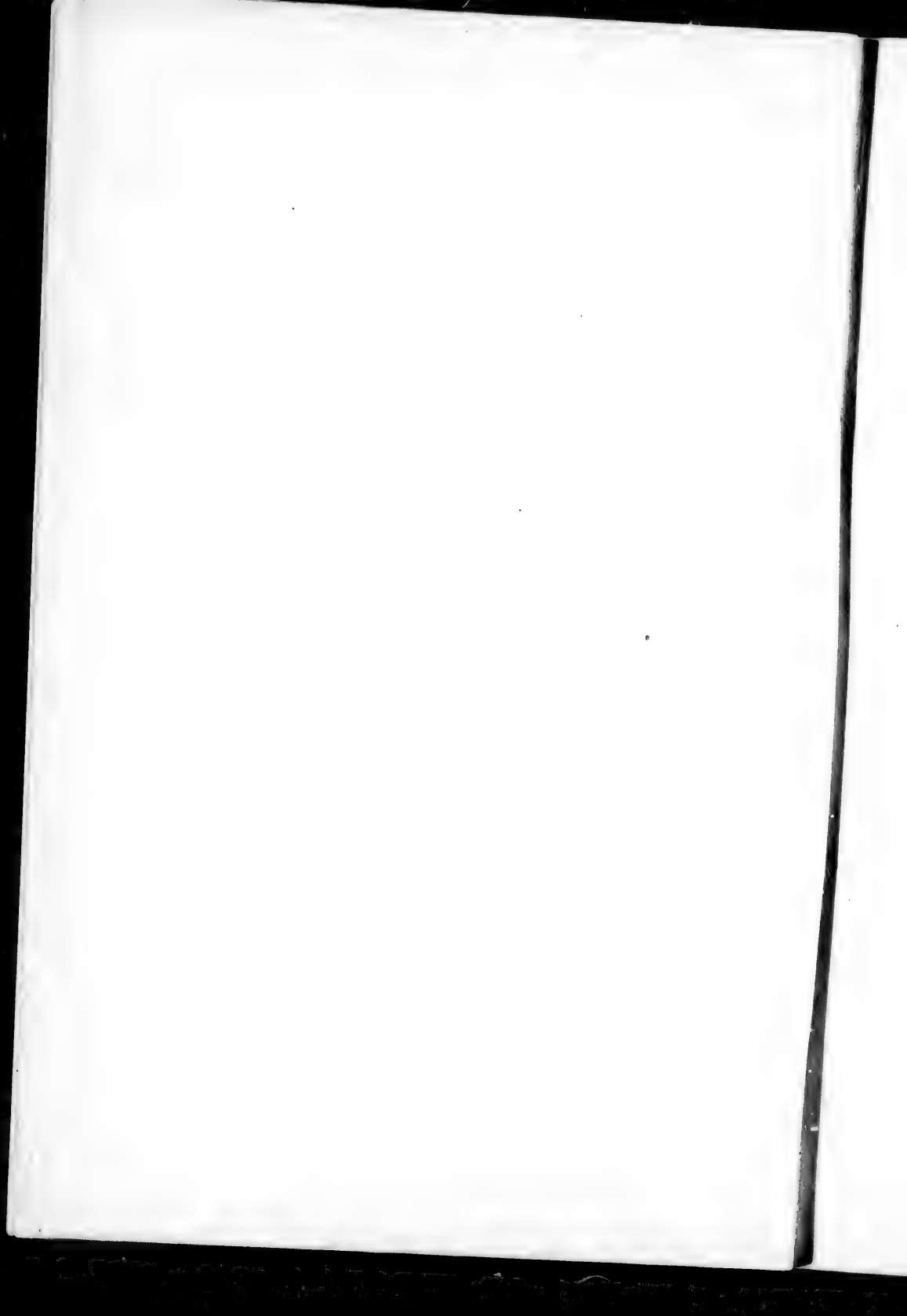
Macaulay's History of England ; Green's History of the English People, and Short History ; Lecky's England in the Eighteenth Century ; Buckle's History of Civilization ; Burton's History of Scotland, and The Scot Abroad ; Robertson's History of Scotland ; Chambers' Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen ; Logan's Scottish Gael ; Keltie's History of the Highlands ; Browne's History of the Highlands ; Stewart's Highlanders ; Flora Macdonald, Her Life and Adventures ; Scott's Border Minstrelsy ; Percy's Reliques ; Dr. Rogers' Scottish Minstrel ; Ballads, Scottish and English ; The Ballads and Songs of Scotland, by Professor Murray, of McGill College ; Veitch's Border History and Poetry ; The Songstresses of Scotland, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson ; Carlyle's Essay on Burns ; Burns' Poems ; Principal Shairp's Life of Burns ; Scott's Poetry and Prose ; Lockhart's Life of Scott ; R. H. Hutton's Life of Scott ; Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature ; The Whistle Binkie ; Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences ; Rogers' Century of Scottish Life ; Carlyle's Early Kings of Norway, and Portraits of Knox ; Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects ; McCrie's Biographies ; Wodrow's Church History ; Dean Stanley's Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland ; Gibson's Banner of the Covenant ; Anderson's Ladies of the Covenant ; Dodds' Fifty Years Struggle of the Covenanters ; The Cloud of Witnesses ; Howie's Scots Worthies ; The Clan Campbell ; The Clan Maclean ; Wilson's Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time ; Brown's Horæ Subsecivæ ; Smiles' Lives of the Engineers, and his Lives of Thomas Edward and Robert Dick ; Percy Anecdotes ; Histories of Canada by Garneau, Christie,

McMullen and Withrow ; Miles' History of Canada under the French Régime ; Le Moine : Maple Leaves (four series), Quebec, Past and Present, and Chronicles of the St. Lawrence ; Parkman's Old Régime in Canada and Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. ; Bouchette's British Dominions in North America, and Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada ; McTaggart's Three Years in Canada ; Alexander's L'Acadie ; Les Soirées Canadiennes ; Jeffreys' French Dominions in America ; Wright's Life of Wolfe ; Montgomery Martin's British Colonies ; Murray's British America ; McGregor's British America ; Sabine's Loyalists of the American Revolution ; Sir William Alexander and American Colonization (Prince Society) ; Haliburton's Nova Scotia ; Murdoch's Nova Scotia ; Campbell's Nova Scotia ; Hannay's Acadia ; Brown's Cape Breton ; Genuine Letters and Memoirs relating to Cape Breton and St. John (P. E. I.), by an Impartial Frenchman ; Gesner's Nova Scotia ; Patterson's Pictou ; Munro's New Brunswick ; Gesner's New Brunswick ; Stewart's Prince Edward Island ; Johnstone's Travels in Prince Edward Island ; Wilson's Newfoundland ; Knox's Historical Journal of the Campaign in North America (1757-1760) ; Cavendish's Debates on the Act of 1774 ; Henry's Campaign of Arnold in 1775 ; Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. iii. ; Drake's Dictionary of American Biography ; Reports on the Scottish Missions in British North America ; Rintoul's Claims of Scotsmen Abroad ; Scadding's Toronto of Old ; Johnston's Notes on North America ; Morgan's Celebrated Canadians, and also the Bibliotheca Canadensis ; The Parliamentary Companion from 1862 to 1879 ; The Catholic Directory ; The Canadian Legal Directory ; The Clerical Directory ; besides other works of reference, pamphlets and MSS.

The writer desires to acknowledge his obligations to those who have assisted by permitting the use of books, documents, or MSS.—Alpheus Todd, Esq., Librarian of Parliament ; S. J. Watson, Esq., Librarian of the Ontario Legislature ; the Rev. Dr. McCaul, of University

College, for the use of books from the library ; Professor Gregg, of Knox College ; Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education ; and Mr. John Davy, the Librarian of the Mechanics' Institute, for similar courtesies. Thanks are due also for their kindness to Chief Justice Moss, Hon. George and Mrs. Brown, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. Isaac Buchanan, C. W. Bunting, Esq., M.P., Samuel Platt, Esq., M.P., Sandford Fleming, Esq., Dr. Daniel Wilson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. Dr. Reid, Rev. Dr. Barclay, Rev. Dr. Patterson (New Glasgow, N.S.), Rev. D. J. Macdonell, B.D., Rev. Dr. McNish, Rev. Mr. Dobie, Dr. William Canniff, Mrs. Wm. Thomson, Mrs. (Dr.) Jennings, Major G. A. Shaw, Messrs. James Bethune, W. J. Macdonell (French Consul), Alan Macdonell, A. McLean Howard, Charles Lindsey, Thomas Henning, Kivas Tully, C.E., John Macara, J. A. Macdonell, R. H. Oates (Alderman), G. Maclean Rose, W. Strickland, John McIntyre, James Hedley, and John C. Notman (Queen's Printer). Mr. G. R. Lancefield is entitled to special thanks for the invaluable assistance he has given to the writer.







THE SCOT

IN

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

* * * * *
Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

—TENNYSON.

Our ain native land ! our ain native land !
There's a charm in the words that we a' understand,
That flings o'er the bosom the power of a spell,
And makes us love mair what we a' love so well.
The heart may have feelings it canna conceal,
As the mind has the thoughts that nae words can reveal,
But alike be the feelings and thoughts can command
Who names but the name o' our ain native land.

—HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

IN the general upheaval of traditional ideas on most subjects of human concern, it seems to have become at least debateable, whether patriotism ought any longer to be reputed a virtue. It is many years since every other estimable disposition—even to love, benevolence, sympathy and self-sacrifice—was resolved into selfishness, “enlightened” or the reverse, and it would have been idle to expect that love of country should escape

the same fate. But not even content with their ultimate analysis of the source of all virtue, the moral chemistry in vogue seeks to deprive man's noblest thoughts and affections of their essential dignity and worth. In the hands of a perverse and spurious alchemy, the gold has become dim and the most fine gold changed—transmuted, in fact, into the basest dross. Whether there yet remains any residuum of the old-fashioned conceptions of right and wrong appears questionable; and to Falstaff's query, "Is there no virtue extant?" we ought probably to reply, not only that there is none, but that it is very doubtful whether such a thing ever existed. It is selfishness, in this view, that prompts a mother to doat upon her child, a husband to love and cherish a wife—that is his own wife—or a friend to feel affection for his friend; and, since the nation is merely a widening of the circle of kin and acquaintance, patriotism is intensely selfish, because it extends the empire of selfishness over a larger area. It is the perfection of self-denying virtue to be cosmopolitan; and the truly good man must approve himself "the friend of every country but his own"—a citizen of the world, or like Anacharsis Clootz, at the bar of the Convention, an "ambassador of the human race."

Certainly there are national prejudices and conceits, which vulgarly pass under the name of patriotism, as most men will readily admit when they are dealing with the faults and foibles of alien peoples. The pride of country which fires an Englishman is offensive to the Frank or the German; and the poor Scot is proverbially sneered at by the Southron as exclusive and "clannish"—the last epithet being an effect.

tual extinguisher to Caledonian assurance. That the virtue for such we maintain that it is, may be perverted and made offensive by jealous pride and ignorant self-assertion might have been anticipated. All our best impulses and instincts seem liable to abuse in proportion as they are good, and noble in themselves; and, as a matter of fact, they are constantly, and sometimes flagrantly, abused. But love of country—as our forbears used to praise and cherish it, and, nerved by its potent spirit, were ready to do and dare and die with cheerfulness and alacrity—is something nobler and more precious, because it springs from the purest and most healthful part of man—his affections. Much that history palms off upon the world as patriotism is merely a showy veneering over lust of power and territory, by which kings have profited at the expense of the people who became the sufferers and dupes; yet all the false sentiments, all the causeless quarrels and unjust warfare ever occasioned in this way, are but a feather in the balance when weighed against that true devotion to country which has fired men's zeal for liberty and independence, made great and noble states out of nought, raised the thoughts and ennobled the aspirations of the honest and earnest all over the earth. Patriotism and liberty are twin brothers; and wherever in the world the heart of a country has beaten time to the pulses of the one, it has always, in the end, claimed and vindicated its kinship with the other. The very name and reality of freedom are associated in history with those nations which have been intensely patriotic. If one were asked to point out the countries which have struggled the hardest for indepen-

dence and liberty, he would name Greece, old Rome, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, England, and last, though not least, stern and rugged "auld Scotia."

So far as the progress of knowledge, the expansion of commerce and the interchange of thoughts, sympathies and courtesies have enabled nations to draw more closely together, to view one another's faults, virtues and idiosyncrasies with a less jaundiced vision, and a more appreciative temper, patriotism has been chastened and purified; but the world cannot yet afford to do without it. The true lover of his own country, wherever it may lie, will feel more surely, and cherish more ardently on that account, the real and substantial brotherhood of man. As he who loves his own will prove the best citizen; so, as the circle of view widens, the ardour of patriotism will glow into affection for the race. The charity which begins at home and ends there is not of the most estimable type; yet it seems more likely to embrace all human kind than that which begins nowhere, or is dissipated at the antipodes where it will lie of little or no use to man, beast or thing. It is Burns, the poet and patriot of Scotland, who can sing with fervid enthusiasm and hope:

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Attachment to one's native land is not a novel or factitious form of affection. In all languages, from the dawn of

literature to the chanting of *Der Wacht am Rhein* under the walls of Paris, it has been inculcated as a duty and extolled as a virtue. It is the bond which knits together the family units which first made up the clan, sept or tribe, and thereafter the nation or empire; the cement which binds society by the cohesive power of affection; the true antidote to absorption in self and its immediate surroundings, the all-powerful motive power which prompts to heroic deeds of noble daring and cheerful self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. Heroism sprang from love of country, and all that is great and glorious in human history, as distinguished from the vain glamour of its ambitions and its crimes, are distinctly traceable to patriotic aspiration. Even before the formation of nationalities properly so called, pride in the value and worth of ancestry, and a desire to emulate and surpass the noble deeds of "the fathers," constituted patriotism in the germ. Even now, as Mr. Froude has remarked, whilst the optimist is fond of speaking irreverently of his "barbarian ancestors," the pessimist is ever urging that our predecessors "had more of wit and wisdom than we." The golden age of purity, of matchless beauty, and dauntless prowess is far back in the mists of a primæval age, when "there were giants in those days." In Homer, a hero thought it the best he could say for himself and his fellow heroes, "We boast ourselves to be better than our fathers"; and when the despairing prophet of Israel laid himself down in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beer-sheba, "and requested for himself that he might die," his plaintive wail found articulate form in the touch-

ing words: "It is enough; now O Lord take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." Thus the record of doughty deeds, lofty thoughts or worthy lives has, in all ages and all countries, proved the spur to noble and earnest men, whether it has aroused them to heroism, or stung them with reproach.

Every civilized nation has such a history in which there is written much to stimulate courage, virtue, and vigorous effort, and, not a little to warn, to humiliate and sadden the proudest and most complacent patriot. It was to perpetuate the fame of native valour and heroism for all time to come, that literature, first as minstrelsy, and then as rude chronicling, shed so early its genial and fructifying radiance upon the earth. The rhapsody, the ballad, the epic, the tragedy, the poetic tales of heroism, which every land accumulated at the dawn of its historic day, were at once the offspring and the prolific ancestry of patriotic pride and patriotic impulse all the world over. Admiration for the valour of individual champions or hosts was succeeded by love of country for its own sake—for what it had been and for what it had achieved; and this, as in the normal exercise of all healthy affection, re-acted upon the patriot, and nerved him to strive his hardest, dare his boldest, defy danger, and welcome death, if only he could do something which might leave his country more glorious and free than he had found it. In the ancient poets, Greek and Latin, there is a fervent patriotism ever flowering into the brightest forms of expression. Thus with Euripides, it appears in "O my country! would that all who inhabit thee, loved

thee as I do; then should we live a better life, and thou would'st suffer no harm;" and in Ovid: "I know, not by what sweet influence, the land of their birth draws all men; will not suffer them to be unmindful of it;" or, in higher strain and diviner words: "O Jerusalem! if I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Thus sang the captive Judæan by the waters of Babylon, and the echo of that plaintive chord has touched the patriot and exile in every land where the Book of Psalms has been said or sung. The patriotic poetry of all nations is the very flower of literature—its real anthology, and whether in castle or hut, on the field of battle, in the forest, on the hills, in the cavern refuge of hunted heroism, or among "those afar that be upon the sea," it, more than any other strain of bard or minstrel, has roused the cheerless, spurred the flagging and sent out the brave to conquer or to die. Sir Philip Sydney is reported to have said that the reading of "Chevy Chase" stirred his soul like the blast of a war trumpet, and with all heroic spirits the poetry of patriotism has appealed, with wondrous potency, to the burning love of country and its fame, kindled inextinguishably in every honest human breast.

If, as the prevailing scientific philosophy insists, the bias of our nature, and its main features, moral and intellectual, as well as physical, are inherited—the result of influences working through an immeasurable past—surely of all the powers moulding the character, one of essential moment and surpassing value is that exerted by patriotism. Whatever

its origin, the foundations of love for one's native land are laid broad and deep in the universal heart of humanity. It has flourished ever since "the first syllable of recorded time" was articulately spoken, and there is no nation under heaven in which its subtile energy has not been felt, or where the inspiring throb of its vivifying influence has not incited to nobler thoughts and higher deeds of chivalrous emprise. Men can no more escape from it than they can flee from themselves; like the air they breathe or the rays of the glorious sun, it encompasses them round about, at once the source of life, joy and healthful activity. Indeed, had not patriotism been so obviously essential to national progress, so natural and so beneficent in its influence, its value and reality would never have been questioned by philosophers. Love of paradox is at the bottom of most assaults upon cherished feelings, affections and aspirations; and the more vital and cogent these may be, the more violent and reckless are the crusades against them. The modern Don Quixote does not tilt at windmills which he mistakes for mailed knights; his opponents are a great deal too real for the weapons at his command and may safely defy these puny efforts to unhumanize them. A system which "sees men like trees walking" or as automata of some sort, and sees nothing more, is not of much practical account in the working human world of to-day.

It is an instinct in man, therefore, to love his country; and because it is natural, it is also seemly, wholesome, laudable and useful to cherish that affection. Humanity is far too wide and abstract a conception to gain any firm grasp upon the sympathies or affections. "Man is dear to man," no doubt

as Wordsworth says; and the man of large and warm heart will no doubt exclaim with Terence, in the *Self-tormentor*, "I am a man, and deem nothing human beyond my concern;" but it requires some "touch of nature" to "make the whole world kin"—some story of helpless and hopeless suffering to evoke pity, some flagrant oppression and brutality to arouse indignation in lands and climes far removed from our own. The wrongs of Poland, Bulgaria, Italy, or Greece appeal vividly to the humanity within man's breast, and a famine or an inundation in India, China or Japan immediately commands earnest sympathy and generous self-sacrifice. But ordinarily speaking, the impression made upon men by the degradation and other misfortunes of people separated from us by the barriers of distance, language, manners and habits, is feeble and transient. The visible horizon is not more contracted than the circumference which encloses the field of powerful and effective sympathy. National vitality is strongest in small communities at first, and for the most part, persistently. Greece, England, Scotland, Holland and Switzerland are at once the countries which have struggled most for independence, enduring untold sufferings to secure and maintain it, and the nations also which have proved themselves the champions of liberty, the refuge for the exile and wanderer, without regard to country. In Germany, patriotism, which seemed well nigh extinct, was revived and burnt into the national heart during the war of Liberation, and has finally established itself definitively under the Emperor William and Otto von Bismarck. France suffered for many centuries from the lack of cohesiveness which kept its mem-

bers asunder, The people of Normandy and Brittany despised the Poitevin; the Burgundian looked askance at the native of Auvergne or Provence; and the Parisian ridiculed and satirized all provincials without exception. One of Balzac's great points against Montaigne was his Gascon birth; for what good could come of a writer born "in the Barbary of Quercy and Perigord?" The fatal effects of this looseness in the bond of nationality have been felt in all the misfortunes of France, and are even now traceable in the centralizing system which consigns all power and distinction, political, literary or social, to the custody of one great city.

Prof. Huxley has said, "Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and all time." It is so also with every individual man or woman cast upon the tide of time. From the thinking, willing and acting self, and forth into infinite space and into eternity, the energies of personal existence move in concentric circles until they are dissipated—lost to human view—expanded into seeming nothingness and mere oblivion. It is so with our sympathies and affections. The "wretch who concentrated all in self" has been held up to reprobation by Sir Walter Scott; and yet it is doubtful whether any man, however selfish, could either live or die wholly for himself. Strong within the sphere of relationship, love for our fellows originates in the affections of the family—that primal unit, out of which, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone and others, springs the social state, with all its virtues and amenities. Thither may be traced, in germ, the love of country, developed in the ever-

widening range of affection, and speedily embracing in its generous warmth all who dwell in our own land, speaks its tongue, inherit its traditions, and share its characteristic tendencies. The irrefragable bonds of a common language, similar modes of thought and action, kindred hopes and aspirations, thus knit men together in the strongest and broadest union society has yet provided. Even the historical element alone, the sense of intercommunion through a common ancestry, which struggled, suffered and, in the issue, triumphed that they might be endowed with independence, freedom, strength and honesty of purpose, tends to stimulate men, by fostering a healthful and honest pride in what is the common appanage of the entire nation. But beyond the claims of patriotic affection, all grows vague and nebulous ; the energy imparted by a glorious history is dissipated in the excursive maanderings of an objectless sentimentality ; for what is not a subject of human interest fails to be an object of active human sympathy. The substance and purpose of benevolent affection fade and shadow off into those airy phantoms through which cosmopolitan philosophy breathes a spasmodic life—its own. Human attachments are limited, like bodily vision and all else that is human. Within reasonable bounds, our sympathies will not fail to assert their native power ; surpass those boundaries, and the influence wanes and grows languid until, like the force of gravity, it vanishes or becomes intangible and inane, dispersed in vacancy too far away from the centre at which it sprang.

Man's affections, no matter how far they may reach, must have something palpable on which to expend themselves ;

their object must be definite, concrete and readily grasped within the circle of knowledge and acquaintanceship, or they must be wasted in quest of abstractions. "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen," and yet affects to "love God whom he hath not seen," he is stigmatized by Divine authority as a liar. Similarly with what consistency can any one simulate devotion to the race, past, present and to come, when he refuses to love the land and the people peculiarly his own? Our disinterested virtues, if any such survive the ultimate analysis, are not so secure and stable in these days, as to need artificial volatilization. Patriotism may be sometimes overladen with parasitic growths that poison its vitality; if so, there is need of the pruning knife, not the axe. It is glorious to dwell upon the past of one's country; to live in fancy amongst the stirring deeds which have made its name illustrious amongst the nations and by which we are privileged to live in freedom, happiness and peace. The fair inheritance is ours, although the anguish, the toil and the pain were theirs who went before; they suffered and were strong, that we might reap the harvest. The thorny path was trodden through blood and tears, that we might enter upon the heritage to till and enjoy it. To us upon whom the ends of the world are come, generations long gone to their rest have bequeathed the results of their industry and wrestling with powers terrestrial and infernal. The goodly possession lies around us everywhere, nay, it is within us, giving the impetus to honest exertion and elevated aims; why should it not be cherished with manly pride and satisfaction?

Moreover, let a man, so far as he may, abjure his country, repudiate his nationality, and turn his back upon the glorious scroll of its fame, forget what has been suffered and achieved by his ancestry and "forfeit the fair renown," handed down to him, it will avail nothing. Nature has stamped the national characteristics upon his mind and heart, perhaps on his form and features, and not even self-destruction can remove the indelible traces of all he would fain cast behind him. It is this persistence of national energy, to borrow a scientific phrase, which makes the formation of any country's peculiar type of character a study so valuable, especially in a new land, like ours, where much depends upon the moral, intellectual and physical fibre of the races contributing to the sum of its population. It has been urged by Mr. Mill, Sir Henry Maine and others that historical or ethical deductions from differences of race, and especially of related branches of the same race, are vain and illusory. That is no doubt true if we rely upon ethnic distinctions alone, without taking into account, the physical character of the country, its position relatively to adjacent peoples, hostile or friendly, and the general course of its history. At the same time, race and language are important factors in any estimate of a nation, provided only they do not assume undue predominance and pass for more than they are worth. The peculiar traits of character which we note in various peoples, the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Jews, the Teuton, the Celt in Scotland and Ireland, or the Anglo-Saxon in both, and in the English, strictly so called, are the net results of a vast number of acting, reacting and

retroacting influences, almost always so complex and intricate as to defy unravelling. In modern times much has been done to clear the stage of cumbering theories, whose only merit was their ingenuity; and, if the philosophy of history is only yet in embryo, it seems at least to have shape and coherence as a branch of knowledge in the making.

Scotland and the Scottish people, perhaps, afford as compact and instructive a mass of material as the philosophical historian can desire. The country has, of late years, occupied a larger figure in English and foreign literature than it formerly did. No people concerning which we have abundant information, presents the student with so well-defined a history; no nation has produced a more salient and clear cut type of character than Scotland. Physically, considered in the rough, it is an eminently poor and sterile land; nature has been a stern and hard-tempered mother to her sons in "auld Scotia." She has given them nothing which they have not drawn from her rugged bosom, by constant painful and often fruitless toil; but her very parsimony has reared the Scottish nation up, as a hard-working, frugal, sturdy and honest race, eager to discharge the duties set before them honestly, fearlessly and well. Moreover, as if nature had not been grudging enough, Scotland has been, from beyond the dawn of authentic history, the prey of foes from all sides. From the rock-bound coast where Caithness bares its scarred and weather-beaten brow, crowned with island jewels, to the rough North Sea, down to the Mull of Galloway, Scotland, from the earliest days was harried and despoiled, through all its length and breadth by fierce invaders.

At a far remote period in the past, Gothic rovers of some sort, Scandinavian or Teutonic, must have made the entire north and north-west their prey; then appeared the Irish Scots, and fresh Norse and Saxon visitors, and then over the whole scene the curtain of oblivion is thrown for four centuries. The Christianity of Columba and his island home had almost disappeared, when Kentigern or St. Mungo appeared in Strathclyde to raise anew the standard of the cross. Then came Saxon immigration from England; Norman cupidity was excited, and henceforward over the whole Border from the Humber to the Forth, and from Carlisle to the Clyde the raiders, plied their rough and ready warfare from either side, without regarding truce or pact between the courts at Scone or Holyrood and London. So late as the time of James V. the rule of might was the only one acknowledged by these rough troopers. That monarch had sent James Boyd to the castle of Murray of Philipphaugh, who had been particularly audacious, in order to command his allegiance. Quoth Boyd, according to the old ballad:

"The King of Scotland sent me here,
And, gude outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hault your landis,
Or, man, wha may thy master be."

Murray's answer was fierce and defiant:

"The landis are mine!" the outlaw said,
"I ken nae king in Christentie;
Frae Soudron I this forest wan,
When the king nor his knights were not to see."

Neither these wild moss troopers, nor the Highlanders

who levied toll on the northern Lowlands considered their exploits as anything dishonest or dishonourable. To them it was simply a natural right to make war and secure loot. Thus in Johnnie Armstrong, whom the king charges with treason and robbery, the borderer replies :

"Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,
"Although a king and prince ye be !
For I've loved naething in my life,
I weel dare say but honesty.

"Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir ;
But England sould have found me meal and mant,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir !"

Kinmount Willie, Auld Wat of Harden, and other names celebrated in the old ballad literature, will readily occur to the reader of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," "Percy's Reliques," and kindred works.

Then followed the war of Independence, the heroic struggle under Wallace, "his country's saviour," as Burns terms him, with his signal victory at Stirling, and his unhappy defeat at Falkirk, the terribly heavy hand of Edward I., the establishment of Scottish nationality at Bannockburn, in 1314, ten years after the valiant Wallace gave up his life on Tower Hill. Following these memorable events there came the French alliance and Scottish participation in the Hundred Years' war. At home, after the chequered reigns of the Bruces, the Stuarts, foredoomed to disaster in England and Scotland both, were incessantly contending with the nobles or with England. At last we reach the flower of the race in beauty and craft, the unhappy Mary and the Reformation, the contest for presbytery and civil freedom

against the Stuarts on the English throne, the Glencoe massacre after the Revolution, the Union and finally those last struggles of many centuries, the Jacobite uprisings of 1715 and 1745. Some of the more prominent features of this wild and eventful history must be examined more closely hereafter; meanwhile it is necessary to enquire what effects such a terrible and prolonged ordeal of sorrow and suffering must have entailed upon the Scottish people. It will be found that it has left many seams and scars upon the national character; but it will clearly appear also that that character has emerged from the fiery trial, purged and purified, and that if some of the less attractive traits, which are made so much of to the prejudice of Scotsmen, are due to that prolonged woe, the virtues which have made Scotland pre-eminently distinguished among the nations are traceable to the same source. The industry, the energy, the shrewdness, the probity, the caution, the enterprise, the noble daring, the frugality, the high sense of honour, the haughty pride and reserve, which have given to the Scot his place and renown in the world, far above any to be anticipated from his numbers or the importance of his rugged land, have all been hardly and honestly earned, and paid for in the blood and toil and constant suffering of an heroic and illustrious ancestry. Surely then, some faults and foibles may be forgiven the people of a nation who have won distinction all the world over and whose noble record may not unreasonably inspire them with proud confidence and self-reliant perseverance and self-assertion.

There are many, no doubt, who will admit Scotland's title

to all the glory she has won, and who yet are ready with this objection, that old-country patriotism should be left at home. In Canada, it is urged, men should cease to be Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and so forth, and be known only as Canadians. The motive which prompts this suggestion is laudable in itself. It seems in every way desirable that those who live in the Dominion, and especially the natives of this country, should cultivate and cherish a patriotic feeling of attachment to it—such an affection as may be fittingly termed national. No community composed of diverse elements ever became great until these were fused together and the entire people, irrespective of origin, learned to have common hopes and aspirations, and united in a combined effort to advance their country's progress and make it great and distinguished among the nations of the earth. But nationality is, after all, a growth, and not a spasm or a gush. It is certainly full time that Canadians began to regard their noble heritage with the eye of national pride and predilection, and that its life, political, intellectual and social, were taking a national tinge. If we cannot at once spring into the stature of complete manhood, it is at least possible, indeed necessary if we desire Canada to be great, that the habit, so to speak, of nationality should be formed and cherished until it grows to be a familiar and settled feature in our country's life.

But it is quite another thing to propose that the slate shall be cleaned off, and that if this noble Canada of ours cannot begin without patriotic capital of its own, it should wait patiently until it has made a history and a name for

itself. The stimulus necessary in the initial stages of colonial progress must be drawn from older lands ; it cannot be improvised off-hand at pleasure. Factitious patriotism is a sentimental gew-gaw which anybody may fabricate and adorn with such tinsel rhetoric as he can command, but it bears no resemblance to the genuine article. As with the individual, so with the embryo nation ; the life it leads, the pulse which leaps through its frame, is the life of the parent—the mother or the mother-land, as the case may be. Traditions gather about the young nationality as it advances through adolescence to maturity. Yet even the sons and grandsons of Englishmen, Scots, Irishmen, French or Germans must revere the memories of the country from which they sprang—glory in what is illustrious in its history, and strive to emulate the virtues transplanted in their persons to blossom on another soil and beneath another sky. The old maxim, “No one can put off his country,” has lost its international value in a legal sense ; but it remains valid in regard to the character, tendencies and aptitude of the individual man. Such as his country has made him he is, and, broadly speaking, he must remain to the end of the chapter ; the national stamp will be impressed upon his children and his children’s children, and traces of it will survive all vicissitudes, and be perpetuated in his remotest posterity. In a new country there is much to dissipate traditional feelings, but inherited traits of character remain, and crop up long after the ties of political connection have been broken for ever. Up to the time of the American Revolution, the colonists of New England, or Virginia, looked across the

ocean with tender affection to the dear old land they had left behind. England was a harsh mother to some of those expatriated ones, yet they never ceased to feel an honest pride in her renown, and even beneath the surface-coldness of the Puritan character the glow of tender, and almost yearning, love for England burned in the heart and found expression in the writings of those early days. And, so at this day, with much to estrange the peoples of England and America, what is common to both on the glorious page of history, in the language and literature of the English-speaking peoples, seems to attach them again to each other with ever tightening bands. Crafty demagogues may flatter and prompt the ignorant prejudices of the residuum, but there can be little doubt that the sound heart of the United States is drawing closer to the maternal bosom than it has done at any time since '76.

Attachment to the land from which we or our fathers came is not only compatible with intense devotion to the highest interests of the country where we dwell, but is a necessary condition of its birth, its growth and its fervour. The dutiful son, the affectionate husband and father, will usually be the best and most patriotic subject or citizen ; and he will love Canada best who draws his love of country in copious draughts from the old fountain-head across the sea. We have an example of strong devotion to the European stock, combined with unwavering attachment to Canada, in our French fellow-countrymen of Quebec. No people can be more tenacious of their language, their institutions and their religion than they are ; they still love France

and its past glories with all the passionate ardour of their warm and constant natures. And yet no people are more contented, more tenderly devoted to Canadian interests more loyal to the Crown and the free institutions under which they live. Sir Etienne Taché gave expression to the settled feeling of his compatriots when he predicted that the last shot for British rule in America would be fired from the citadel of Quebec by a French Canadian. The Norman and Breton root from which the Lower Canadians sprang was peculiarly patriotic, almost exclusively so, in a provincial or sectional sense in old France; and they, like the Scot, brought their proud, hardy and chivalrous nature with them to dignify and enrich the future of colonial life. The French Canadian, moreover, can boast a thrilling history in the Dominion itself, to which the English portion of the population can lay no claim. Quebec has a Walhalla of departed heroes distinctively its own; yet still it does not turn its back upon the older France, but lives in the past, inspired by its spirit to work out the problem of a new nationality in its own way. There is no more patriotic Canadian than the Frenchman, and he is also the proudest of his origin and race. There is nothing, then, to forbid the English-speaking Canadian from revering the country of his fathers, be it England, Scotland or Ireland; on the contrary, it may be laid down as a national maxim that the unpatriotic Englishman, Scot or Irishman will be sure to prove a very inferior specimen of the Canadian.

In this work we have to do with one portion of the British Empire, and it is perhaps well to disabuse the read-

er's mind of a few mistaken prejudices he may have contracted. It is not the purpose of the "The Scot," any more than of its companion and predecessor, "The Irishman," to draw invidious and unfair comparisons between the nationalities or to boast unduly of the pre-eminent virtue, intelligence or prowess of either country. The design of the publishers was and is, to select in turn each of the elements which go to make up our Canadian population, and to trace separately, so far as that may be done, the history of its influence, the extent to which it has contributed to the settlement, growth and progress in development of the British North American Provinces. There is an advantage in such a mode of treatment which cannot fail to suggest itself to the reader, after a moment's reflection. A subject complex and unwieldy in the mass, is much more readily dealt with, if it be taken up by instalments; and no division promises so much interest and instruction as that which marks off the various factors as they were, originally and before combination, and then to follow them down the stream of time where they will at last be lost in a homogeneous current of national life. Be it, therefore, distinctly understood, on the threshold, that it is not intended to assert that British North America owes everything to Scotland and the Scots, and that its present and future greatness are entirely of Caledonian origin. St. Andrew forbid! The privilege is asserted here of eliminating, for the nonce, the other nationalities, in order that we may deal more clearly and comprehensively with Scottish character and its influence upon the settlement and progress of this vast outlying arm of the British Empire. If, there-

fore, prominence is given to the glorious history of Scotland, the sterling virtues of the Scottish people and the immense weight of obligation under which they have laid their fellows of other, and even widely severed, nationalities and races, all the world over, it is simply because to do so is our immediate business.

There are two clearly marked types of race in Scotland, and the distinction remains in the immigrant Scots; in religion, there is also a disturbing element, and although the Presbyterian or distinctively national faith is overwhelming-ly preponderant, we must not lose sight of the remnant who have clung to the ancient Church or that other minority, for the most part highly cultured and intelligent, belonging to the Episcopal Church. Notwithstanding these complicating elements of race and religion, however, there is a substantial unity in Scottish history, a main type of character, firmly persisting in the Scot, which facilitates the preliminary portion of our task. In order to analyze the effect of Scottish settlement in British America, it is essential, in the first place, to examine the character of the people. What are the salient qualities which mark off the Scot from his brothers of the English-speaking race? How has he acquired them, and what are they intrinsically worth when brought to a new country, and contributed to the common stock? Obviously in order to answer these questions, even with proximate accuracy, it is necessary to take a hasty survey of the country, the origin and history of its people, so as to be in a position to judge what characteristics are markedly Scottish, what might be antecedently expected from the

full play of these national traits and aptitudes, and what has really been achieved by the clear head and the stalwart arm of the Scot, at home, abroad, and more especially for that vast and progressive region in which our lot is cast.

It will be found that, although the people of that ancient land have served a hard apprenticeship in a land comparatively rugged and sterile, they have gone forth to the conflict of life equipped with the highest type of social energy and virtue. Though they have fought their own battles and contended for freedom in many lands, no race has practised, with such unwearied industry and assured success, the nobler arts of peace. The harrow of raid, invasion and unjust aggression, which tore the vitals of Scotland for centuries, has not left them exhausted or desponding; on the contrary, from the blood and sweat which fertilized its soil have sprung the heroes of martial strife as well as of honest labour in every land beneath the sun. "Their sound has gone out into all the earth," and the record of their noble deeds is worked in broad characters upon the history, the civilization and the religion of the race. If we inquire whence those inestimable qualities arise, which have been impressed upon the national character, they must be traced in the stern discipline of the past. The independent self-assertion, the sensitive pride, the delicate sense of honour, the indomitable perseverance, the unflinching courage and the rigid integrity of the Scot, are an inherited possession of which he may surely boast, and for which the world has substantial cause to be abundantly grateful. "*Wha daur meddle wi' me?*" the motto encircling the thistle, gives the key-note to the

Scottish character. Says Hamilton in his lines to the old emblem :

"How oft beneath
Its martial influence, have Scotia's sons
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought,
On every hostile ground? While o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,
Distinguished ornament! this native plant
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row
Of gems emblazed, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride."

So Allan Ramsay in "The Vision," a poem in antique dress;
it is the genius of Scotland he describes:—

"Great daring darted frae his e'e,
A braid sword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand
Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Ower his left spail he threw
Down his braid back, frae his white head
The silver wimplers grew,
Amazed, I gazed
To see led at command,
A stampant and a rampant
Fierce lion in his hand."

It is in the martial prowess of the Scot, that one must seek for that invincible and plodding energy which has subdued the wilderness and shed abroad upon many lands the benign light of peace, plenty and civilization. The old warlike triumphs celebrated by many a Scottish bard and errant minstrel in hall and cot. were the harbingers of those unwearying wrestlings with the rude and untamed forces of nature, and with the ignorance and savagery of man, in which the Scots have earned laurels more enduring than those

which encircle the brows of the doughtiest champions. For that later conflict, as will be seen more clearly hereafter, the people of Scotland were trained and disciplined in the hard school of penury, adversity and oppression. The world may mock those salient angularities of character, which are merely the accidents attaching to it, not its precious substance. They mark the fury of the furnace, the crushing weight of the pitiless hammer and the rough and inexorable strength of the grindstone ; but they indicate also, only more conspicuously, the true and bright steel in the Scottish nature, its fine and polished temper, and the subtle keenness of its trenchant blade.





PART I.

THE SCOT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?

—SCOTT.

Caledonia ! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind —
Thou land of the torrent, the pine and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind ;
Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts and undaunted the clans,
That roam in the mountains so dear !

—JAMES HOGG.

THE two little islands which stand forth in bold relief from the North Atlantic, as outposts of European civilization, have exerted a beneficial influence upon the entire world, exceedingly disproportionate to the figure they make upon the map, or their numerical and fighting strength. The cradle of the English-speaking race, they have reared and sent forth over the globe a vast progeny of sturdy sons and daughters to conquer nature

and to elevate the race of man. In the spirit of prophecy which the bard in Cowper mistakenly addressed to Boadicea, it may be vaunted now with still more significance, after the event—

“Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

It is with the northern part of Great Britain—the rugged and stern Caledonia—the least promising part of the motherland—that we are immediately concerned. Scotland, the smallest of this group of nations, contains a smaller aggregate of natural advantages than her sisters, and has improved those advantages under circumstances far less encouraging and hopeful. And yet no country of its size and intrinsic importance can show a more glorious record. Ancient Greece, Switzerland, Holland and Denmark, naturally occur to the student as furnishing analogies to the unique history and influence of Scotland; yet they furnish no parallel. The first was small, rocky and barren, but it possessed the vantage ground of position in the great southern inland sea. Greece was a naval and colonizing country and, as the rival powers of Egypt and Phœnicia waned, she stood unrivalled until the rod of empire was stretched forth from the banks of the Tiber. She had her foes from the east and north, but valiantly held her own so long as she was true to herself, and the intellectual legacy she bequeathed to mankind remains an everlasting possession. Scotland, during a millennium and more, had no outlet for her energy; beset by foes on every side, and yet more than a match for them all; without

a navy, without cities, with rude agriculture and a precarious commerce, she has yet accomplished the mightiest results. Switzerland achieved freedom, but remained isolated; Holland passed through the fire and quenched it with her dykes; the Danes, or rather the Scandinavian stock, of which they only formed a small section, were early sea-rovers, who preyed upon every land within their reach. In all these cases, where the colonizing, raiding, or merely voyaging, spirit has been the earliest characteristic of a small country, it has been sure to leave a broad mark upon human history. Scotland alone was the victim in its youth and early manhood; there was always enough to do there at home, and not over much to get. The greater part of the small territory must have always been hopelessly barren; and even the fertile straths, haughs and plains of the east and south, were so constantly under the harrow, not of tillage, but of rapine and invasion, that progress, wealth and culture were out of the question for centuries.

Scotland contains about 30,000 square miles, or 19,496,132 acres, about one-third, or slightly over, of the entire area of Britain; but of these less than four millions and a half are cultivated. The population, at the time of Bruce, was about 300,000; when James VI. ascended the Throne it was about 900,000, and at the union, in 1707, not much more than a million. In 1801, the census gave 1,678,452; in 1821, 2,137,325; in 1861, 3,096,808; and at the latest enumeration (1871), it stood 3,360,018, as against 22,712,266 in England and Wales, and 5,411,416 in Ireland. Adding the population of the Islands, the soldiers and sailors at home

and abroad, Scotland contributes but one-ninth to the total number of inhabitants in the United Kingdom. The country, as it lies before us on the map, is in the main rocky, the land of mountain, frith and flood; the land of hardy shepherds and fishermen; of stout fighters and frugal husbandmen. The thin-soiled glens of the Highlands, the straths and carses of Perthshire, the haughs and dales of the Lowlands, generally form but a comparatively small portion of the surface, and, for the most part, life is sustained throughout Scotland under hard conditions. The east and north, on the coasts of the North Sea, are fertile, and it is on the former side that the large streams are found—the Tweed, Forth, Tay and Dee. On the west side, the Clyde, although certainly of high renown, is the only river of considerable size. Scotland, then, presents an uncouth and not altogether alluring prospect to the eye of the superficial observer; if so, it is merely because of his superficiality. That western coast, and the stern ribs of rock which strike towards it, is, for the most part, the home of the Celt; but, as we go northward, to where the Western Isles glitter in the Atlantic, like the crest on Minerva's helmet, the blood of the Norseman begins to tell, as it does over the entire North of Scotland. The Highlands will always maintain their place in the feelings and imagination of more than Scotsmen. It is the custom, in the practical vein of Anglo-Saxondom, to sneer at the Gael, as a cateran, a dreamer, or something worse; but there never was a greater mistake conceived in the unreasoning prejudice of race. The grandeur of Highland scenery, the precarious labours of peace, and a long, sad

history of suffering and sorrow, culminating in the massacre of Glencoe, have all made men frugal, imaginative, pensive, and poetical in that

" Land of proud hearts and mountains grey,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung."

Mr. Lecky, in his *History*,* insists upon a fact which the Lowland Scot is apt to forget in contempt for his Gaelic countrymen: "It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Highlands contributed nothing beneficial to the Scotch character. The distinctive beauty and the great philosophic interest of that character sprang from the very singular combination it displays of a romantic and chivalrous with a practical and industrial spirit. In no other nation do we find the enthusiasm of loyalty blended so happily with the enthusiasm for liberty, and so strong a vein of poetic sensibility and romantic feeling qualifying a type that is essentially industrial. It is not difficult to trace the Highland source of this spirit."

There are in Scotland, as every one knows, two races, recognisable by certain broad characteristics, the Gaelic Celt and the Lowland Scot, the latter somewhat loosely termed Anglo-Saxon, whenever he speaks a language which is not Gaelic. But in the school days of most people not yet past middle age, there were two giants, who met them on the threshold of British history—the Pict and the Scot. These ogres were always doing something that had better have

* *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. By E. H. Lecky. (Amer. Ed.) Vol. II. p. 99.

been left undone, especially during the Roman time. To unsophisticated youth, unlearned in modern ethnology, the Scots were, of course, the people of Scotland proper. That, at any rate, seemed to admit of no dispute; but the Picts, who were they? Did any body then know, or does anybody know even now, when men appear to know all but everything? The Scots were certainly a branch of the Irish Celts, who took their caracoles and rowed over the narrow North Channel to the Scottish coast. That there was an interchange of rough civility between the islands we know, because there is geological evidence of it in the basaltic columns of Fingal's Cave at Staffa, and Giant's Causeway in Antrim. If the courtesy of Fian Mac Coull, the Irish giant, did not spread those stepping-stones originally to accommodate his Scottish antagonist, how came they there on both sides of the channel? The Mull of Cantire is only twelve miles from the Irish coast, and, although legend may be safely dismissed, it is certain that the Scots of the Irish Dalriada crossed over and established a footing for themselves on the isles and mainland of Argyleshire, early in the Christian era. They were not addicted like the Norsemen to long sea-trips, which may probably account for Mac Coull's politeness in providing a rude viaduct for his antagonist; but they were an active, impetuous, warlike race, and they wandered over their new-found territory until some of them returned, and but for the battle of Moyra, the Albanian Scots bade fair to make Ireland a vassal of Scotland. That battle, as Mr. Burton remarks, although little known, was the Bannockburn of early Ireland. The historian,

whose sympathies are evidently not with the Celts, hints that the difference between them and their Saxon rivals thereafter, may be stated as a case of peat versus coal. "They were an indolent race," he says, "to whom the elements of value are not the resources capable of development but those which offer the readiest supply of the necessities of life." "It is a curious coincidence, worth remembering, that those very lands in Northern Ireland, which the ancestors of the Scottish Highlanders abandoned, were afterwards eagerly sought and occupied by Scottish Lowlanders as a promising field of industrial enterprise."*—a comparison which strikes one as rather unfair to the Celts both of Ireland and Scotland.

Whatever they may afterwards have effected in the way of conquest, the Irish Scots held sway, in St. Columba's time, no further north than the latitude of Iona—that is, over the moiety of Argyleshire and perhaps all the isles off the coast. In the new histories, notably those of Mr. Green, they occupy a somewhat larger figure on the map; but all the rest of northern Scotland down to the Firths of Forth and Clyde,—the boundary of the old Roman Province, was under the rule of the mysterious Picts. What were they, Celt, Norse, or Saxon? If Celtic, they evidently sprang from the Cymric or Welsh branch, or they would have been indistinguishable from the Irish Scoti. Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, writing of a period long antecedent to the establishment of the Dalriadic kingdom in Argyleshire, contrasts them with the old Britons of the Cymric stock. He traces

* Burton; *Hist. of Scot.*, vol. i. 213.

an affinity between them and the Germans, because, unlike the Britons of the south, the Caledonians were fair-haired and large-boned. Columba, it is said, made conversions to Christianity in Pictland, but his intercourse with the people was through the medium of an interpreter. Bede, early in the eighth century, relates that the New Testament had been translated into four native languages, the English, the British or Welsh, the Scots (or Irish), and the Pictish. Philology has tried its hand in vain; the names of rivers and other forms of local nomenclature are made Celtic, Norse or Saxon, according to the bias of the philologist. On the whole, we may give up the matter in despair, unless we accept the rational view that the east and north of Scotland, like England, were subject to long and overpowering incursions of Scandinavians and Saxons, and that the people known as Picts was a conglomerate made up of the three races or sub-races rather, Celt, Norse and Teutonic. The Pictish controversy, says Mr. Burton, "leaves nothing but a melancholy record of wasted labour and defeated ambition;" and that being so, we may be content to let it alone. There was also the kingdom of Strathclyde. It formed part of that Cymric territory which, in 600, extended down the entire west coast of Britain from the Clyde to Land's End; was bounded on the east by the Saxon kingdoms of Northumbria, North Anglia, Mercia and Wessex. The Saxon kingdom of Northumbria consisted of Bernicia, from the Forth to the Tees in England, and Deira which met North Anglia at the Humber. In process of time the Cymric Celts were cut in two and the Scottish portion became isolated by the Anglian con-

quest of Cumbria. But not only have we the Cymric Celts and the Saxons in Scotland to deal with, but the Scandinavian element, through the entire Lowlands, up the entire east, north and north-west coasts. Through some of its numerous branches, Norse, Icelandic or Danish, it has left too broad a stamp upon the language, especially in the names of places, to be accounted for by mere temporary inroads of the "sea-kings." Whatever the Picts may have been, their kingdom never was, except nominally, and by the imposition of a monarch from Dalriada, a Celtic country within the historic period. Mr. Burton makes this clear enough in his work.* It was no mere stampede of Saxons under Edgar Atheling, at the conquest, that made eastern Scotland Teutonic, modified by Scandinavian. Indeed, many of the conquering bands that pass under the generic name of Norse were, like the Angles of Northumbria, from that debateable territory known as Schleswick.

Whether, however, the people were more or less tinged

*Mr. Burton's remarks are worth quoting: "Overlying the little that we absolutely know of the Picts, there is a great fact, that at a very early period—when, indeed, the inhabitants of Scotland come forward in European history—the territory of old assigned to the Picts was occupied by a people thoroughly Gothic or Teutonic, whether they were the descendants of the large limbed and red-haired Caledonians of Tacitus, or subsequently found their way into the country. To the southward of the Frith, we know pretty well that they were Saxons of Deira and Bernicia, superseding the Romanized Britons; but all along northwards the Lowlands were people of the same origin. Those who see their descendants of the present day, acknowledge the Teutonic type to be purer in them than in the people of England. How far Celtic blood may have mingled with the race we cannot tell, but it was the nature of the language obstinately to resist all admixture with the Gaelic. The broadest and purest Lowland Scots is spoken on the edge of the Highland line. It ought, one would think, to be a curious and instructive topic for philosophy to deal with, that while the established language of our country—of England and Scotland—borrows at all hands—from the Greek, from Latin, from French, it takes nothing whatever, either in its structure or vocabulary, from the Celtic race, who have lived for centuries in the same island with the Saxon-speaking races, English and Scots." *History of Scotland*, Vol. I. pp. 206, 207.

with Norse blood, their language was Saxon, more entirely so than the English has been since the Norman conquest. In the reigns of the early Norman Kings and under the Plantagenets, "the pure well of English undefiled" was adulterated with the French of the conquering race, and the literature of England, as we find it in Chaucer, is more difficult for a modern reader than that of John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and chaplain of David Bruce, who was Chaucer's contemporary. Take this passage from Barbour's "Bruce," for example, and let any one compare it with a passage taken at random from "Canterbury Tales." It is just before Bannockburn:—

"When this was said—
 The Scottismen commonly
 Kneelt all down, to God to pray,
 And a short prayer, there made they,
 To God to help them in that fight.
 And when the English king had sight
 Of them kneeland, he said in hy:
 'Yon folk kneel to ask mercy.'
 Sir Ingram said: 'Ye say sooth now,
 They ask mercy, but not of you;
 For their trespass to God they cry:
 I tell you a thing sickerly,
 That yon men will win or die;
 For doubt of deid (fear of death) they sall not flee'."

Barbour lived from 1316 to 1396, and Chaucer from 1328 to 1400; and yet the Scottish poet, a few archaisms excepted, speaks something like modern English, whilst the great "father of English poetry" abounds in the Normanized dialect of the court and literature of the fourteenth century London. There evidently is no greater mistake made by historians than to attribute the Saxon element all up the east coast, at St. Andrews, Montrose or Aberdeen, and round

by Moray Firth to Inverness, as either the effect of Anglian rule in Bernicia, or of immigration, on a large scale, after the conquest in England. One might as well believe that all the Britons were driven into the Welsh mountains, as folks used to say, or that the Norsemen, who obtained so strong a hold in the north-western Highlands, perished after their victory over the Gaels, instead of being absorbed, and lost sight of, in the superior civilization, such as it was, of the ancient Celt. If there were four tongues, what were they? Certainly Pictish was not one of them. In Macbeth or Malcolm's time it is possible that four languages may have been spoken; if so, they must have been Norse in Ross and the North-west, Gaelic in the west and centre, Cymric in Strathclyde, and Saxon all over the east from the border, and all the way round to Inverness. The Scots' kings, in fact, ruled over but a small portion of the Lowlands, even after Bannockburn, and there were petty jarls or earls in Ross and Caithness long after Kenneth or Duncan. These last were Norse rulers; but concerning Scandinavian inroads more will be said in the next chapter. It is sufficient here to note that the Saxon character of the entire east and north was of much older date than most historians suppose, and that neither the conquest of the Lowlands, the transfer of the government to Edinburgh, nor the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with St. Margaret, whatever these have done for the dynasty, effected any more than a superficial change upon the people.



CHAPTER II.

EARLY HISTORY.

THE first delusion to be encountered in surveying the early history of Scotland, is that Scotland, in its modern sense, can be traced back to Kenneth, or even to a date several centuries later. The name of the Celtic Highlanders or Irish-Scots has been the cause of great bewilderment, because that people have been confounded with the country to which they gave their name; just as the Angles were privileged to bestow theirs upon Angleland or England. Speaking of the historians, Burton says: "At one time they find the territory of some Saxon king, stretching to the Tay; at another the King of Scots reigns to the Humber or farther. It would have saved them a world of trouble and anxiety to come at once to the conclusion that Scotland was nowhere—that the separate kingdom marked off against England by a distinct boundary on the physical globe, as well as by a moral boundary of undying hatred—did not exist."* It is the persistence of the name of Scot from Fergus in 404, or Kenneth in 838, to Mary Queen of Scots, and her son the first James of England, and on to the Union in the reign of Anne, the last Stuart, that

* *The Scot Abroad.* Vol. i. p. 4.

has been the cause of all the trouble and confusion. Gibbon calls it "national pride," but it appears rather to have sprung from antiquarian prejudice or stupidity. There is an obscure period lasting several centuries, upon which a veil of thick darkness hangs, and concerning it the chronicler or historian has been able to work his sweet will—an advantage England, after Egbert, cannot boast. George Buchanan has made Fergus II. the fortieth King of Scotland, and discovered a Scots' king of the same name on the throne anterior to 300 B. C., somewhere about the time that Alexander the Great was engaged in taking Babylon. During Columba's time there was a King Aidan who was anointed by the saint of Iona, and he is said to have emancipated his country from Irish supremacy, fought the Picts, the Britons of Strathclyde, and even the Saxons. He was defeated by Ethelfried near Carlisle. Donald Brae (A. D. 637), tried to conquer Ireland with a vast army made of Picts, Scots, Strathclyde Britons and Saxons, but was signally defeated after fighting a seven days' battle, already mentioned, at what is now Moira, in the County Down. This obstinate conflict, says Burton (*History*, i. 328) was "the Marathon of all Ireland as it at last became as it grew in fame and importance," and the memory of it became more significant, "when, after the lapse of centuries, the Saxons returned to enslave the Celt." Usually the Picts went with the Saxons, whether from a feeling of kinship or near neighbourhood does not appear. They combined under Egbert and fought against the Scots and took what is now Dumbarton in 756. On the other hand the Scots had as their allies, their brother Celts of

Strathclyde in 1018, at the battle of Car, near Wark, in Northumberland.

Kenneth, reported to be the grandson of a semi-mythical Achaius, "the ally of Charlemagne and patron of letters," is, in 843, found ruling over both Picts and Scots, and the former soon disappear out of history, although we hear of the Picts of Galloway, probably Strathclyde Welsh afterwards, but there were so-called Picts at the battle of the Standard, in the English Stephen's reign (A. D. 1138). In centre Scotland, Kenneth reigned supreme, either by conquest, by marriage or inheritance, and the last two sources of power in those days were often the fruit of the first. He did not reign over Scotland in any intelligible sense, yet he became, in a wider sense than hitherto, King of the Scots by absorption, or by whatever name the *coup d'état* of those days may be properly designated. He was still, however, only King of the Scots, including what was left, by Norse and Teuton, of the Pictish dominions.

The subject of the heathen religion prevalent in Scotland before the introduction of Christianity can hardly be touched here, and, sooth to say, it is not a profitable theme. It was probably some form of nature-worship, and that is about all that can be safely asserted. The so-called Druidical remains are attributed to that mysterious hierarchy which probably had no existence in fact, and may safely be left enshrined, where most moderns are acquainted with it, in Bellini's opera of *Norma*, or the scattered references to it in poetical literature.

Towards the end of the fourth century we come upon the

famous name of St. Ninian, the apostle of Southern Scotland. "From his White House on the sea," says Prof. Veitch, "the teacher of Pict and Scot had apparently, about the beginning of the fifth century, partially reached the Pagan Cymri of Tweeddale."* Butler says that St. Ninian or St. Ringan was born in Cornwall; he certainly was of Cymric origin, and his influence, however great for the time, was swept away before St. Columba and St. Kentigern appeared in the sixth century. It is unnecessary to refer specially to the renowned St. Patrick further than to write that he was indubitably a native of the same Strathelyde—the former Roman Province between the walls called Valentia. He has been claimed by Ireland and even Brittany; but there is no doubt he belonged to Kil Patrick, a district at the west end of the wall, and even his original name of Succat, or Succoth, is still borne by an estate in that district. Neither he nor any other single man produced the wonderful transformation of the Green Isle attributed to him. The shoal of able and learned missionaries who, in the next century, carried the Gospel, under St. Columba, St. Gall and a host of others, to Scotland, to Germany and other parts of the continent, owed their Christianity to something more than the isolated work of the patron saint, energetic and zealous though he unquestionably was.

The illustrious name of St. Columba and the school of Iona, that gradually spread the faith of the Gospel over

* Veitch; *Border History and Poetry*, p. 122. See also Burton's History, vol. ii, chap. vii. The historian examines the peculiar Christianity of this time, and the more permanent work of Columba, Kentigern and Cuthbert, contrasting it with the fully developed Catholicism subsequently introduced from Rome.

the west and across by Northumbria to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, in spite of legends, shed a glorious light in a period of the thickest darkness. To Ireland that light is due; and characteristically enough the Iona church was the result of a sanguinary feud between the so-called Kings of Ireland, which drove Columba forth an exile. He was born about 520, in Donegal, and to St. Adamnan, his biographer, the sixth abbot of Iona, we owe the story of his eventful life. St. Kentigern or St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow, was the apostle of Strathclyde. In the arms of the city are perpetuated—by the bird, the tree or branch, and the fish with a ring in its mouth—three of his miracles. He is mythically said to have been the grandson of Loth, King of the Lothians; but, whatever his origin, he was at least known to St. Columba, though perhaps not his disciple. Besides these there were St. Palladius, rather a hazy figure, from Rome according to the story, who founded a church at Fordun, Kincardineshire; and of the Irish school, St. Ternan, whose name is still preserved in Banchory Ternan; St. Serf, with his monastery in Kinross, on an island in Mary Stuart's Lochleven, where Wyntoun wrote his chronicle; St. Donnan, St. Ronan, and a host of others to be found in the hagiologies.* St. Finnian built the church

* In *Kempion*, a weird legendary ballad, St. Mungo is celebrated as a deliverer:

"None shall take pity her upon,
In Wormeswood, aye, shall she be won;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo comes over the sea."

And Bishop Forbes quotes as the battle-prayer of the Scottish borderers:—"Godde and St Mungo, Saint Ronayn and Saint Andrew, schield us this day fro' Goddes grace, and the foul death that Englishmen dien on."

on Lindisfarne ; but before him, also of the Irish school, was the redoubtable St. Aidan, the apostle of Northumbria, and, like Columba, a soldier as well as a priest. St. Cuthbert, although intimately connected with the Irish school of Iona appears first in story as "a shepherd boy on the braes of the Leader," then in the kingdom of Northumbria, that bordered on Strathclyde and touched it at Galashiels. He was miraculously converted by an angelic vision, it is said, in 657, in which he saw St. Aidan's soul borne upward from Holy Isle to Heaven. The story of his miracles and the removal of his body must be familiar to all readers of *Marmion*. The account of the saint, as it is given, in the second canto, tells—

"How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle
O'er northern mountain, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore,
They rested them in fair Melrose," &c.,

and finally buried it in the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, "where," says Prof. Veitch, it "was disinterred in 1827, 1139 years after his death." With him we may leave behind us the primitive Christianity of North Britain.

The human material in those early centuries was crude, and the manifestations of its rough energy coarse and often brutal ; but, in their primitive migrations and the effects of them, lay already potentially the future glory of that world-girding chain of peoples which is beginning to work its perfect work. Upon Scotland, it was natural that the shock should fall with exceptional severity from all quarters. Ire-

land was to the north-west, the Scandinavian peninsula and Denmark not far away ; and the Orkney and Shetland Isles stretched off to the latter like a tentacle extended in an attitude of invitation. Between them and the Celts of Argyle and the Western Isles there was constant warfare, and, in some of the blank intervals, filled up from fancy by the chroniclers, it appears probable that the early Scoto-Irish civilization was under an all but irrecoverable eclipse. On the east coast, the invasions took another form in earlier times ; there, though raiding might be profitable, it must soon have appeared that it could not continue to be so, and the strangers gradually disappeared. Long prior to the arrival of the Saxons in England, droves of them had settled in all parts of northern and eastern Scotland, the rougherclass in the north-west, the more civilized in the counties bordered by the German Ocean. The former doubtless came from the fjords of Norway and from Jutland or the Elbe ; the latter from the Baltic shores, and at that time, the people of Schleswig or Holstein were scarcely distinguishable in language or appearance from the Frisian or Pomeranian, or the former from their Danish fellows of the North. So it came to pass in the North of Scotland that there were jarls or maormors—earls as we call them—of Ross, Caithness and Orkney, and, with the Celts on the one hand, and the Saxons, so soon as they came in contact with them, they waged perpetual warfare. The battle of Nechtansmere took place in 685, near Dunnichen, and there Egfried, the Saxon of Northumbria, fell fighting with the Picts ; later the Northumbrians were contending, in alliance with the Picts, against

the Cymric Strathclyde, and in 756 the Britons submitted; in the west the Scots of the Dalriada fought with the Norse jarls of the extreme north; and in 793 the Danes and Norwegians descended on the Bernician coast at Lindisfarne and ravaged the country far over the border by the valleys of Tweed, Ettrick and Yarrow. Thus within, all was division; from without, constant invasion.

Saxon rule took definite form in 547, when Ida founded Bernicia, and Ella established Deira to the south—both afterwards united as Northumbria which extended from the Forth to the Humber and occasionally further to the southward and northward. Between these Saxons and the Cymric Celts of Strathclyde there was constant war until Cumbria—an elastic name, became Saxon also, and the entire Lowlands between the entrances of the Forth and Clyde were thoroughly Saxonized, with a strong admixture of the Norse. It was not until about the middle of the tenth century that the Scots' kings obtained Dunedin or Edinburgh, and altogether too late to change either the blood or language of the people in Scotland, east and south. In the north, they never possessed more than a fictitious sovereignty. On all sides then, there appears the evidence of a nation in the making, and it is perhaps the more instructive as a study, because the birth throes lasted so far down in the history, as compared with England which ended its race troubles early, and with poor Erin where they are, as Mr. Froude remarks, not yet brought to a peaceful solution. The outlook was not over-promising under Malcolm Canmore, with whom, according to Tytler, Scottish history proper

commences. There was a people not homogeneous, as was once supposed, but composite. It was certainly not Celtic, nor yet unmixed with Saxon; yet evidently there was a hardy, determined and vigorous community in the process of formation. If you ask why the Scot in British North America has approved himself the frugal, pushing, keen-witted and sternly straightforward man he appears in the main, the answer is because of those barren hills with heather-clad slopes and the wildness of nature around him—its grandeur and its penuriousness together—that he has been made at once thrifty and imaginative—a ploughman, a shepherd, a weaver, and yet a poet or a philosopher. And if to the influences of nature we add the fiery discipline of unceasing conflict within, and from without, what wonder if the Scot, who is the inheritor of the stout virtues bequeathed him by his fathers, should be one of the first in the peaceful crusade of British civilization all the world over?

Malcolm Canmore's reign, as already remarked, is usually taken to be the opening of a new era in Scotland; but neither nature nor man effects anything by abrupt leaps. The King of Scots was merely the ultimate link in a chain which had been drawing the Celtic dynasty to its Saxon subjects for many a long year. The monarch whom he dethroned had, perhaps, as good a title to the throne as he, and the mention of his name to most readers will excite a deeper feeling of interest than that of the husband of St. Margaret. Macbeth, or Macbeda, as Mr. Burton prefers to call him, was no mean man, apart from that lurid and sinister glow which the transcendent genius of Shakspeare has

thrown about him. It is not certain that he was not a usurper to be sure ; but it would be exceedingly difficult to prove that he was one. Mr. Burton shrewdly hints that the Norman chroniclers, monkish or otherwise, not finding a proper genealogy for Macbeth, as king in hereditary succession on Norman principles, boldly made him out "a fraud," when, for all that appears, he was the rightful heir, if not in himself, in right of his wife Gruach, whom we all know now as the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. Indeed, it is not very hard to demonstrate that "the gracious Duncan," instead of being one who

"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off"—(*Act I., sc. 7*),

as Macbeth is made to declare, would seem to have been an aggressive and troublesome ruler and a usurper to boot, according to the notions of succession prevalent in those days. From the time of Kenneth Macalpine, who conquered the Picts, the Scots were incessantly at war with the Danes, and no less than eight Scottish kings altogether are said to have fallen in fighting with them. Malcolm I., to whom, in 945, Edmund had made over Cumbria, was one of these. Kenneth III., however, defeated the Danes signally at the great battle of Luncarty (970) ; but was killed at the castle of Fettercairns, in a row with the Earls or Maormors of Angus and Mearns. Constantine was killed by a rival, Kenneth IV. (the Grim), who was in turn slain in fight by Malcolm II. He reigned twenty years, dying in 1033, and was a warlike king, consolidating and even enlarging his territory.

In the year 1018 he invaded Northumbria, and, at Carham on the Tweed, gained a victory which made the Tweed henceforth the boundary of the Scottish kingdom. Malcolm, therefore, was the first monarch entitled to be called King of Scotia, and, with him, the male line of Kenneth Macalpine became extinct. Duncan, his grandson by the maternal side succeeded. At the time of Duncan's death, he was not the guest of Macbeda, or Macbeth, Maormor of Ross and Moray, but an invader of his territory. The Lady Macbeth was Gruach, granddaughter of Kenneth IV.; and if, as is alleged, Malcolm had put a grandson of Kenneth's to death, Gruach was his sister, who thus had an "inheritance of revenge;" but, apart from that, "she was, according to the Scots' authorities, the representative of the Kenneth, whom Duncan's grandfather had deprived of his throne and his life" (Burton: *History*, i., 369-71). Macbeth was the rightful ruler of all the country from Moray Firth and Loch Ness north; and his wife was heiress of Scotland. The latter, after Duncan's death, was ruled evidently in right of the wife, because, in grants, the royal title ran, "The King and Queen of Scots." How Duncan met his death is a matter of uncertainty. He appears to have been slain near Elgin, and he was northward with hostile intent where he had no business to be. Mr. Burton alludes to a rumour that Shakspeare had once visited Scotland, and had derived his views of the wretched state of the country in the eleventh century from the utter despair which settled upon it after Flodden. The whole of Macduff's description, in his colloquy with Malcolm (*Act iv., sc. 3*), sets forth vividly the

desperate plight of that sore-bested land. As in most other cases, where Shakspeare's knowledge or experience surprises one, it is better perhaps to leave the mystery unexplained and be content to call it the fruit of transcendent genius.

Duncan perished in 1039, having reigned five or six years; Macbeth was slain in battle in 1057, so that his tenure of royalty was much longer than readers of the tragedy would suppose. He was the first Scottish monarch who appears as a benefactor of the Church, and he proved, so far as appears, an enlightened ruler. With him "the mixed or alternative royal succession" terminated, and the strictly hereditary system was established. After Macbeth's death, Lulach, as Gruach the Queen's son by a first marriage, claimed the throne. It was in 1054 that Siward, Danish Earl of Northumbria, whose sister Duncan had married, conquered Cumbria and the Lothians, and gave them to Malcolm, his nephew and Duncan's son. In 1057 the war was carried further; there was a battle at Dunsinnane, as the dramatist tells us; but it was not decisive. The allies crossed the Dee and defeated and slew Macbeth at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire. Lulach was afterwards overcome and perished at Strathbogie. With Malcolm III., surnamed Canmore or Big Head, the veil which almost impenetrably shrouds Scottish history for four centuries is uplifted, and events are seen in clearer outline. He was a natural son, according to Wyntoun, his mother being a miller's daughter. His coronation, like that of all the old kings, took place at Scone, in 1057, nine years before the Battle of Senlac or Hastings. Edmund

Ironsides had left two children, Edgar Ætheling and Margaret, and in 1068 these last survivors of the Saxon line took refuge in Scotland, and were hospitably received by Malcolm; Margaret took something more—a husband to wit, and became Malcolm's second wife. The Conquest in England was the signal for an extensive Saxon migration northwards; the exiles "found in Scotland people of their own race, and made a marked addition to the predominance of the Saxon or Teutonic element." Malcolm became the champion of the Saxon royal house and William's enemy. The Norman conquest unquestionably effected much in Scotland, but rather by subtle working than the forcible upsetting of established institutions. Yet the strong hand of feudalism was laid upon these, before the reign of William; the nobles grew more powerful, the Crown more arbitrary and exacting, whilst the people sank from villeinage into serfdom. The stubborn resistance of small landed proprietors who disdained "the sheep's skin title" to their estates, prevented the permanent establishment of the feudal system in Scotland; but it immensely increased the power of the great nobles, and paved the way for those disastrous conflicts which proved so vexatious, and often fatal, to the Jameses. Malcolm's wife, St. Margaret, was an earnest devotee, and so naturally favoured the Roman system rather than the practice of the Columbite Church or of the Culdees. Still it was the twelfth century before Rome imposed its hierarchical system on Scotland, to be overthrown by a national uprising in the sixteenth. The Culdees—a word, according to the philologist, equivalent to *Cultores Dei*, worshippers

of God—deserve more attention than is compatible with the present purpose. They were certainly Catholics, though not of the Roman type, and much ingenious sophism has been expended upon them. They appear to have preserved something of the early simplicity of the primitive Celtic Church, but, having passed through a barbarous and unlettered time and gathered, as Christianity elsewhere did, of the foulness which reeked in that channel through which it passed down the stream of time. Into the Culdee controversy it would be absurd to enter. At the time of the Reformation, the very name was a tower of strength to the evangelical party; but it is not well to claim too much for men who simply adhered to the ritual and form of Church government which had come down to them through oral tradition, for the most part, of a non-episcopal Christian Church. At the beginning the Culdees, so far as may be gleaned, were stricter in form and more democratic in spirit than the school of Iona, which was itself episcopal, or non-episcopal, as suited the times. A bishop in those days was not of much account, either in the Irish or Scottish Dalriada, and St. Patrick would have thought himself degraded by the crozier which modern Irish Catholics regard as inseparable from his dignity. Moreover, great as even St. Patrick was, it speaks volumes for the Celtic race—for the pure love and reverence for womanhood, especially when sanctified by a living faith—that St. Bridget stands high above all the saints, even the redoubtable St. Patrick himself. Whatever the Culdees may have been—and it seems almost ludicrous to search for a pure Christianity in a cult handed down under such condi-

tions—it may be taken for granted that they were early Protestants in the sense that they resisted Rome. In Scotland, the feudal fashion, for such it was, had drawn more closely together the baron and the ecclesiastic. There was no longer room for the Culdees, nor, indeed, for the old-fashioned school of Iona. The Saxon influence and the Norman pressure acting on a new and unstable *régime*, quenched opposition to the supremacy of the Papal See, and made the Church of Scotland a branch of the great Roman Catholic communion. It was only natural that modern Protestants should revert to the Culdees with an affectionate reverence which, on the whole, seems entirely misplaced. "That the Culdees were bad Papists, may be clear enough; but it must not be held to follow that, on that account, they were good Protestant Evangelicals." (Burton: *History*, Vol. ii., p. 26.) Whatever the doctrine or practice of the Culdees may have been, they had certainly degenerated so far from any reasonable theology or ordinary *modus vivendi* with the world around, that the introduction of the Roman or Papal system was, on the whole, a blessing. Whether Churches be prelatiical or non-prelatiical, they run through the human cycle with unerring regularity, and the Culdees, of whom little is known till they were in a state of decadence, fell out of the great preparatory scene in the historic drama ere long to be enacted with terrible effect in Scotland.

To return to secular affairs. Malcolm, although he had a pious wife, who, for aught we know, may have taught him his letters, was plagued with the same weird beckoning, which in drama, though not in history, lured Macbeth to his

doom. Having received the Saxon royal family and espoused the sister of the heir to England's throne, what was then left him but to make war upon England? Under William, however, he was saved the trouble, for the descendant of Rollo was quite as eager for the fray; in fact, the one was all impetuosity, the other, facing a disagreeable duty imposed on him by kinship, was not whole-hearted in the matter. He however, invaded Northumbria, south of the Tweed, much as the Russians occupied Roumania as a *point d'appui*. William invaded by sea and land, and did an immense amount of damage, devastating the country between the Humber and Tees, in the old Deira, and applying the scourge principally on English soil. War raged fiercely after William's fatal rage had wrought its own retribution, and his horse had plunged upon the hot embers of Nantes as he rode down the steepstreet vowing vengeance on Philip of France.* In the Church he deposed the Saxon Stigand and enthroned Lanfranc the Norman, who speedily made the see of York subordinate to his own. William had shown his power in Northumbria, but he hardly touched Scotland. Under Rufus, Malcolm made war and made peace; marched over the northern English counties and, at last, met Rufus at Gloucester for conference; when returning, he and his son and heir were slain by the Northumbrian Earls. Then followed, in short order, Donald Bane and Malcolm's natural son Duncan; Edgar fought his way to the throne, in turn, and unconsciously made the Kingdom of Scotland what it is by ceding the country from the Lammermoor Hills west

*Green's History, Vol. I., Book II., chap. I., p. 133.

through that portion of the country between the Solway and Clyde to his younger brother David. In 1124 David became King and held the Scottish kingdom almost intact. Cumberland still remained a part of Scotland until 1153, when William the Lion relinquished it to Henry II. after he was beaten at Alnwick. In 1237, the boundaries of the kingdoms were for the first time definitively settled.

Edgar's reign of eight or nine years was chiefly remarkable for the first matrimonial union of England and Scotland in regnant families. In 1100 his sister Matilda married Henry I. and thus the heirs of the Saxon and Norman line were doubly united, and the bond was further cemented when Alexander I. married Sibylla, the daughter of Henry. David I. was, above all things, a Churchman, and he was also an hereditary enemy of the Norman line—a legacy of ill to him. In the usurpation of Stephen, when Matilda, the daughter of the first Henry was set aside, there was an illegitimate uncle named Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who fled to Scotland and was received by David. The end of that enterprise was the contest at Northallerton, known as the Battle of the Standard from the vehicle with crucifix and adornments which formed the rallying point of the English host. At this battle the Scots and the malcontents from the south were terribly defeated in the year 1138. Of David's army it is somewhat difficult to form a conception, and almost beyond the art of the literary scene-painter to describe. "A wild, diversified horde such as we may suppose to have been commanded by Attila or Genseric," not only of Scots or wild Picts, but strange men from Orkney over which David had no pretence

of authority. It is not a matter for surprise that this motley host, although they piled charge upon charge, were defeated ; yet, as the Scottish historian observes, David "acted more like a baffled than a beaten general, and collecting such of his forces as remained, laid siege to Wark Castle. Stephen had enough work on his hands elsewhere ; he therefore made peace with David in 1139 at Durham. St. David, for he has been canonized, was what is called "a pious prince," that is, he endowed the Church liberally—rather too liberally in the opinion of James I. (of Scotland), for he used an expression at David's sepulchre at Dunfermline—"as he wald mene that that king left the Kirk ower riche, and the crown ower puir." He endowed or adjusted nine bishoprics and a number of religious houses, known in after song and story, among them Holyrood, Melrose, Jedburg, Kelso, Dryburg, Newbattle and Kinloss (in Moray).

Malcolm IV. lived on amicable terms with Henry II. of England ; but his brother, William the Lion, took part with Henry's undutiful sons and having fallen into that king's hands at Alnwick (1174), was taken prisoner to Northampton and then to Normandy, where at Falaise, he made a treaty acknowledging "a complete feudal superiority of the King of England over Scotland"—a concession which proved of some moment in years to come. "Whatever its value, as

* Mr. Burton observes : "The much desired infeudation of Scotland was now complete—at least on parchment. In the great homage dispute, on one side at least, a perverse pedantry has depended on ceremonies and writs, instead of broad historical facts ; as if all that a high-spirited people could gain by ages of endurance and contest might be lost by a slip of parchment. But it is odd that these pedantic reasoners should have overlooked how strongly this transaction bears against them. If the Scottish people really were under feudal subjugation to the Norman kings of England, what need to create that condition by

extorted from a prisoner, apart from other considerations, it is certain that Richard I. in 1189, in the strongest language absolved the Scottish king from the agreements which his "good father Henry had, through his capture, been able to wrest from William (*per captionem suam extorsit*).” For that act of justice the impulsive Cœur de Lion received the sum of ten thousand pounds and flung it away, with chivalrous recklessness, in the abyss of the Crusades. There was now a lull in the affairs of Scotland, although much of note was going on in Europe—the cause, doubtless, of tranquillity in North Britain. From the accession of William to the death of his successor Alexander II., eighty-four years elapsed—a period pregnant with momentous issues to Europe and the world. Becket had been murdered at Canterbury, Ireland conquered, Jerusalem taken by Saladin, and re-taken by Richard after the battle of Ascalon; Pope Innocent III. sat on the throne, the Albigenes were slaughtered by Simon de Montford, and the Inquisition was set on foot; John had signed the Magna Charta, and behaved generally, like the crafty poltroon that he was; and St. Louis, the tender, ascetic, yet almost pitiful impersonation of mediæval piety, had just embarked upon his Crusade, when Alexander III. mounted the Scottish throne in 1249.

In accordance with the treaty of Newcastle made with Henry III., King Alexander II. was married to the Prin-

a hard bargain with a prisoner? Or, supposing that the condition had really been established, and the King of Scots was a rebel, then the phraseology of the documents would have undoubtedly shown as much, and would have renewed and confirmed the past. What the conditions of the Treaty of Falaise did, however, was to create the new condition of vassal and superior from their date. They explain the opportunity and certify the use it is put to.”—*H. of Scot.*, Vol. II., p. 70.

cess Margaret of England at York. He did homage for territories south of the Border; but when the wily Henry proposed to the boy—for such he was—that he should also perform the same feudal obligation for the kingdom of Scotland, the answer was, that that was too important a matter for a festive occasion, and must be deferred. It was deferred accordingly until the next reign, when the great Edward accomplished the work of conquest, and, in the end, got nought but worry and anxiety for his victories and temporary success. In 1262, Haco or Hakon, king of Norway, made his way, on the usual track, round the north-west coast of Scotland by the Hebrides, Outer and Inner, and so south, until he rounded Cantire and by Bute and Arran reached the pleasant coast of Ayrshire, where he landed a force. Mr. Carlyle says that he had been engaged during this cruise in “adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went along, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit.”* At Largs, now a town—or rather south of it—there are still “stone-cairns and monumental heaps” “mutely testifying to a battle there, altogether clearly to this battle of King Hakon; who, by the Norse records, too, was in these neighbourhoods about that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humour.”† Whether Haco’s failures were

* Carlyle: *Early Kings of Norway*.—Chap. xv.

† By the hand of the veteran master are also written these remarks, which would seem to point to the conclusion that Alexander III. had not much more to do with Haco’s discomfiture than Elizabeth with the fate of the Armada:—“Of Largs, there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt, such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering rather than beaten; and very certainly retiring to his ships, as in either case he behooved to do! It is further certain that he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the

due chiefly to the winds or to the superior prowess of the Scots, Norman invasion henceforward ceases to be a factor in Scottish history. Magnus IV. of Norway ceded all the Western Isles, and the only Norse possessions thereafter were Orkney and Shetland; yet the Norse element remained in North-western Scotland and the Isles, and impregnated strongly the Celtic region in the south-west which had been the original realm of the Scots. This district, says Mr. Burton, along with a large strip on the east coast of Ireland, having Dublin as its capital, and the Isle of Man, constituted a sort of naval empire of the Northmen.*

In 1281, Eric of Norway married Margaret of Scotland, and with their daughter, "the Maid of Norway," who died at Orkney on her way to take possession of the Crown, the direct line failed, and then new and terrible woes to that sorely harassed country began.† Alexander III, fell over

Scotch records bear, that he was so at Largs very specially. The Norse records or Sagas say merely that he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land-fighting in various parts,—tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these misfortunes to him. 'In the battle here he lost 15,000 men,' say the Scots, 'we 5,000!' Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact. Date of the battle is A. D. 1263."
—*Ibid.*

* *Hist.* ii. 100.

† The convoy which attended Eric's bride to Norway met with a dire mishap coming home, which is celebrated in the ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens." Before reaching the catastrophe, which is properly reserved for the last, there is a quaint description of the treatment the guests received, when "they hadna been there a week." This is what the "lords o' Norway" said to Spens and his comrades:—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queen's fee."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

"For I hae brought as much white monje,
As gawe (sufficed) my men and me,
And I hae brought a haif-fou of guid red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me."

the crags at Kinghorn, and the condition of Scotland, from the death of "The Maid," in 1286, until the battle of Bannockburn (1314), was deplorable in the extreme. An old verse, chiefly interesting for its age, and as expressing the despair which soon settled on the people, may be inserted here :—

"When Alysandyr our Kynge was dede,
That Scotland led in luv and le,
Away was sons of ale and brede,
Of wyne and wax, of gainyn and gle,
Our gold was changyd into lede,
Cryst born into virgynyte,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad is in perplexyte."

"This," says Prof. Murray, "which is probably the earliest extant specimen of Scottish verse, is of peculiar interest, as revealing the bitterness with which the people remembered the good old times of plenty preceding the War of Independence, and enabling us to understand the intensity of national feeling which called the war forth, and which found utterance in the popular songs of the period."* The "perplexyte," of which the unknown rhymers tell must have been appalling, because apparently without hope. The kingdom, although marked out by natural boundaries, was

The result is an immediate order to embark issued by Sir Patrick in anger. They are caught in a storm, and the result is pathetically told in the last five stanzas. This is the concluding one:—

"Half owre, half owre, to Aberdour,
Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens.
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet."

This ballad was long thought to have been the oldest specimen of its kind; but it would appear that both it and "Hardyknute," which relates to the battle of Largs, were written by Elizabeth Halkett, Lady Wardlaw.

* The *Ballads and Songs of Scotland*, in view of their influence on the character of the people. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., McGill College, Montreal.

far from homogeneous. There were lords and lairds, petty monarchs, earls and potentates of all sorts, from the Norse ruler in Caithness to the robber-kings of Liddesdale, and the other valleys of the Border—Tushielaw, Mangertoun, and the like. To the south, were the English Border earls, and behind them that dreaded Norman tyranny of which Scotland had already experienced her share. Everything seemed hopeless; within were poverty and despair, no middle class, a few miserable towns, wretched agriculture, and security for person or property nowhere. The reivers of the Highlands were on one side, and the free-booters of the Border on the other, and between them, as in a press, poor Scotland was squeezed until all the healthy vitality was well-nigh crushed out of her. There was no central focus of power, whatever the kings may have claimed, during this early period; and when the royal line became extinct all hope of nationality, of prosperity and peace, must have vanished. This was the primary school of discipline, hard, stern and rugged, through which the Scottish nation was compelled to pass, and its effects are to be seen in the vigorous efforts which followed under Wallace and Bruce. In addition to former troubles, the Norman Conquest and its influence, indirect rather than otherwise, but none the less real and galling, had, in the Lowlands, introduced feudality with its burdens and oppressions. In the next chapter will appear how far resistance to the Norman system lay at the bottom of the great national struggle.

Meanwhile it is well to recall the facts regarding race already insisted upon. One race which figures in ancient

story vanished early from history and was known no more. What the Picts were it is impossible to tell; perhaps they were Cymri, like the Ancient Britons of the south, acted upon by Gothic influences of some sort, Scandinavian or Teutonic. At any rate they were not Scoti or Gaels, and to us the survival of the name in "the Picts of Galloway" seems to indicate a Cymric basis. "It has been usually supposed," says Mr. Burton, "that the reign of Malcolm and Margaret was the turning-point, at which the court, which had been Celtic, became a Saxon court, with a dash of Norman to adorn it; but of this we cannot be sure."* One thing is certain, that a Teutonic population existed far beyond their jurisdiction. Long after Norman feudality had stamped its impress on southern Scotland, it was unknown north of the Tay, where the Saxon institutions of that age survived in all their purity. That crowds of Saxons fled from oppression in England is true; but that immigration was too limited to account for the settled nature of the Saxon population all over the east and north, with institutions, language, and manners complete; and if the facts seem to warrant such a theory, all that need be said is, so much the worse for the facts—or rather for those who undertake to interpret them. Leaving the Picts out of the question, there were four distinct peoples at least in Scotland at an early period, the Gaelic or Irish Celts, the Cymric or British Celts, as in Strathclyde, the Norsemen, and the Saxons, including under this name all the Teutonic tribes of the Southern Baltic and German Ocean. In what condition the conglomerate nation

* Hist. ii., 135.

—if such a name may be applied to a mass of autonomous tribes, septs, and lordships—found itself at or near the end of the thirteenth century has been imperfectly shown. It is now our task to mount to a higher level, breathe a purer and more bracing air in the noble struggle which the Norman kings forced upon Scotland, and out of which she emerged, if not happy and secure, at all events, victorious and free.





CHAPTER III.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

Ah! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome makes man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man gives,
He lives at ese that frely lives.
A nobill hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys (else) nocht that may him please.
Gyff fredome faillythe.

—BARBOUR.

Thy Spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated bro't thee forth,
Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

—SMOLLETT.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!

Forward! let us do or die!

—BURNS.

THE story of a brave and high-spirited people struggling, against fearful odds, to secure freedom and independence for themselves and posterity, never fails to kindle the eye and quicken the pulse of every warm-hearted man. Even after the lapse of centuries, when the liberty borne tri-

umphant out of the fray has ceased to be valued for what it cost, or has become, like most of our everyday blessings, so much a matter of course as, scarcely to be valued at all, the old heroic tale will always fire the sympathetic soul. It is not merely that there is in it the excitement of struggle; men may love the battle for its own sake, or because of the heroism evoked in the fray. To deprecate this tendency is certainly as vain as it is unnatural, because whatever may be thought about Hobbes' theory of our natural *penchant* for war, man is unquestionably, in one way or other, a fighting animal; and he is rather an inferior specimen of his kind, who is not flavoured with a strong tincture of pugnacity. Everything depends, however, upon the channel into which this powerful force is diverted. When men admire bravery in war, considered by itself, they only follow the irresistible instinct of their nature to be attracted by what is manly. Courage implies many noble qualities, skill, fearlessness of danger, self-sacrifice and so forth; but these, after all, ought only to be the means to higher and still nobler ends.

In a good cause, all these qualities are sanctified and become inestimably precious. It is the peculiar characteristic of patriotic effort that it makes bravery appear doubly brave, and inspires even craven souls with the fire of manly courage. When we read with glowing sympathy and admiration of valiant deeds in times gone by, wrought by poor, weak and suffering communities in the cause of freedom, many healthful feelings are brought into action—a deadly hatred of wrong, cruelty and oppression, by whomsoever perpetrated,

a tender fellow-feeling for the woes of their victims, and a reverence for the essential nobility of unselfishness and self-sacrifice in their highest and most glorious forms. During the last thirty years, the sympathies of mankind, and especially of the free English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic, or rather in every quarter of the globe, have been poured out, without stint, on behalf of oppressed and struggling races and nationalities. Although, happily, they cannot with Dido, learn to feel with or relieve the wretched, because themselves not strangers to woe, there has passed before them, in living panorama, what their fathers underwent that they might live, and live in freedom, happiness and peace. What is done in this age should make men glow with patriotic and grateful pride, when they think of what was achieved "in the old time before them." It is the fashion now-a-days to ridicule anything in the shape of patriotic enthusiasm as indecorous and undignified; we are not sure that it is not considered ungentlemanly; certainly it has been stigmatized as narrow and selfish—clannish, if the lover of his country be a Scot.

Now, if the people of any country have a right to be proud of the bond that unites them to it, that country is surely Scotland; yet it is exceedingly easy to feel a kindred glow from the broadly human stand-point. In a letter to the Earl of Buchan, Robert Burns points out this fact distinctly: "Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotchman, I have rarely met with anything in history, which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand a cruel usurper, leading on the finest army in

Europe, to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or to perish with her." (Jan 12, 1794). Now it is not difficult to eliminate here what is due to the "enthusiasm" of the patriot, and when that is removed, for any generous-minded man to feel precisely what Burns felt. Mr. Buckle was an Englishman, and, as [will be seen hereafter, gave Scotland some rather hard blows, yet mark his righteous indignation at the Edwards and his exultation at their discomfiture: "The darling object of the English was to subjugate the Scotch; and if anything could increase the disgrace of so base an enterprise, it would be that, having undertaken it, they ignominiously failed."*

A brief survey of the circumstances which brought on the struggle under Wallace in the first place, and ultimately under Bruce, may be given without troubling the reader with cumbersome details about overlordships and other matters discussed by the historians. The death of the Maid of Norway unquestionably precipitated the interference of England; but even had she lived, Edward would never have permitted her to reign, unless as the wife of his son. But apart from that, the traditional policy of the Norman and Plantagenet kings, from an early date, had been to enmesh Scotland into the net of feudality and ultimately to subdue it. This design was plainly manifest, in the oath of fealty extorted from William the Lion, when a prisoner, by

* *History of Civilization*, &c., vol. III, p. 13; London, 1871.

Henry II. According to Tytler, approaches of a direct character were made in the early part of the reign of Alexander III. It may well be, however, that Henry III, tormented about the charters and having on his hands an England soon to give birth to Parliamentary government, had neither the heart nor the leisure to turn his steps actively northward. When Edward succeeded to the throne, with that splendid energy which he possessed, and that unscrupulous savagery, pertaining to his age rather than to himself, the grand step towards the acquisition of Scotland was taken. Everything seemed to have conspired in his favour. The royal line was extinct, save in the representatives of three daughters of David Earl of Huntingdon, a brother of Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. The subtlety of the English monarch seems transparent enough in later times; but, at that day, craft more easily beguiled, and was invincible when backed by overwhelming power.

In 1291, Edward summoned his Northumbrian vassals to meet him at Norham Castle on the south bank of the Tweed. Having conquered Wales with ruthless vindictiveness, he now resolved to turn his attention to Scotland. Baliol, Bruce the elder, and Hastings, represented respectively the three daughters already mentioned—Margaret, Isabel and Ada. The point in dispute really lay between Baliol and Bruce—the former claiming as grandson of the eldest daughter, the latter as son of the second daughter, and therefore the nearest male to the common ancestor. Mr. Burton gives a graphic account of the meetings on both sides of the Tweed. The Parliament of Scotland, if such it may be termed, had

asked Edward's good offices and were informed that he could only intervene as suzerain; they demurred to any concession on that point: and, from first to last, never yielded an inch to Edward. They were dismissed to their own bank of the river, and there by some dexterous manipulation of the referees Baliol was chosen and crowned at Scone on "the Stone of Destiny," now the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. It is to be observed, that both the claimants, Baliol and the eldest of the historical Bruces were Normans each of them quite as willing as the other to take an oath of fealty to Edward so that, patriotically regarded, there was not much choice between them. The Bruce had not yet arrived and meanwhile the stage was clearing for the advent of that hero who paved the way for Bannockburn at Stirling and struck the first crashing blow for Scottish independence. The John Baliol who was crowned at Scone and afterwards invested by Edward at Newcastle was a poor simpleton, a lamb amongst wolves according to the historians, constantly hampered and crossed at every point. Edward's policy has shown some of the sterling stuff of his state policy, collecting a force and received the crown in formal meeting at Norham. The Newcastle ceremony took place at the close of 1292; and Edward was eager to achieve his real purpose. Poor Baliol was summoned to London repeatedly on various frivolous pretexts, treated with supposed indignity and, so far as seemed possible, provoked to rebel. But a war with Philip IV. of France was in prospect

* See the whole of chapter xix in Mr. Bartlett's second volume.

and therefore, when Edward found that Baliol had begun to intrigue with his enemy, he resolved to occupy the interval of preparation in once for all quieting Scotland. He marched north, besieged and took Berwick, and, finding Baliol in arms, attacked and defeated him at Dunbar. The royal puppet surrendered, and the English monarch devastated, with merciless cruelty, the whole country as far as Aberdeen and Elgin. Baliol remained a prisoner in the Tower for two years; released at the request of the Pope he retired to France, where he died in the Bannockburn year, 1314. His name, or rather his father's, survives him in the Oxford collegiate foundation.

All was darkness in the land after the deposition of Baliol, until a deliverer, fittingly arose from the ranks of the people, to emancipate the country. Many incredible marvels have gathered about the name of William Wallace, and yet the main facts of his history are beyond question. He was a typical Lowland Scot, of great personal strength and power of endurance, of consummate tact, unimpeachable probity and great military skill.* How he came by the singular ability he possessed, it is hard to say, unless it be credited to mother wit. He could boast no royal lineage, being but a simple knight of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire. But the people were thoroughly exasperated by the sufferings they had undergone, and he had personal wrongs to avenge in the destruction of his house and the murder of his young

* In spite of the mythical stories about Wallace "few historical figures come out so distinctly and grandly when stripped of the theatrical properties." (Burton: *The Scot Abroad*,

11. "He was a skilful and brave general, an accomplished politician, and a public man of unshaken faith and undying zeal." (*Ibid.*)

wife. Driven to desperation, like a lion at bay, he prepared to turn upon his foes. Capable of enduring any amount of hardship, he slowly collected the strength of the oppressed Anglo-Saxons of the Lowlands, wandering about and, at need, lurking in caves and thickets, until he had collected a force sufficient from the first to harass Edward's outposts. He acknowledged Baliol, and even assumed to act in his name; nevertheless he represented the Saxon element, at deadly feud with Norman feudalism.* One of his most audacious acts at the outset was a bold daylight raid upon Scone where Justiciar Ormsby was holding Edward's Court and this was only one of the many daring exploits by which the champion of the Scots effected the double purpose of training and increasing his forces, and of keeping the foe in a constant state of alarm. He had an arduous task before him; yet he fulfilled it with all the confidence of genius. "As a soldier" says Burton, "he was one of those marvelously gifted men, arising at long intervals, who can see through the military superstitions of the day, and organize

* Prof. Veitch, in his admirable *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*, observes: "Edward had no doubt what some may regard as enlightened views of government. They were, however, of a somewhat imperial and arbitrary sort, and the enlightened element in views pressed upon a people at the point of the sword, is apt not to be greatly appreciated. The spirit of the War of Independence was an Anglo-Saxon hatred of the feudal Norman of the south. It was manifested especially in the Lowlands of Scotland. It met with no sympathy, rather opposition, from the Gael of the Highlands, who had far more affinity of feeling with what it confronted than with what it sought, and who was indifferent as to what king reigned south of his mountains. Yet it was this spirit which fused the mixed elements of population on the Lowland plains and hills during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries into one nationality. It is that which has given the Lowland Scot his character of stern individuality, self-reliance, and stubborn independence, qualities which sometimes with him assume so pronounced a form of self-assertion when no one is questioning his dignity or importance as to be slightly disagreeable." (P. 144-5). Dr. Veitch is certainly not disposed to conceal the weak side of his countrymen's character. See also Burton *History of Scotland*, ii. 278.

power out of those elements which the pedantic soldier rejects as rubbish."* Apart from the disparity of numbers, England had been trained by almost constant warfare at home and abroad, whilst Scotland had enjoyed a long period of repose. The one possessed the perfection of discipline and military equipment ; the other's army was only in the making and could feel its way merely by tentative steps. Nevertheless Wallace was equal to the task. Organizing his force north of the Tay, and reinforced from the north-west, he attacked and took the strongholds, and was besieging Dundee, when he heard that John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, head of the Council of Regency, was advancing and at once made for Stirling Bridge, the great pass between north and south. Here he selected his position, with great skill, on the carse-ground below Stirling, behind a loop of the Firth. John de Warenne offered terms ; the scornful answer was, " We have come not to make peace, but to free our country." The bridge, over which the Norman army had perforce to pass, [was exceedingly narrow, and before half the enemy had crossed, the assault was made by Wallace and caused irretrievable confusion in the English army, and its utter defeat (Sept. 11, 1297). Surrey fled across the Border and Wallace after him, ravaging the north of England as far as Durham.† Edward was now fully aroused to the danger and marched northward with an overwhelming force—the largest ever assembled under his banner. Wallace retreated and might have successfully avoided battle

* *History*, ii. 280.

† Green : *History of the English People*, Vol. i. p. 366. (Amer. Ed.). Burton : *History*, Vol. ii. chap. xx.

but for the discovery, by treachery, of his whereabouts. He was compelled to fight at hopeless disadvantage. Nevertheless, he selected his ground with even greater skill than before, and awaited the onset of Edward's host. Here at Falkirk, in his last heroic fight, the Scottish hero showed his contempt for the military superstitions of the time by a new disposition of his forces,—then seen for the first time, but centuries after to be famous—the formation of the square to receive cavalry. "The Scotch force," says Mr. Green, "consisted almost wholly of foot, and Wallace drew up his spearmen in four great hollow circles or squares, the outer ranks kneeling, and the whole supported by bowmen within, while a small force of horse were drawn up as a reserve in the rear. It was the formation of Waterloo, the first appearance in our history since the day of Senlac (Hastings) of 'that unconquerable British Infantry' before which chivalry was destined to go down." * Mass after mass of the heavy knights in armour was hurled against those living ramparts in vain. At length, however, some mounted men broke in and all was over, but ruthless slaughter and headlong flight. Edward had conquered; but the victory was a barren one, and the English king found himself "master only of the ground he stood on; want of supplies forced him at last to retreat," for Wallace had laid waste all the South when he withdrew from England, and the restless monarch, next year, having abandoned Scotland, betook himself again to France. Dark as the night appeared, the cause of independ-

* Green: *History*, Vol. i, p. 367. See, also a longer and more entertaining account in Burton: *History*, Vol. ii, p. 302.

ence had received a new light, and out of the murky sky of Falkirk gleamed the morning star of Scottish freedom. The rest of Wallace's career may be soon told, so far as it is known. He is said to have visited France to strengthen the Scottish alliance, and Italy to enlist the favour of the Holy See, but in 1304 he was certainly in Scotland, where he alone refused the amnesty. Edward was about to try mild measures with Scotland, and his leniency was probably as much a matter of calculation as of mercy. "The English Justinian" was a great, wise, brave, and on the whole, humane monarch; but he wanted, like most men, better and worse than himself, to have his own way, and, when thwarted, was like an enraged tiger. His aims were high and far-reaching; and yet it was unquestionably as fortunate for England that they failed in Scotland, as that the ambitious views of the Plantagenet Edwards and Henries were disappointed in France. For Wallace, as the impersonation of perverse and uncompromising opposition, there could be no mercy. He was captured at Glasgow by a party, under Alexander de Menteith, who had recently received the royal clemency. The Scottish historian is careful to urge that "fause" is an unjust epithet, coupled with the name of Menteith, since he was in no sense a traitor, being one of Edward's officers and Governor of Dumbarton Castle. Wallace was carried through London and tried as a subject of the king's for treason, border-raiding, and conspiring with the king of France. He was executed with all the barbarities of that time, and unhappily of times much more recent. His head was fixed on London Bridge, and his quarters

were put up at Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling and Perth.* The hero's work was done, however, and could not be undone. He had breathed the quickening breath of national vitality into the Scottish people; sealed the cause of their independence with his patriotic blood; and, of all the uncanonized martyrs of history, whose memories are embalmed in its Walhalla, none stands out in purer and brighter sheen than William Wallace, the simple knight of Ellerslie.

The organizing schemes of Edward were now complete and he was about to hold a joint Parliament, of both nations, at Carlisle, when the irrepressible Scot again broke out in the illustrious person of Robert Bruce, grandson of the claimant to the crown in 1290. The house of Bruce was Norman, and belonged properly to Yorkshire; but, by marriage it had obtained the Earldom of Carrick and the Lordship of Annandale. The first Bruce and his son had, on the whole, though somewhat fitfully, adhered to the English side, and for obvious reasons. However attractive the crown or the independence of Scotland may have been, they were not much to blame if they secured the main chance—their English patrimony. It was no light matter to provoke the wrath of Edward, and defeat meant absolute and irretrievable ruin. The grandson proved himself a man of sounder fibre, but his education gave small promise of

* "Such deeds," as our historian remarks, "belong to a policy which outwits itself; but the retribution has seldom come so quickly, and so utterly in defiance of all human preparation and calculation as here. Of the bloody trophies sent to frighten a broken people into abject subjection, the bones had not yet been bared, ere they became tokens to deepen the wrath and strengthen the courage of a people arising to try the strength of the bands by which they were bound, and, if possible, break them once and forever." *Burton: History*, Vol. ii, 338.

future greatness. The English king had reared him in England as the Norman youth were then trained, and appears to have been attracted by his frank, mild and generous nature. He thought that as he had done much for Robert, great things might be expected from him in return, still there was much uneasiness about him at court; and a few words dropped by Edward, over his cups, and conveyed to Bruce by the Earl of Gloucester, caused a sudden flight northwards, in February, 1306. The Earl's message was in symbol—a purse of money and a pair of spurs. There was snow on the ground at the time and so, to baffle pursuit, his horses were shod in a reverse way, to appear as if he were going to town, instead of flying from it. At Dumfries. Bruce met Comyn, Earl of Badenoch, in the church of the Grey Friars, showed him the abject state of Scotland, and made a proposition, it is said, in these terms: "Take my estates and help to make me king, or, if you prefer it, I will take yours and support your claim." Comyn, whom Bruce suspected of having betrayed his ambition to Edward, demurred, pleading his duty and loyalty to the king. Bruce upbraided him with disclosing secrets to the English Court; a fierce altercation ensued, and at last Bruce stabbed Comyn and rushed out. He had not only probably committed murder, but a more heinous crime in those days—sacrilege. Meeting Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, he exclaimed "I doubt I have slain the red Comyn!" "Do you doubt?" said Kirkpatrick, "*ich mak sicher*" (I make sure), and then went in and finished the red Comyn. The play upon the word "doubt," here, is rather good—so good indeed as to

make one question the truth of the conversation. Whether the slaughter precipitated the next step or not—and it probably did—Bruce was crowned at Scone, on the 27th of March, 1306, as Robert I. of Scotland.

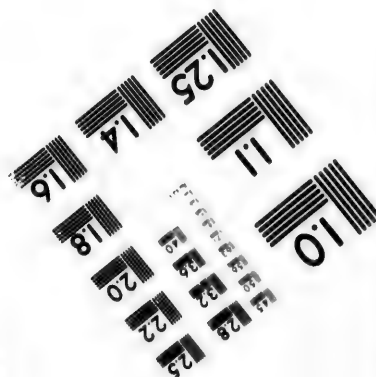
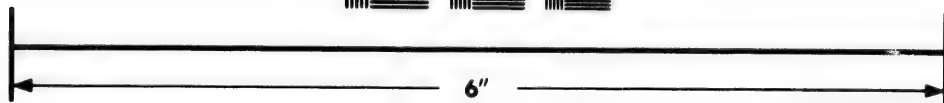
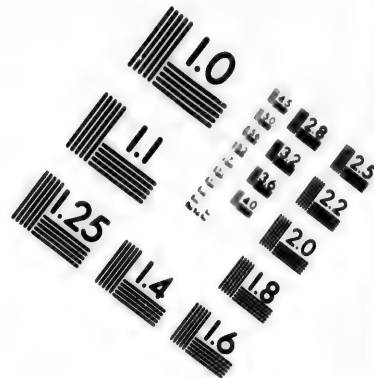
At this coronation, the patriotic Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, furnished the properties as well as the ecclesiastical proprieties, and the crown was placed on Robert's head, by the Countess of Buchan. "Shaken by sickness and bowed by care," the aged Edward once more nerved himself to his appointed task. He first secured the Pope's excommunication of Bruce for sacrilege; threatened death to all concerned in Comyn's murder; and, in his rage, caused the poor Countess of Buchan to be suspended from one of the towers of Berwick, in a cage of spars. All who took up arms were menaced with death; and Edward made formidable preparations for vengeance against Bruce, vowing, as if entering upon a solemn crusade or holy war, to devote the remainder of his days to that work. From his son, who had been made a knight in Westminster Abbey, after a night's vigil, he exacted a vow, that should he die before the accomplishment of his purpose, his body should be borne about with the army, and never buried till Scotland was subdued. The advance army, under Pembroke, Clifford and Percy, arrived in Scotland early in 1306. The king only reached Carlisle in March, 1307, although he had set out the summer before, borne in a litter; meanwhile Bruce, the king's brother, his sister's husband, the Earl of Athole, Sir Simon Fraser* and

* See an interesting account of this remarkable reiver, and of the Fraser family in Tweeddale, in Veitch; *Border History and Poetry*, Chap. vii.

others were put to death. Two bishops, Lamberton of St. Andrews, and Wishart of Glasgow—who, like many Scottish mediæval prelates, remind one of Grossteste, of Lincoln, the manly English bishop of the previous century—were simply put in prison. The brave and indomitable old English king was “wearin’ awa’;” but his fiery spirit and iron will bore up the failing frame until he beheld once more the land he longed to subdue. The last flicker of the taper flashed from the socket. Edward fancied that a new lease of life had been granted him; the litter was hung up, as a votive offering, in the cathedral of Carlisle, and, mounting his horse, the dying monarch rode toward the Solway. At Burgh-on-the-Sands, within sight of Scotland, Edward I., “the Hammer of the Scots,” breathed his last, after bequeathing the war as a heritage of vengeance to his degenerate son and successor.

Robert’s first brush with Percy was a surprise, and the result a serious check to his small army. In addition to his other troubles he came into conflict with the Celtic Scots, who occupied the western mountain district and the Isles. Though the representatives of those who gave the country its name of Scotland, they could not conform readily with the Saxonized kingship. Between the Celts and the Lowlanders there was an antipathy of race; and this, though sometimes dormant, was never extinguished.* Having, for

* “It was the natural condition of these people to be under absolute chiefs and leaders, who set up a mimic royalty. . . . There was generally more than one king or chief. Had all been under one leader, when King Edward began his encroachments, there is no doubt he would have had thorough help from that leader. As it was he entered into alliance with three of them (Alexander of Argyle, Alexander of the Isles, and Donald of the Isles), who, as they were in some measure rivals, did not always co-operate.” Burton: *History*, ii, 362.



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some reason, to pass through the Highlands, Bruce reached John of Lorn's country ; and as that haughty potentate was a relation of Comyn's, Bruce soon found himself beset by a swarm of Highlanders ; yet his mailed force outwitted the half-naked horde. He was attacked also by Pembroke's force ; but from 1306 to 1310 his movements cannot be clearly traced. We find his force gradually melting before Pembroke and Lorn, who hunted him with blood-hounds. He and a companion broke the scent by swimming streams, catching the boughs of trees, and swinging from tree to tree. Their wives followed them and were tended with chivalrous care, until at last they reached Bruce's home at Kildrummy, in the earldom of Mar. At the accession of Edward II., in 1307, the turning point in the war was reached. One after another the strongholds gave way to the Scottish king ; Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Linlithgow, Perth, Dundee, Rutherglen, Aberdeen and Dumfries were surrendered, and the English garrisons driven out sometimes by the people of the district of their own motion. All the defensive positions, save Stirling, had been taken, and it was besieged by Edward Bruce, in 1313. The commander promised to surrender if not relieved before St. John Baptist's Day—an arrangement, which if it meant anything, betokened an invasion, and such an enterprise was actually on foot. Edward had collected a mighty host of 100,000 English, Welsh, Irish, also Gascons and other foreigners ; the Scots are stated at 40,000, but Mr. Burton says that this is certainly an exaggeration. The battle was of necessity to be fought under the walls of Stirling Castle, and there, a little to the

south of it, there was a rising ground, flanked by a little brook or burn, destined to be famous in the world's history ; for its name was Bannockburn.

Bruce selected his ground at leisure, and Edward had no choice but to fight or lose the stronghold, which his father had felt more pride in seizing than in defeating Wallace at Falkirk. Stirling Castle stands on a trap rock ; south and partly east and west were the Campsie Fells—hills neither lofty nor precipitous, and affording ground easy of successful defence. Bruce fortified this position, because here only could he meet that mighty host face to face. There was still a weak point—a tract of flat ground to the right by which the enemy might pass to the Castle. This was honey-combed with pits, covered with branches, not, says Mr. Burton, that these might serve as traps, but to destroy the ground for cavalry purposes. On the eve of the battle, a futile attempt was made to relieve the Castle and this disastrous result cast a portentous gloom over the English army. Whilst Robert was riding along his line, conspicuous by a gold circlet, Hugh de Bohun bore down upon him, and gave a challenge to single combat. Bruce was mounted on a small hackney and his opponent made an assault with the spear ; this was dexterously warded off by the king, who, wheeling round, cleft Bohun's skull with so fearful a blow that the handle of the axe was shattered in his grasp. At daybreak on the twenty-fourth of June, 1314 the English advanced to the charge. Then, again, as at Falkirk, the two methods of warfare, the old and the new, came into competition. Following in the footsteps of Wallace, Bruce had

drawn up his forces in hollow squares, or cirelets, and Edward attempted, as his father had successfully done in 1298, to rake them with the arrows of his archers. The movement was sufficiently promising, and might have been successful if, as at Falkirk, the bowmen had been well supported; as it was, Bruce's reserve of horse easily scattered them, and the danger was past. "The body of men-at-arms next flung themselves on the Scottish front, but their charge was embarrassed by the narrow space along which the line was to move, and the steady resistance of the squares soon threw the knighthood in disorder. 'The horses were stickit,' says an exulting Scotch writer, 'rushed and reeled, right rudely.' In the moment of failure the sight of a body of camp-followers, whom they mistook for reinforcements, to the enemy, spread a panic through the English army. It broke in a headlong rout. Its thousands of brilliant horsemen were soon floundering in pits, which guarded the level ground to Bruce's left, or riding in wild haste for the border. Few, however, were fortunate enough to reach it. Edward himself, with a body of five hundred knights, succeeded in escaping by Dunbar and the sea. But the flower of the knighthood fell into the hands of the victors, while the Irishry and the footmen were ruthlessly cut down by the country folk as they fled. For centuries to come the rich plunder of the English camp left its traces on the treasure-rolls and vestment-rolls of castle and abbey throughout the Lowlands." *

* Green: *History of the English People*, Vol. I, Book IV, p. 387. Also, for a full and graphic account of Bannockburn, Burton: *History of Scotland*, Vol. II, pp. 378 et seq.

Thus was the yoke of oppressed Scotland broken, and her national independence secured by the valour of her own sons; but the end was not yet. The English monarchs chafed under the sting of humiliation; the disgrace was keenly felt, the more because it was without remedy; but of the shame which should have wrought repentance, there was not a trace. Two names are coupled together in this contest—those of Robert Bruce and the dauntless James Douglas, “the darling of Scottish story,” the first of the Lowland Barons who cast in his lot with the king, and without whose adhesion the great triumph of Bannockburn might never have been.* Edward, notwithstanding his crushing defeat, still hesitated to deal frankly or decidedly

* The War of Independence, as might have been expected, gave the first impetus to that stream of ballad and song which has flowed down in an uninterrupted stream during more than five centuries. John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, celebrated *The Bruce* in a lengthy poem, full of marvellous legend, mingled with historic fact; and he had the advantage of living only thirty years after the death of his hero. Blind Harry attempted the same task for Wallace, but he wrote two centuries after the time, and his skill and genius were inferior. Of the ballads, a few extracts may be given from Professor Murray. The first relates to Edward's siege of Berwick, in 1296;—

“What wende the Kyng Edward
For his large shanks;
For to wyne Berewyke
Al our unthanes?
Go pike it him;
And when he it have wonne
Go dike it him.”

There is also a fragment relating to Bannockburn preserved in Fabyan's *Chronycle*:

“Maydens of Englande, sore may ye mourne,
For your lemmans ye have loste at Bannockysborne;
With a hene a lowe.
What! weneth the King of Englande,
So soon to have wonne Scotlande—
With rumbylowe.”

with the Scots; he wanted a truce—a pause to make peace with his insubordinate barons, and to begin war afresh. Robert I. would hear of nothing but a renunciation of English authority over Scotland, and the acknowledgment of his title. In 1319, however, a truce was concluded for two years. At its expiration the war broke out with redoubled fury; Bruce was compelled to lay waste all the country south of the Forth, the inhabitants fleeing to the mountains. The English king reached Edinburgh; during his progress he robbed Melrose and Holyrood, burned the abbey of Dryburgh, and slew the sick or aged monks. In 1323 a truce for thirteen years was arranged, but in 1327 the weak Edward II. was murdered in Berkeley Castle, and a monarch cast in a far different mould ascended the English throne. About the Border there had been continual fighting, rapine and devastation, and the reign of Edward III. was opened with an attempt to divide the Scots in order to conquer them. Edward set up the son of John Baliol, and received him as vassal-king of Scotland; but the new claimant and his supporters were hurled over the Border again by Douglas and Randolph. Nothing remained but the acknowledgment of Scottish independence. This was done by a compact made at Edinburgh, but confirmed by Parliament in England, and thus known as the treaty of Northampton (April, 1328).

The military spirit of the time appears in *Gude Wallace*, *The Thistle of Scotland*, and other ballads. This stanza is from *Auld Maitland*:

“It’s ne’er be said in France, nor e’er
In Scotland, when I’m hame,
That Englishman lay under me,
And e’er gat up again.”

By this instrument Edward recognized the independent sovereignty of Scotland, renouncing all claim to feudal superiority. He agreed "that the kingdom should remain for ever to the great prince Lord Robert, by the grace of God, illustrious king of Scotland, and his heirs and successors; and that Scotland, by its old marches in the days of King Alexander, should be separated from the kingdom of England, and free of all claims of subjection and vassalage." The treaty cancelled all previous writings and obligations; Bruce promised to give compensation for damage done on the English side of the Border, and to marry his son, David, to Edward's sister, Joan.*

Robert Bruce had at last accomplished his task; and now with the certificate, signed and sealed, of his country's freedom and autonomy in his possession, he laid him down to die. His iron frame which had endured toil, privation, suffering, and danger in every form, for many a year had, for some time previously, shown symptoms of decay and approaching dissolution; and now, after all the struggle and in the hour of triumph, the great Robert passed away peacefully, at Cardross, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, on the seventh of June, 1329. "Such a man," says Mr. Burton, "would not fail to leave a strong and enduring impression on the hearts of a manly and kindly people. What he had of adversity, endurance and struggle in his early days, told for their emancipation, as well as the triumphs of his later,"† and in both he appears the typical Scot as he emerges from

* Burton: *History*, Vol. ii, p. 425.

† *Ibid*, p. 431.

the chaos of the past. Eulogy upon the character and deeds of a hero whose memory is thus enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and has been bequeathed, as a precious and everlasting possession, to universal humanity, would seem superfluous, if not impertinent. His life and achievements point their own moral and the tale unfolded in his glorious career needs no meretricious adornment. The legend of his heart is an attractive one, whether true or false. It is said that Lord James Douglas was commissioned by the dying king to carry his heart to the Holy Land. The faithful friend and liege started upon his pilgrimage, but, after the fashion of the time, turned aside to aid the king of Leon and Castile against the Moors of Granada. While fighting against the Moslem, Douglas flung the casket, containing the precious relic, into the midst of the foe, and exclaimed as he spurred his horse to the charge, "Onward, as thou wert wont, noble heart, Douglas will follow thee." The hero was slain, but the casket, with the heart of Bruce, was recovered, and deposited in the Abbey Church of Melrose.

Our survey of the War of Independence is thus concluded. It has been purposely extended because, without an intelligent appreciation of that great struggle, the Scottish character can hardly be fully appraised or understood either in its strength or in its weaknesses, its sterling worth or its peculiar failings. If not the head-waters of "the Scottish stream of tendency" it served to fuse together the pent-up energies of the race and send them forth anew upon their world-wide mission. What Lake Constance is to the Rhine, and the Lake of Geneva to the Rhone, the War of Independence

was to the genius of Scotland, and much more, since it was not merely a reservoir of mental and moral force in itself, but it availed to determine the bent of the national character, in certain broad directions, for all coming time. Another such nucleus of development and stored-up power will appear in the next chapter. Meanwhile it seems advisable to run over the intervening and connecting period, so as to be able, without missing a link, to trace the chain of events down to the time when the Scottish type of character, may, comparatively speaking, be looked upon as fixed.

David II., Robert's son, was a boy of eight years old when his father died, in 1329, and Randolph, Earl of Murray had been appointed Regent. Both the Regent and Douglas, however, were early removed, and disputes arose concerning the restitution of estates owned by Englishmen, which was ordained by the treaty of Northampton. Edward Baliol, taking advantage of the confusion, and contrary to the wish, real or affected, of Edward, made a bold attempt to secure the throne. He landed in Fife in 1332, was crowned at Seone, and at once acknowledged Edward as his feudal superior. This last step ruined him utterly, and he and his retainers were driven across the Border. In 1333, Berwick was besieged and, on a relieving force making its appearance, a battle was fought at Halidon Hill in which the Scots were defeated. Baliol then ceded all south of the Firth of Forth and did homage for the rest—a step which, when discovered, sent Baliol back to Berwick. The Scottish League with France now proved of service, and Edward inaugurated the Hundred Years' War between England and France by

making his preposterous claim to the French throne. David II. took refuge with Philip, but his cause was in the hands of Robert the Stewart, of Scotland, ancestor of the Stewart family, and the Earl of Moray. In 1336, according to Buckle, Edward devastated the whole country as far as Inverness. But in 1337, the declaration of war gave the *coup de grace* to Baliolism, and David returned to his kingdom in 1342. In 1346, in a movement on England to aid their French allies, the Scots were routed at Neville's Cross, near Durham, and David was taken prisoner. On this occasion the entire Lowlands, especially Tweeddale, the Merse, Ettrick, Annandale and Galloway, were laid waste. This was also the year of Crecy. The Scots king was detained in captivity eleven years, and it was during this time that the power of the nobles attained such formidable dimensions. At his death the crown passed to the first Stewart king, David's nephew, Robert II., in accordance to the will of the great Robert. This new monarch was weak and permitted the nobles to do much as they pleased. Robert III. was equally indifferent to the assertion of the royal authority, and when his son James—afterwards first king of that name, was taken prisoner while on his way to France, and carried to London where he remained in confinement for eighteen years—Robert sank under his misfortunes. He had already lost his eldest son, Rothesay, who had been imprisoned by his uncle, Albany, on a pretence of treason, and starved to death. He was unequal to a contest with the factious nobles and did not attempt one. After a wretched reign of fifteen years, he died of what is called a broken heart, in

1406, leaving the Duke of Albany Regent of the kingdom. A vigorous effort was now made to check the excessive power of the nobles; and Donald of the Isles, who had endeavoured to secure for himself the Earldom of Ross, was brought to his knees. Meanwhile the main causes of trouble and confusion during the century and a half to come disclosed themselves. They are well put by Mr. Buckle. I. The inordinate power of the nobles, owing partly to the structure of the country, partly to the structure of society, and the long minority and imprisonment of David. Ever and anon there was war with England and, at such times, the power of the chiefs increased; and, when there was no foreign war there was a reluctance to begin a civil one, by a crusade on the nobles. The history of the Stuart monarchs is the record of one prolonged struggle with the nobility. It was not the turbulent nature of the people, but the unhappy supremacy of the nobles which caused the woes of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries.* II. The absence of the municipal spirit. When towns were constantly being burned and the entire country ravaged sometimes by English armies, sometimes by Highland caterans, and anon by Border moss-troopers, there could be no middle class like that which grew up in England, flourished even during the wars of the Roses, and fixed itself firmly upon the soil.

* A well known passage from Buckle's *History of Civilization*, may be quoted here. "There have been more rebellions in Scotland than in any other country, and the rebellions have been very sanguinary, as well as very numerous. The Scotch have made war with their kings, and put to death many. To mention their treatment of a single dynasty, they murdered James I. and James III. They rebelled against James II. and James VII. They laid hold of James V. and placed him in confinement. Mary they immured in a castle and afterwards deposed. Her successor, James VI., they imprisoned; they held him captive about the country, and on one occasion attempted his life."

Mr. Buckle admits that, in Scotland, the nobles, with all their faults, were the only barrier against despotism; for there was another element always in alliance with the Crown. III. The clergy who flourished upon the conflicts of the Crown and the nobility. They had the ecclesiastical arm and, by their superior training, tact and experience, could always command the royal authority. The chief adviser of James II, the violator of hospitality and his plighted word in the murder of the Douglasses, was Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews. This must be borne in mind when one comes to read the lessons of the Reformation period. Moreover, although the excessive power and the indomitable pugnacity of the nobles wrought much evil, there was no element to take its place. In England, the yeomanry and the urban middle classes were always ready to step into the breach, and the destruction of the nobility in the civil wars, although it rendered Tudor despotism possible, was not an unmixed evil. There were two Roses to contend for in England; in Scotland there was but one Thistle, and it bristled up at its spiny points and drew blood in all quarters. The contest between the kings and the nobles continued the work of devastation, far on, up to and beyond the close of the middle ages. When people speak of Scotland having been a century behind its sister kingdom at the beginning of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, let them consider what that poor, long-suffering, brave and dauntless people achieved and endured during those long, dark centuries from the end of the thirteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth. They suffered and were strong;

and thence was drawn the energy stored up in the national character. Surviving all the rude shocks of time and man, it has girt the world with an influence almost wholly beneficent—an influence which has gradually permeated the English-speaking peoples, infusing its vigour, its stern and sterling probity, and its untiring zeal for progress and right in every land.

It seems unnecessary to follow out in detail the events of the Stuart reigns from the second Robert to the death of James V., after his mishap at Solway Moss, and the birth of the still more unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots (1370-1542). It was a period of dire tribulation for that afflicted land: and yet no period in British annals was so fruitful in poetry, ballad and romance. During that dead time in English literature, which extended from the death of Chaucer to the Tudor times, Scotland produced many an illustrious poet, and many a stirring Border ballad of fame enough, though of authorship unknown.* Foremost in the ranks stood the names of John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, the Homer of the War of Independence, Blind Harry, the Minstrel, who celebrated Wallace, Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of St. Serf's, Lochleven, the chronicler, and Robert Henryson of Dunfermline. More illustrious in the annals of poetry were William Dunbar—"a poet," says Scott, "unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced"—the author of *The Thistle and the Rose*, a nuptial ode in honour of the marriage of James IV.

* It was intended to devote a chapter to the Border and its literature, but space forbids. The reader is referred to the well known work of Scott, on *Border Minstrelsy*, "Crey's" *Reliques*, Dr. Veitch's admirable volume already cited, Pinkerton, Sibbald, Irving, Allan, Cunningham, and other authorities on the subject.

and the Princess Margaret of England—Gawain or Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, with his *Palace of Honour*, and Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount (Fifeshire), the author of that scathing *Satire of the Three Estates* (king, barons and clergy), in which the foibles of fashion, even to ladies' trains, and the tricks and deceits of the pardoners and relic vendors, are hit off with grim humour. The first James, not only as a royal author, but because of his sufferings in a prolonged captivity, and his violent death at the hands of his uncle, the Duke of Athole, and the recalcitrant nobles, is a unique figure in Scottish History, only surpassed in his claims on human sympathy by his still more helpless descendant, the victim of Fotheringay. *The King's Quair* (quire or little book) was written when the young prince was a prisoner in the Tower. It was Lady Joan Beaufort, who inspired his verse, and it is like a gleam of sunshine across his sad and chequered career to learn that his love became his Queen; sadder than all that he perished by the assassin's hand in his forty-fourth year. To him have been attributed also *Peblis at the Play* and two other kindred poems, partly satirical and partly descriptive of society, of rural manners and the Church.* This most accomplished of the Stuarts "who strove to civilize the country he was called upon to govern, by curbing the power of the nobles, appears as a gracious figure in Scottish annals." He attempted too much, and fell a victim to his unselfish and patriotic ambition. To James V. is attributed a reflection of himself in the *Gaberlunzie Man*, and James VI. was also a poet in a

* Veitch; *Border History and Poetry*, p. 311.

small way. Whatever may be said of the paucity of philosophical thinking in Scotland before Buchanan—and that is a mistake in the main—there can be no doubt of the splendid galaxy of poetic spirits which adorned the centuries from Robert II. to Mary, Queen of Scots.* On Flodden Field, in fight with his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., and as a consequence of the ancient Scottish league with France, James IV. with the flower of his chivalry perished, and Scotland received a staggering blow long remembered with grief and anger by the unhappy people. Nearly two centuries and a half from the fatal disaster at the foot of the Cheviots, Jean Elliott wrote her plaintive version of *The Flowers of the Forest*, in memory of it. These are the concluding stanzas:—

“ Dull and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border,
The English for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that focht aye the foremost,
The prime o’ our land are cauld in the clay.

“ We’ll hear nae mair liltin’ at the yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a’ wede away.”

The fight with Surrey at Flodden in 1513 was in every way disastrous to Scotland. Her king was slain with the bravest of his nobility; those most attached to the Crown, and earnest in patriotic aspiration had fallen with him. Again there was a royal minority, with a feeble ruler in the Regent

* Mr. T. Arnold, in discussing the authorship of the *Court of Love* in the *Academy*, (June 1st, 1878), says that whoever may have written it, “he seems to me to have been a man of poetical power, far superior to Lydgate, Gower, Oocleve, Harris, or any known English writer between the time of Chaucer and the reign of Henry VIII. Scotland produced within that period men capable of writing it, but there is not a particle of evidence to connect it with Scotland.”

† See *The Songstresses of Scotland*, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson. Vol. I, p. 204, &c.

Albany. The lords raised their heads once more to hamper the Crown; and when the king became a power in the State, his hopes were fixed upon the clergy, with the inevitable result that Church and Monarchy were involved in common ruin. James V. was not a model as a man; rude though chivalrous like the rest of his house before and after, his wayward nature was always going astray. Since Flodden everything had been tending to the bad. The peace Albany had negotiated with Lord Dacre was disgraceful and humiliating; Surrey had advanced over the border in 1523 and taken Jedburgh almost without resistance; and at last the Scot nobles, in order to humble their king, had refused to do their duty. In 1542, the Scots were defeated at Halidon Hill, and three months after at Solway Moss, in Cumberland (December 14th, 1542)—that last grief which broke the heart of the Scottish king. When informed of the birth of a daughter as he lay dying, looking back upon the Maid of Norway, and forward blindly to the fate of his infant, Mary, Queen of Scots, which he seems partly to have foreseen, the despairing exclamation escaped his lips, "It came with a lass, it will go with a lass," and then he turned over upon his broken heart and sank to rest.





CHAPTER IV.

RELIGION IN SCOTLAND—THE REFORMATION AND THE COVENANT.

Had not the Lord been on our side,
May Israel now say ;
Had not the Lord been on our side,
When men rose us to slay ;
They had us swallowed quick, when as
Their wrath did 'gainst us flame ;
Waters had covered us, our soul
Had sunk beneath the stream.

—PSALM CXXIV. (*Scottish version*).

The Martyrs' Hills forsaken—
The simmer's dusk sae calm,
There's nae gathering now, lassie,
To sing the evening psalm !
But the martyrs' grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn ;
And the martyrs soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern.

—ROBERT ALLAN : *The Covenanter's Lament*.

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those
With whom from childhood he grew up, had held
The strong hand of her purity ; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
This he remembered in his riper age,
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.

—WORDSWORTH : *The Excursion*.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn air.

* * * * *

From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
' An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

—BURNS : *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

IT is a delicate task to attempt any exposition of Scotland on its religious side ; still it is obviously impossible to form a just and adequate conception of the Scottish character, as it has been developed, at home and abroad, without taking one of the chief factors in the reckoning into account. Religion, chiefly in the Presbyterian form, plays too important a part in Scottish history, and in the moulding of national characteristics, to be slighted or ignored. It is not necessary, however, for the present purpose, to plunge through the white coating of those red ashes, which still glow through the surface, or to burn one's fingers with questions of dogma and Church government. Taking for granted the essential sincerity and earnestness of the disputants, whether oppressors or victims, victorious or vanquished, it seems possible to scan, with a vision, more or less sympathetic, the struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as they radically and definitively affected Scottish character. In order to take a dispassionate view of these ecclesiastical troubles, it is necessary to bear in mind that there are three religious communions to be taken into account—the ancient or Roman Catholic Church, the Presbyterian or National Church of the Reformation, with its numerous offshoots, and the Episcopal Church—the representative in Scotland of the Established Church of England. The last may be referred to hereafter ; meanwhile let us glance briefly at the old creed, and the process by which the faith of an overwhelming majority of Scotsmen was evolved, or rather fought its way out from it.

It is extremely natural that the Presbyterian Scotsman, even though he be an historian, should depreciate the real service performed in mediæval times by the Church of Rome in Scotland. Even now, centuries after the fiery struggle has spent its strength, and the persecuted believers became conquerors, the fire of the furnace still smoulders, and the attempt to be impartial seems to the ardent religious patriot a sin scarcely less heinous than overt apostasy. Still, it is well to be reminded that if the ancient Church had finished its work in the sixteenth century, or even earlier, it had a work to do which was accomplished with ardour and sincerity. As Mr. Froude remarks, "the traditions of the struggle survive in strong opinions and sentiments, which it is easy to wound without intending it;" yet that is no reason for refusing to gauge fairly the good wrought by a system, even although it may have survived its usefulness and been perverted to mischief.* There may be truth on both sides, if only the great religious principles on which the belligerents are agreed; and the spirit of conservatism in religion—"the use and wont"—will often attach men sincerely not only to the truth which means vitality, but to the error which evidences decay. Not in Scotland alone, but all over Europe, modern society owes more to the mediæval Church than it has been willing to acknowledge since the Reformation.

* "My own conviction, with respect to all great social and religious convulsions is the extremely commonplace one that much is to be said on both sides. I believe that nowhere, and at no time, can any such struggle take place on a large scale, unless each party is contending for something that has a great deal of truth in it. Where the right is plain, honest, wise and noble-minded men are all on one side; and only rogues and fools are on the other. Where the wise and good are divided, the truth is generally found to be divided between them." Froude: *The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character*—a Lecture in "*Short Studies on Great Subjects*." First series, Amer. Edit., p. 103.

In the main it was the civilizer, the instructor and the peacemaker in the midst of rude, savage and merciless nations of illiterate and uncouth warriors, governed by barbarous and tyrannical chiefs or kings. Between the oppressor and the oppressed the Church was the only bulwark, and it stood firm and unshaken when the tide of anarchy and violence lashed its potent billows against that solid rampart. All these things ought not to have been forgotten when the fabric rotted to decay, and the bats and owls, and all unclean things found a refuge in its ruined cloisters. In England, such names as those of Lanfranc and Langton, Archbishops of Canterbury, and Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln might well rescue any Church from obloquy; and in Scotland the aid afforded by the Bishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow to Wallace and Bruce entitle them to everlasting gratitude.

That the Church of St. Ninian, St. Patrick, St. Mungo and St. Cuthbert was not hierarchical or ultramontane is certain; indeed it can hardly be called episcopal; and the Culdees, whatever they were, had extremely loose ideas about apostolical succession. The Saxon Church in process of time became more closely united to Rome; but neither at first, nor in the early Norman time, was its submission to the Holy See perfect or voluntary. In Scotland the bishops were almost invariably patriots and the friends of education. They first established not only the great seats of learning, but the Grammar Schools. The University of St. Andrews was founded in 1410; that of Glasgow, in 1450; that of Aberdeen, in 1495; and even the University of

Edinburgh, though not formally established till 1582, was chiefly endowed by a sum bequeathed many years before, by Reid, the Catholic Bishop of Orkney.*

In 1495, the Scottish Parliament—in which the clergy were the leaders, not less on account of their cultured intelligence than their sacerdotal claims—enacted a law, compelling all barons and freeholders to send their eldest sons to the Grammar Schools, under pain of a heavy fine. It is not an excess of charity to believe that the Scottish bishops saw in religious education the one great agent in civilizing the untutored race around them, and of reducing to something like order the frightful chaos in which Scotland was involved.

The wealthy endowments, no less than the patronage, bestowed upon the Church by kings from Malcolm and St. David onwards, no doubt caused it to gravitate to the side of royalty; yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that the clergy were also influenced by the patriotic conviction that, in the strengthening and consolidation of the monarchy, lay the only prospect of permanent relief from so wretched a condition of affairs. On the other hand the nobles saw with dismay the gradual absorption of the nation's slender resources by religious foundations, and they knew well how hopeless it was by any ordinary effort, to unclinch the rigid "dead hand" of the Church, when it had once closed upon

* Lecky: *England in the Eighteenth Century*. Amer. Ed. Vol. II. p. 47. It "must be acknowledged that a large part of the credit of the movement in favour of education belongs to the Church which preceded the Reformation; nor is any fact in Scotch history more remarkable than the noble enthusiasm for knowledge which animated that Church during the fifteenth century." *Ibid.*

the possessions within its reach. Religion "waxed fat, and kicked;" became of the world, worldly; filled with avarice and carnal ambitions, weak in faith and corrupt in morals.* To the degenerate hierarchy had gone forth the solemn warning heard by the Apocalyptic seer and addressed to the Church at Sardis,—“I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.” During the minority of James V. the struggle between the nobles and the Church assumed definite shape. Albany, the Regent, had retired in disgust, and for a time the Douglasses reigned supreme. They had turned James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, out of the Chancellorship; but their triumph was short-lived. In 1528, the clergy had again asserted their supremacy and maintained it for the next thirty-two years, until the first General Assembly met to garner in the fruits of the Protestant victory. Meanwhile, the ecclesiastical influence was advancing, by sure but rapid strides, to the supremacy. The clergy gradually got possession of all offices of trust and emolument; the chiefs of the nobles were exiled or imprisoned; the burning of heretics became a sacerdotal business and a royal pastime. To make bad worse, James took as his second wife—Mary, a daughter of the bigoted and ruthless family of Guise, or as Kirkton terms her, “ane egge of the bloody nest of Guise.” In 1539, David Beaton, who had been raised to the cardinalate, succeeded his uncle as Archbishop of St. Andrews, and from that time till his assassina-

* “From the see of St. Peter to the far monasteries in the Hebrides or the Isle of Arran, the laity were shocked and scandalized at the outrageous doings of high cardinals, prelates, priests and monks. It was clear enough that these great personages themselves did not believe what they taught; so why should the people believe it?” Froude (as above), p. 106.

tion was the king's sole adviser. James had received from the Pope the title Henry VIII. had forfeited, of "Defender of the Faith," and the outlook for Scotland became altogether dark, lowering and hopeless. But the doom of the ancient Church was pronounced at the very moment, when flushed with their triumph, the clergy were enacting new and more sanguinary penal laws against heresy. They had even registered for death no less than six hundred of the aristocracy in what Watson has called "the bluidy scroll."

Step by step, as the breach widened between the clergy and the nobles, the doctrines of the Reformation were diffused all over the East and the Lowlands. Brutal measures of repression only exasperated the aristocracy and ere long the entire people. Violence begets violence; and, although there had been a time when conciliation might have appeased the lords and delayed the impending change in religion, that time was now past. Cardinal Beaton and his fellow clerics had made the struggle one of life and death, and the defiant challenge they had hurled at their foes was taken up eagerly and savagely. The first consequence was a temporary eclipse of the monarchy. Henry VIII. had been in correspondence with the recalcitrant Scot Lords, and James V. called upon them to assist him in an invasion of England. They refused, and the result was the shameful defeat at Solway Moss, in 1542. The chivalrous monarch, in the utter despair of shattered pride and wounded honour, would hear no words of comfort but turned his face to the wall and died, leaving as his successor

the new-born babe, which had better have yielded up its little life and been laid beside its father in the grave.

Now began a terrible period of confusion and distress. Cardinal Beaton had been appointed, by the late king, guardian of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Governor of the realm ; and he immediately set to work with unrelenting severity to extirpate heresy and to crush insubordination in Church and State. He was utterly without principle, religious only in name ; his master passion was love of power, and, in its pursuit, he knew no scruples of conscience, no touch of pity, no restraint from honour or remorse. For a time dissensions among the nobles worked to his advantage. But Angus and Douglas had returned from exile ; Beaton was imprisoned at Dalkeith ; and the Earl of Arran, who affected to be a Protestant when it suited his purpose, became Regent. The struggle, so far as the nobles were concerned, was not in any sense a religious one ; they had a deadly reckoning of revenge to make with Beaton and the Church ; looked with greedy eyes upon ecclesiastical wealth, and longed to lay their hands upon it. But they soon fell out as such men will do, over a division of the spoils ; the clergy appealed to the people, and the Cardinal was again master of the situation. But if the lords were not in earnest, the people now rising into prominence soon proved that they were. In England, there was a popular power of opinion and action ; in Scotland it was called into being by the religious contests of this age.* This was the first great

* "In this it was that the Reformation in Scotland differed from the Reformation in any other part of Europe. Elsewhere it found a middle class existing—created already by trade or by other causes. It raised and elevated them, but it did not materially affect their

boon conferred on Scotland by the Reformation, and it has left indelible traces upon the Scottish character in all lands, and through every succeeding age. The common people, as in the early days of Christianity, heard gladly the preachers of the Gospel; and it was their horror at the brutalities of the hierarchy which sealed the fate of the ancient Church. Early in the fifteenth century, two "heretics" had been burned to death under Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrew's, who founded that University, in 1412; "which might have done him honour, had he not imbrued his hands in innocent blood."* But the first names enrolled in the new book opened by the Beaton in the Scottish martyrology are those of Patrick Hamilton, burned in 1527, and George Wishart in 1546.

Whether Cardinal Beaton would have been suffered to continue his sanguinary course, in any case, may be doubted; yet the popular indignation at Wishart's death was the proximate cause of his assassination. On the 20th of May, 1546, within three months after the martyr's execution at the stake, Norman and John Leslie, William Kirkealdy of Grange, James Melville, and others, gained access to the castle and "stabbed him twice or thrice," ending his cruel and arbitrary career upon the spot.† The restrained energy

political condition. In Scotland, the commons, as an organized body, were simply created by religion. Before the Reformation they had no political existence; and therefore it has been that the fruit of their origin has gone so deeply into their social constitution. On them, and them only, the burden of the work of Reformation was eventually thrown; and when they triumphed at last, it was inevitable that both they and it should react one upon the other." Froude (as before), p. 108. To this peculiar feature in the Scottish Reformation, may no doubt be traced the democratic constitution of the Scottish Church.

* *The Scots Worthies*: By John Howie. Edinburgh, 1870, p. 9.

† According to Howie, Wishart is reported to have said, just before his death: "This flame hath scorched my body, yet it hath not daunted my spirit; but he who, from yonder

and enthusiasm of the people at once burst forth. John Knox, although not privy to the murder, shut himself up with the chief actors in the castle of St. Andrew's, and made common cause with the Leslies and their associates. Calderwood and other Church historians characterize the murder as "a providential and stupendous act of Divine judgment," and it has seldom been spoken of as a deed requiring either defence or even extenuation.

The subsequent events of the history are too generally known to require recapitulation in detail. In 1554, Mary of Guise became regent in Arran's place—a step thus commented upon by Knox in a characteristic sentence—"a croune was patt upone hir head, als seimlye a sight (yff men had eis) as to putt a sadill upone the back of ane unwrely kow." Mr. Buckle suggests that Mary would not have ruled badly if her bigoted and ambitious relations, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine had left her alone. He quotes George Buchanan as saying that although she had been called ambitious and intriguing, she was regretted even by her opponents; that she possessed a distinguished mind and a disposition inclined to equity. But the master-spirit of the time was about to return, after a long absence to his native land. The character of John Knox has been drawn by many hands. To some he is the incarnation of stern probity, holy zeal and devout piety; to others a harsh, cruel and unscrupulous zealot, fond of power and quite

place, beholdeth us with such pride, shall, within a few days, lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly to rest himself." (p. 30.) The fact of this reported saying has been seriously questioned; it has been represented as a prophecy, but it is certain that the plot to take off the Cardinal was entered into a year before Wishart's death.

willing to abuse it when in his hands. It is probable that he was brusque and uncompromising; yet the time needed the mailed hand stretched forth by a dauntless soul. Philip Melanethon in Scotland would never have perfected the work given to the Scottish Reformer to do. When a mighty upheaval like the Reformation is in progress, there is but one spirit fitted to cope with it, and direct its unruly energy -- the spirit of a Luther or a Knox. It is the fashion now-a-days to look askance at the rugged heroes of the past, and to forget the vast debt of gratitude due them from posterity. Of all the Scottish heroes John Knox is the one who can best bear inspection. His character may appear to be angular, and sharply cut at that, but the angularities are those of the diamond, and, instead of detracting from its value, they serve to display more clearly its purity and worth. During the five years of struggle yet remaining his was the fiery and indomitable spirit which conquered all opposition, renewed the youth of Scotland, and placed her at once and forever on that higher plane up to which she was toiling at Stirling and Bannockburn.* Even the brief period referred to was broken by another visit to the Continent; but after 1559, Knox put all his energies to the task of completing the work of Reformation. In 1558, Mary of Guise married her daughter to Francis the Dauphin, eldest son of Henry II. of France, and brother of Charles IX., whose name has come

* "This independence of the Scottish Church belongs in fact to the independence of the Scottish race. It was nurtured, if not produced, by the long struggle first of Wallace, then of Bruce, which gave to the whole character of the people a defiant self-reliance, such as, perhaps, is equally impressed on no other kingdom in Europe." Dean Stanley; *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland* (Am. Ed.) p. 70.

down to us coupled with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. During that year Mary Tudor of England died, Elizabeth mounted the Throne, and the nobles made an offensive and defensive alliance under the name of "The Lords of the Congregation." In May, 1559, John Knox arrived once more. He was fifty-four years of age, and the work might possibly have been completed without him; but his presence seemed to send a sudden spasm of energy through the nation. Like his master, Wishart, he had appealed to the commonalty from the first; and, after his summons at Dundee, and especially at Perth, they rose, plundered the churches, destroyed the monasteries, and overthrew in a moment the old hierarchy. Mary, the Regent, moved troops; but the Lords of the Congregation were on the alert. Glencairn, Argyle and Murray came to their aid; Perth, Stirling and Linlithgow were seized; Elizabeth's contingent drove the French force out of Leith; Edinburgh was evacuated, and the Lords and their army entered the capital in triumph. The Queen Regent was suspended, because she opposed "the glory of God, the liberty of the realm, and the welfare of the nobles." In 1560, the entire face of Scottish affairs was changed. The English fleet was in the Firth of Forth; Norfolk was ready with an English army at Berwick, and so the Reformation definitively triumphed. It is impossible to say much for Elizabeth's part in the issue. She had, as usual, played with matrimonial schemes for the union of the realms; Protestantism, especially of the Scottish type, was not at all to her mind, her aim being simply to crush the cause of Mary, Queen of

Scots, as a claimant to the English throne. For this purpose, in a feeble way, she had assisted the Lords in driving out the French and the Regent; but she had no heart in the cause, and Knox she detested, as was natural, because of his ungallant treatise on "The Monstrous Regiment (rule) of Women."

In addition to the triumph of the Reformation, the year 1560 was remarkable for three notable incidents, unconnected apparently, yet extending nevertheless to a common issue, so far as Scotland was concerned. Francis II., the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, ascended the throne of France in the spring of 1559—a weakly youth of sixteen; he wore the crown during the shortest reign in French history—about eighteen months—dying in December, 1560. Within that brief period, the Guises and their enemies had been busy. There were plots and counter-plots, whilst poor Mary finished her education, with a Guise for mother, and Catherine de Medici for a mother-in-law. As for France, it knew no health or vigour through the reigns of those three wretched brothers, Francis, Charles and Henry, until Henry of Navarre ascended the throne, a Bourbon when that house could boast of nascent energy. In Scotland, the widowed Queen of France and of Scots, became the focus of converging lines traced by fate—the cause of woe, and yet herself the saddest and most pitiable figure in that long drawn tragedy. On the 19th of August, 1561, she landed at Leith as the historian pathetically phrases it, "a stranger to her subjects, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend." During the same year the first General Assembly of the

Church of Scotland was held, and there Knox made an open breach with the nobles who had espoused the Reformation solely to plunder and sequester the property of the Church. He boldly demanded that what had ever been dedicated to sacred uses should be restored and devoted to the cause of the Gospel. The nobles having obtained the plunder—refused to surrender it, and thus the cause of the Reformation under Knox was thrown into the hands of the people. The pulpit rang with vehement declamation against the spoliation which had been committed. The money had been squandered upon the unprincipled nobility,—“Satan had prevailed, and the property had been given to profane men, court flatterers, ruffians and hirelings.” Knox declared that two-thirds of the Church endowments “had been given to the devil, and the remaining third divided between God and the devil,” alluding to the arrangements proposed by the nobles. When the “First Book of Discipline” was presented to the Privy Council, the nobles refused their concurrence, not because they objected to its views on Church government, but because it provided that “the haill rentis of the Kirk, abusit in Papistrie sall be referrit again to the Kirk.” Thus then the people under Knox were arrayed against the Crown and the nobility, whilst these were at variance, the one with the other.* In the same year, Knox

* “I know of nothing finer in Scottish history than the way in which the commons of the Lowlands took their places by the side of Knox in the great convulsions which followed. If all others forsook him, they at least would never forsake him while tongue remained to speak and hand remained to strike. Broken they might have been, trampled out, as the Huguenots at last were trampled out in France, had Mary been less than the most imprudent or the most unlucky of sovereigns. But Providence, or those with whom they had to deal, fought for them.” Froude, p. 112. Even Mr. Buckle, no friend to the Scottish Church, speaks in glowing terms of this turn in affairs, because it “eventually produced

who had aroused the commonalty or rather called them into active life, proposed the system of popular education which afterwards made the Scottish people at large what they have been at home and abroad in the field, the shop, the counting-house, at the bar and in the senate—a fairly cultured and eminently intelligent people. The scheme of Knox was not carried out in its entirety until 1640 when the first attempt was made, to be fully executed, “ finally and permanently established ” in 1696.* Thus Scotland owes the initiation of its parochial system of education—the first honest effort to raise the people by general education made in Europe—and all the beneficent results which have flowed from it to the same bold hand which rent asunder the ecclesiastical bonds enthraling the people, taught them to be independent and free, and pointed out to the humblest the path of knowledge and success. John Knox accomplished a glorious work, not merely for Scotland but for the liberties of England and of the world, when he stood face to face with the Crown, and a time-serving aristocracy and defied them all in the name of God and in the cause of the people.

In 1565, Mary married her cousin Henry Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox ; then followed the Rizzio episode. The birth of James, the miserable tragedy of Kirk o’ Field, the marriage with James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the battle at Carberry Hill, and the imprisonment of Mary at Lochleven. Murray was made Regent, and then came in fated

the happiest results, by keeping alive, at a critical moment, the spirit of liberty.” *History of Civilization*, Vol. III. 681.

* Lecky : *History of England*, &c., Vol. II, p. 48.

order the escape from her island prison, the battle of Langside (1568), the flight over Solway Firth, imprisonment and ultimately death by the headsman at Fotheringay. Meanwhile all was danger and apprehension. The Queen had abdicated and fled to England; her friends were in arms, and the Spaniards under Alva threatened to land in England. In 1570, Murray, the only honest man amongst the lay leaders—"the one supremely noble man," was removed by the dagger of the assassin, and no trustworthy member of the nobility was left.* Knox alone, weak, broken in body and scarcely able to stagger up the pulpit stairs, still thundered in the parish church; and his voice, it was said, was like ten thousand trumpets, pealing in the ear of Scottish Protestantism. During three years of civil war, it was the genius of Knox, unaided by the vacillating and parsimonious Elizabeth, or by the nobles, split up as they were into factions, which saved Scotland. At last all was over, and the knell of Mary's cause sounded in the tocsin, which awakened the perpetrators of St. Bartholomew's massacre. In the same year, John Knox died quietly in his bed, the deliverer of his country, the bold, devout, stern old preacher of righteousness, "who, in his life,

* "The only powerful noblemen who remained on the Protestant side were Lennox, Morton and Mr. Lord Lennox was a poor creature, and was soon despatched; Mar was old and weak; and Morton was an unprincipled scoundrel who used the Reformation only as a stalking horse, to win the spoils which he had clutched in the confusion, and was ready to desert the cause at any moment, if the balance of advantage shifted. Even the ministers of the Kirk were fooled and flattered over. Maitland told Mary Stuart, that he had gained them all except one. John Knox alone defied both his threats and his persuasions. Good reason has Scotland to be proud of Knox. He only, in this wild crisis, saved the Kirk which he had founded, and saved with it Scottish and English freedom. But for Knox and what he was still able to do, it is almost certain that the Duke of Alva's army would have landed on the eastern coast." Froude, p. 114.

never feared the face of man," as Morton said at his grave, "who hath been often threatened with dag and dagger, but hath ended his days in peace and honour." He died on the 24th of November, 1572, exactly three months after the fatal Day of St. Bartholomew.*

After the battle of Langside, and her retreat from the field, Mary saw Scotland no more. Without waiting to ascertain what reception she was likely to receive in England, "she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants (May 16, 1568), landed at Workington in Cumberland, and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle" (Robertson; *History*, B. V.). Before the escape from Lochleven, Murray had been appointed Regent, and began the work of evolving order from confusion. Mary had resigned the Crown to her son; but she entertained hopes of aid from Elizabeth as a sister-queen, who had no sympathy with rebellious subjects anywhere, still less at her

* Carlyle, in *The Portraits of John Knox* (p. 180), speaks of the great Reformer as one who "kindled all Scotland within a few years, almost within a few months, into perhaps the noblest flame of sacred human zeal, and brave determination to believe only what it found completely believable, and to defy the whole world and the devil at its back, in unsubduable defiance of the same." This is the master's view of his character: "Knox, you can well perceive, in all his writings, and in all his ways of life, was emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact what we might denominate the most Scottish of Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of—utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough and what is still better, no particular consciousness of courage, but in all simplicity to do and dare whatsoever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole a beautiful and simple, but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish or untrue can find harbour in this man; a pure, and mainly silent tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity and stupidity; indeed secretly, an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct and effective man; fearing God, and without any other fear." Carlyle: *Portrait of Knox*, p. 181.

own doors. Unhappily for Mary, the English Queen was in one of her ever-recurring fits of perplexity. She had no deliberate intention to be cruel; but her natural, overpowering desire was to be safe. Therefore, she simulated and dissimulated, both at once, or each in turn, as it suited her. The embarrassment of the situation was, doubtless, trying; but the affectation of regard and sympathy for Mary, the underplotting by which she kept the contending parties embroiled in Scotland, from Carlisle and Bolton to the last sickening scene at Fotheringay in 1587, all is intrigue, darkness, conspiracy, faithlessness, and perfidy. Murray's purpose as Regent once more, honest as it no doubt was, had hardly unfolded itself, when he was cut off by the hand of an assassin. Amongst the prisoners taken at Langside, were six men, distinguished by birth or position, who had been condemned to death, but pardoned by Murray at the intercession of Knox. One of these, Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, it was, who fired at Murray, from a house at Linlithgow, and caused his death in 1570. Henceforward there was a dreary time of plot, counterplot, dissension and civil war. Lennox, the father of the wretched Darnley, fell in fighting the malcontents, it is believed by the order of Lord Claud Hamilton. Mar, who succeeded him by the voice of the nobles, an ardent lover of peace and order, sank under the troubles of that chaotic period, and died of a broken heart. It was during Mar's rule, in 1570, that Morton, at heart a traitor and a hypocrite, throughout, made a simoniacal compact with the bishops, by which the nobles obtained the bulk of the church temporalities and episcopacy was re-established. Morton him-

self had secured from the Crown the property of the archiepiscopal see of St. Andrew's. According to Robertson, he obtained the appointment of Robert Douglas, rector of the University, as archbishop, giving him a small annuity, but retaining the bulk of the wealth for his own use. Other nobles were anxious to have a share in the church lands, and the result was an arrangement in 1570, for the re-establishment of episcopacy, ten years after the first General Assembly by which the Reformation had been accomplished. Knox, upon whom the hand of death was already laid, protested vehemently against the compact; but he was unable to attend the meeting, and died in 1572, in his sixty-seventh year, the bold, courageous and vehement apostle to the Reformation he had been from first to last. The resolution referred to ran in these terms: "That the house and office of the archbishop and bishop shall be continued during the King's minority, and these dignities should be conferred upon the best qualified among the Protestant ministers; but that, with regard to their spiritual jurisdictions, they should be subject to the General Assembly of the Church."

At Mar's death, Morton secured the prize of his ambition, the Regency, which he retained for eleven troublous years, from 1570 until he mounted the scaffold in 1581. During that period the history of Scotland is a mass of confused negotiations with England, intrigues on behalf of Mar, and struggles for supremacy amongst the nobles, upon which we need not enter. Morton was not without administrative genius; but such efforts as he made to settle public affairs were marred by his unscrupulous ambition, his lack of prin-

ciple, his avarice and extortion. His strong-handed rule became intolerable, and he gradually arrayed against him the nobles and the people under Argyle and Athole. James was young, but, during his whole life, he was swayed by favourites. Lennox seemed, in 1580, the rising star; and, in order to remove so dangerous a rival, Morton declaimed against him as a foe to the reformed religion. Therefore, Lennox, with an accommodating conscience, not at all singular amongst the nobles of the time, listened to some divines sent to him by the King, "renounced the errors of Popery, in the church of St. Giles, and declared himself a member of the Church of Scotland by signing her Confession of Faith." All was soon over with Morton; the King was restive, and Lennox accused the Regent of intending to seize the royal person and fly to England. He was taken prisoner, confined in Edinburgh Castle, and, under the sinister management of Arran, tried, and found guilty of complicity in Darnley's death at Kirk o' Field, fourteen years before. He was beheaded, and his head affixed to the public jail at Edinburgh.

During Morton's Regency, the second great name on the roll of the Scottish Church became prominent. If John Knox was the father of the Reformation in that country, it was Andrew Melville who stamped upon it its Presbyterian character with indelible distinctness. Knox had no peculiar views of his own on Church government; and, although he declined the archbishopric of St. Andrews, it does not appear that it was on any ground of Scripture or conscience. He was anxious to draw as close as might be to the Church of England, and almost his last signature, "with a dead

hand, but a glad heart," was subscribed after that of the Archbishop of St. Andrews.* But when Melville reached Scotland from Geneva in 1574, he saw, with admirable sagacity and prescience, the drift of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, and took his measures with characteristic boldness and vigour. If Melville bearded James VI. as Knox had confronted Mary, it was because he could detect, in the King, that twin-headed form of absolutism in Church and State which the Stuarts strove to impose upon both England and Scotland. James preached and endeavoured to establish the divine right of bishops, because he saw in it the mainstay of the corresponding dogma, so dear to his heart—the divine right of kings. In 1572 Knox was "taken away from the evil to come," without, perhaps, having detected the signs of the storm in that heated atmosphere and lowering sky which were gathering their forces in cloud and tempest. Andrew Melville arrived to be his successor, an Elisha more trenchant and uncompromising than the Elijah whose mantle descended upon him. And it was no common struggle which he undertook. It meant the battle of freedom, civil and religious, against absolutism; of moral and spiritual force, against tyrannical power, which Melville and his colleagues fought with desperate and stubborn perseverance. It may suit the canons of modern taste, philosophical or other, to call that indomitable heroism in faith and fight, bigoted; but men cannot afford to weigh the proprieties, or be mealy-mouthed in defining their beliefs or in expressing them, when

* Dean Stanley, *Lectures*, p. 40.

the flames of cruelty and persecution, having already singed their garments, threaten to enwrap their bodies in a fiery embrace. There is much in the religious literature of those days to repel, and perhaps offend ; but it was not intended to tickle fastidious palates, or to provoke digestion in jaded and dyspeptic stomachs. The people of to-day enjoy the fruits of what such men as Knox and Melville sowed for them amid storm and mist ; and, therefore, so far from quarrelling with the uncouth husk, we ought to be eternally thankful to those who, as sturdy husbandmen, committed the seed to the earth, and invoked upon it the blessing of Heaven.

Mr. Buckle, although he had but little appreciation for the honest and earnest conscientiousness of Melville, is ready to bear testimony to his "great ability, boldness of character, and fertility of resource." McCrie, in his biography, portrays the great leader of the second Scottish Reformation in nobler and more attractive colours : "Under God, save Knox," he says, "I know of no individual from whom Scotland has received such important services, or to whom she continues to owe so deep a debt of gratitude as Andrew Melville." His work, which extended over a quarter of a century, until his imprisonment in the Tower of London and subsequent exile to Sedan, must be rapidly surveyed. In 1575 the question of Church government was raised by John Dury, it is said at Melville's instance ; but, although the latter spoke unfavourably of episcopacy, he acted cautiously as one feeling his way. In 1578, the General Assembly resolved that no new bishop should be made, and

that those at present in possession should be called by their names and not by their sees. In the same year, the second Book of Discipline marked the important change which had come over Scotland since 1560 when the First Book was compiled, under Knox. That these works are essentially different admits of no question ; yet, as Buckle urges, the charges of inconsistency in the Presbyterian leaders is untenable and unjust. "They were perfectly consistent, and they merely changed their maxims that they might preserve their principles." In truth, the positions of the parties had undergone a serious modification. In 1560, the nobles, with more or less sincerity, fought the battles of the Reformation against the Crown and clergy ; in 1578 their intrigues and personal ambitions had alienated the hearts of the ministers and of the commonalty which preaching, devoutness, zeal and fervour, had summoned into existence. The natural leaders of the people had, in fact, deserted them, and were involved in plots of infinite variety—plots for their own aggrandizement, for the destruction of rivals, for the possession of the royal ear or person, for the restoration of Mary, and aid from France or Spain, or for the intervention of Elizabeth. When Scotland was not embroiled in civil war, it was a hot-bed of conspiracy. All this time the people had been suffering from a rigorous oppression which was only too real, and from fears which were hardly less so. The Duke of Alva had been perpetrating his wholesale slaughter in the Netherlands, and, in 1572, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew sent a thrill of horror through Christendom, which aroused even the torpid heart of Elizabeth. The Duke

of Alva was preparing for a descent on Scotland and the French for an expedition to Leith to seize the capital. The commonalty, whose hearts and consciences the ministers had quickened into a new and vigorous life, recognised in them its only leaders against the cruelty and oppression which beset them. This confidence, as the event proved, was fully justified by the zeal and intrepidity of Melville and his colleagues.

In 1580, at the General Assembly, held at Dundee, with Melville as Moderator, the decisive blow was struck. The office of bishop was unanimously denounced as unlawful, unscriptural, of human invention, and at once to be abolished. All those who held sees were called upon to resign them or suffer excommunication. The language employed at Dundee was not finely phrased. The Church knew that it must expect a conflict and, as the sword was to be drawn, the people boldly flung away the scabbard. In the following year, so as to test the question, the Crown nominated Robert Montgomery to the Archbishopric of Glasgow. The Chapter refusing to elect, the Privy Council fell back on the royal prerogative; the General Assembly forbade the Archbishop to enter Glasgow, and he appealed for aid to the Duke of Lennox, bribing him with the bulk of the archiepiscopal revenues. The year 1582 was a very notable one in Scotland. The King ordered the General Assembly not to discuss the Archbishopric; but its members were men who knew not how to flinch, still less how to yield. They summoned Montgomery, deposed him from the ministry, and threatened him with instant excommunication. Fearing for his life,

the Archbishop trembled and yielded, promising not to make any attempt to take possession of the see. The King and Arran were enraged; and, when some resolutions were presented by Melville and the other commissioners, denouncing these encroachments of the State upon the Church and seeking redress, "the Earl of Arran," says Howie, "cried out, 'Is there any here that dare subscribe these articles?' Melville stepped forward and said, 'we dare, and will render our lives in the cause,' and then took up the pen and subscribed." But the Privy Council had material force on their side, and at once prepared to use it. Dury was banished; some of the other members were called to account; and more violent measures were preparing "when," says Buckle, "they were interrupted by one of those singular events, which not unfrequently occurred in Scotland, and which strikingly evince the inherent weakness of the Crown, notwithstanding the inordinate pretensions it commonly assumed." This event was known as the Raid of Ruthven. According to the historians, James was returning towards Edinburgh, after hunting, when he was invited to Ruthven Castle. Thinking probably that some further diversion might be on foot, he went thither; but he had some great cause for apprehension, as the castle was crowded with strangers and fresh groups were constantly arriving. The secret was soon disclosed; James was a prisoner, and remained in durance at Stirling or Holyrood for ten months. During this period the popular party had it all their own way; Lennox and Arran were astounded, and, for the time, paralysed. When James recovered his liberty in 1583, he found himself con-

fronted, not merely by the Presbyterian ministers, but by a new power, of which he had hitherto formed but a hazy conception—the sturdy adolescence of the Scottish Commons.

The King's release was the signal for a fiercer struggle which need not be followed in detail. It seems sufficient to note the altered tone of the popular leaders now that they had aroused their hearers by many a stirring and often violent appeal from the pulpit. They openly defied the King. By one he was likened to Cain; another denounced upon him the curse of Jeroboam, that he should die childless and that his race should perish with him—a prophetic denunciation unhappily falsified by the event. Simpson, Dury, Gibson, Black, Welch (Knox's son-in-law) and others were furious in their declarations, and Melville did not hesitate to upbraid James to his face of having perverted the laws of God and man. He even, according to the story "plucked him, as God's silly vassal, by the sleeve." In 1592 James, finding himself powerless to resist, re-established Presbytery in its complete form, and promised to maintain it, with the mental reservation, which gives its peculiar bias to Stuart perfidy, that he would break his promise at the earliest opportunity. Melville's struggles with the King extended over the rest of James' reign in Scotland, and for three or four years after he ascended the English throne. He was several times before the Council, yet never yielded one jot of his principles, even when death seemed certain and imminent. During four years he was imprisoned in the Tower, the years during which the authorized version of the Scriptures was in process of making. The "setting of that bright

occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth," had occurred eight years before; and then as the fulsome preface tells us, came "the appearance of your majesty as of the Sun in his strength," to dabble in dark and foul matters with Essex, Villiers, and the rest of that diabolical crew, and when the Bible, as we have it, emerged with these words of flattery prefixed, in 1611, Andrew Melville was permitted, at the solicitation of the Duke de Bouillon, to retire to France. At Sedan—a name of renown in more times than one—"the Apostle of Presbyterianism in Scotland," as Archbishop Spottiswoode terms him, breathed his last, in the year 1622, having attained the good old age of seventy-seven years.

Let us pass over an interval of some fifteen years to the year 1637, the twelfth of the reign of Charles I. His predecessor had attempted to restore episcopacy in the fitful way characteristic of his sinister genius; but he was too wary, and had too much on his hands in England to venture his arm farther than he could draw it safely back. Before Laud mounted the episcopal bench, James had found it necessary to restrain him "because he had a restless spirit," and again and again strove to curb him in a career which ended on the scaffold.* Charles, however, was a monarch of a different

* After referring to the furious effort made by Laud, James remarks: "For all this he feared not mine anger, but assaulted me again with another ill-fangled platform to make that stubborn Kirk stoop more to the English pattern. But I durst not play fast and loose with my soul. He knows not the stomach of that people. But I ken the story of my grandmother, the Queen Margaret, that after she was inveigled to break her promise made to some mutineers at a Perth meeting, she never saw 'good day,' but from thence, being much beloved, was despoiled by all the people." *Buckett's Life of Williams*, p. 14, quoted by Dean Stanley: *Lectures*, p. 80. Perhaps James had received this story from the preachers in 1583, when they "bade him take heed what he was about, and reminded him that no occupant of the throne had ever prospered, when the ministers began to threaten him." Buckle, vol. III., p. 104.

turn of mind. He was stubborn without firmness, crafty without tact, yielding without pliability, placable without grace or ingenuous feeling. In the hands of William Laud, he was plastic enough, and that narrow-minded prelate soon managed every thing ecclesiastical in his own way. In 1626, the year after Charles' accession, he was made Bishop of Bath and Wells; in 1628 transferred to London; and in 1633 raised to the see of Canterbury. On the 23rd of January, 1637, the first symptoms of the turbulent "stomach" of the Scottish people showed themselves in the historical Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh. Whether Jenny Geddes really "discharged the famous stool" at the devoted head of the Dean of Edinburgh,* and was imitated by ladies or their maids until a volley of "fauld stools" were hurled at the reading-desk, has been disputed; yet it is quite certain that a determined resistance to the Anglican liturgy was excited on that memorable Sunday, by the words, gestures, or actions of some woman or women. Episcopacy had been nominally restored in 1610, and the free General Assemblies prevented from meeting; aggression after aggression had been committed upon the established faith of Scotland, and the people were determined to submit to these encroachments no longer. "General causes,"

* "The person whose fervent zeal was most conspicuous on that occasion was a humble female who kept a cabbage stall at the Town Kirk, and who was sitting near the reading desk. Greatly excited at the Dean's presumption, this female, whose name was Janet Geddes—a name familiar in Scotland as a household word, exclaimed, at the top of her voice, 'Villain, dost thou say mass at my lug,' and suiting the action to the word, launched the cutty-stool on which she had been sitting at his head, 'Intending,' as a contemporary remarks, 'to have given him a ticket of remembrance,' but joking became his safe-guard at that time." Rev. James Anderson; *The Ladies of the Covenant*, Introd. p. xix. It is added in a note that Janet long survived this incident and kept her cabbage stall so late as 1661. Reference is made to Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, Vol. I. p. 92, and Vol. II. p. 30.

says Buckle, "had made the people love the clergy, and made the clergy love liberty. As long as these two facts co-existed, the destiny of the nation was safe. It might be injured, insulted, trampled upon; but the greater the harm the surer the remedy. All that was needed was a little more time, and a little more provocation." The time had been spent in patient preparation; the provocation came in the attempt to force the English liturgy—"the black service book," the peculiar appanage of "foul Prelacy"—upon the people. Riots began in Edinburgh, and the contagion soon spread over the country until in the autumn the entire nation had risen in sturdy resistance. In 1638, "in a paroxysm of enthusiasm," says Robert Chambers, "unexampled in our history," the National Covenant was signed by all classes throughout the country.* It was a national defiance, a religious Declaration of Independence, a solemn protest against absolutism in Church and State, destined to make its potent influence felt, not only there in Scotland, but in England, and, in later ages, over every quarter of the globe. In November, 1638, Charles I. was prevailed upon to allow a free General

* "It was at the Greyfriars' Church at Edinburgh, that it was first received, on February 28, 1638. The aged Earl of Sutherland was the first to sign his name. Then the whole congregation followed. Then it was laid on the flat gravestone still preserved in the church-yard. Men and women crowded to add their names. Some wept aloud others wrote their names in their own blood; others added after their names 'till death.' For hours they signed, till every corner of the parchment was filled, and only room left for their initials, and the shades of night alone checked the continual flow. From Greyfriars' church-yard it spread to the whole of Scotland. Gentlemen and noblemen carried copies of it in their portmanteaus and pockets, requiring and collecting subscriptions publicly and privately. Women sat in church all day and all night, from Friday till Sunday, in order to receive the Communion with it. None dared to refuse their names. The general panic, or the general contagion caught those whom one should least expect. The chivalrous Montrose, the gay Charles II., the holy and enlightened Leighton, were constrained to follow in the universal rush. Dean Stanley, *Lectures*, p. 84.

Assembly—the first for twenty years—to meet at Glasgow. This concession, yielded in consequence of the universal uprising of the nation, came too late. The Commissioner was arbitrary, and, on the whole, matters were made worse by the characteristic tardiness in yielding, the ungracious manner and want of sincerity manifested throughout that unhappy king's career. The Marquis of Hamilton, the Royal Commissioner, first threatened to withdraw, and then ordered the Assembly to break up. They refused to separate until they had finished the work proposed by the bishops, and put an end to the "foul sin of Prelacy." Nothing remained but an appeal to arms. The King repudiated the existing treaty, and in 1640 the Scots invaded England, with an army of 25,000 men, defeated a detachment sent against them at Newburn, and took Newcastle. Charles again made an armistice and proposed a treaty. In 1641, Strafford and Laud perished along with their policy of "Thorough." During the autumn of that year the King visited Scotland; was lavish in promise and concession as usual, professed to conform to the Presbyterian worship, and appointed several Covenanters to his Council. Then followed "The Grand Remonstrance," the arrest of the five members and civil war in England. It is not too much to assert that to the religious resistance of Scotland, the first blood drawn by the Scots on the Tyne, and the example as well as the invaluable aid they afforded England, the triumph of its liberties was largely due. Without the stubborn opposition of Scotland, it is highly probable that Charles might have continued to trample upon his rebellious subjects in the

south; and thus, as Buckle, Froude, and most modern historians cheerfully acknowledge, England owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Knox, to Melville, and to the champions and martyrs of the Covenant.*

The events that followed the outbreak of civil war in England, from August, 1642, when Charles raised the royal standard at Nottingham, until his defeat at Naseby, (June 14, 1645), hardly need particular reference here. Most readers are well aware of the essential service rendered by the Scots' army. It was they who turned the tide of victory against the King, and fought side by side with Fairfax and Cromwell at Marston Moor; and without their aid Naseby would not have left Charles hopeless and a fugitive to the land from which he sprang and which, through Wentworth and Laud, as well as by his own perfidy, he had so deeply outraged. The last battle of the war was, in fact, fought on Scottish ground. The chivalrous James Graham, Earl of Montrose, with his Highlanders, aided by a body of Irish, had defeated Lord Elcho at Tippermuir near Park, in the previous autumn. A victory at Kilsyth in 1645 had revived the drooping spirits of the Royalists, and for the moment placed Scotland in the power of Montrose. But on the 13th of September, four months after Naseby, Leslie

* See an eloquent passage in Buckle, Vol. iii. pp. 112-114, from which there is only space for a sentence or two:—"It is also well known that, in the struggle, the English were greatly indebted to the Scotch, who had, moreover, the merit of being the first to lift their hand against the tyrant. What, however, is less known, but is inadvertently true is, that both nations owe a debt they can never repay to those bold men who, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, disseminated, from their pulpits and assemblies, sentiments which the people cherished in their hearts, and which, at a fitting moment, they reproduced to the dismay and eventually to the destruction of those who threatened their liberties." See also Froude's *Lecture* (*Short Studies*, pp. 118-121), and McCrie: *Life of Melville*, i. p. 302.

defeated him utterly and irretrievably in the battle of Philiphaugh; and all was over.* The only remaining episode was the landing of the second Charles, his treacherous dealings with the Scottish Church, and the signal defeat of the national forces by Cromwell at Dunbar. The inherited faithlessness of the Stuarts had induced Charles to take a false oath to the Covenant; the Scots fell into the trap and suffered for it. During the progress of the civil war, several important events had occurred, having a direct bearing upon the progress of Presbyterian principles. When Pym, in Mr. Green's words, "had resolved at last to fling the Scotch sword into the wavering balance, and in the darkest hour of the Parliament's cause," the first condition required by the Scots was "unity of religion." Accordingly, "in St. Margaret Church," says Dean Stanley, "beneath the shadow of Westminster Abbey, the Covenant was read from the pulpit article by article, in the presence of both houses of Parliament and of the Assembly of Divines. Every person in the congregation stood up with his right hand raised to Heaven, and took a pledge to observe it." This notable congregation vowed to "bring the Churches of God in the kingdom to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, direction for worship and catechizing; that we and our posterity after us may live in faith and love, and the Lord may delight to live in the midst of us; to extirpate Popery, prelacy, superstition, schism and profaneness, &c." † This

* Green : *Short History*, p. 541.

† Dean Stanley : *Lectures*, pp. 84, 85. Green's *Short History*, p. 534.

agreement was the renowned Solemn League and Covenant. Of the effort to impose its terms by force it is only necessary to remark that it was in consonance with the arbitrary spirit of the age. Finally in 1648, the celebrated Westminster Assembly, which had met in the Jerusalem Chamber since 1643, presented the Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechism and the Directory of Public Worship which still constitute "the standards" of the Kirk of Scotland and the wide-spreading branches which have sprung from that common root.

From the Restoration in 1660, almost without pause, to the Revolution, Scotland passed through the fiery furnace of one of the most ruthless persecutions that ever disgraced one nation and tried the heroic faith and endurance of another. The Scottish Martyrs of the Covenant appear in no ecclesiastical calendar with the prefixed "St." of canonization; yet surely if there ever was a hagiology worthy of special prominence, it is that in which are enrolled those devoted witnesses and sufferers for conscience' sake in "auld Scotia." * What Beaton had begun in the old time, and Laud continued under the first two Stuart monarchs of England, Lauderdale, Middleton, Sharp and Graham of Claverhouse finished after the Restoration. In perusing the bloody record of these terrible twenty-eight years, two powerful passions struggle for the mastery in any human soul—the one made up of horror, burning hatred and over-

* See Macaulay : *History of England*, Vol. I. chaps. ii, and iv. Howie : *Scot's Worthies*. Simpson : *The Banner of the Covenant*. Anderson : *The Ladies of the Covenant*. Also *The Cloud of Witnesses*, and the individual biographies and Church histories treating of the time.

powering indignation at the brutal persecutions ; the other of tender, pitying sympathy and intense admiration at the inspiring story of those who were so constant in faith, fervent in zeal, and heroic in life and unto death. It is exceedingly difficult to put forward any plea for Charles, and more especially for James, who was personally responsible for much of the brutality perpetrated—that will pass muster at the bar of posterity. Charles was not a zealot like Philip II or Mary Tudor; he could not claim the decent covering of religious conviction for his treatment of the Scots, since, from first to last, he was a profligate though by no means a heedless one. There was more method in his roystering madness than contemporaries gave him credit for. What his brother James did with the sour face of a bigot, and in a blundering style that proved his paternity, Charles, with easy and gentlemanly grace, could surpass. The elder brother wore the mask of comedy behind which the threatening grimace of evil passion was perpetually at work upon his countenance. James was not more arbitrary, more treacherous, or more cruel than his brother; but he wanted the vizer or the paint, and always appeared the brutal, sensual and unfeeling bigot that he was. Charles never had any religion at all, unless it were Hobbism which commended itself to his theory of divine right, or the other epicurean form of worship in which he was engaged on that fatal Sunday in February, 1685, when he enjoyed his last orgy at the palace with the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth and Mazarin. From it he retired to a dying bed, and made an arrangement with Heaven through the medium of

Father Huddleston. Whether in Scotland or in England, his successor was an unmitigated ruffian; cruel for cruelty's sake, treacherous almost beyond the treachery even of a Stuart; perfidious, immoral, in every way base, but always on the surface a zealot, at heart either a conscious or unconscious hypocrite.

These were the men who hunted the simple-minded Covenanters of Scotland through the glens, over the passes, into the caves, where these pious Christian men and women had taken refuge, that they might worship the God of their fathers, in spirit, in truth, and above all, in peace. Lauderdale, who contributed the final letter to the name of the infamous Cabal, was the chief agent in the work, after James had done his part. On one occasion, 8,000 Highlanders, of the wildest and most unruly clans, were let loose upon the entire south-western Lowlands, to murder, to rob, to torture and to outrage, as their savage natures bade them. In May, 1876, the world was excited over the atrocities of irregular troops in Bulgaria, not authorized certainly, but connived at and subsequently condoned by a semi-civilized power. But two centuries before, in Dumfries and Wigton especially, deeds were wrought by the agents of chivalrous and respectably veneered monarchs, in comparison with which the horrors of Batak and Philippopolis sink to the common-place level of ordinary criminality. Nor was that all; for, behind the ruffianism of a brutal soldiery there sat, with a solemn show of justice, a bench of magistrates, whose names it would be grossly unfair to Jeffries and Scroggs to link together with theirs on the scroll of infamy.

All the massacres and cruelties were not by any means the work of extra-legal agents. Every crime committed in Galloway, or elsewhere in the devoted district, was sanctioned by laws solemnly ordained by the Council, and enforced under such men as Claverhouse, in whose behalf much has been urged, and whose death at the moment of victory in the pass of Killiecrankie has done much to throw a glamour about his name. Prof. Aytoun has sung the praises of the Scottish cavaliers in the Jacobite resistance; but it would require infinitely more to redeem the memories of Dalyell, Lagg, Crichton, Bruce and Douglas from the posthumous hate with which they are weighted down amongst Scotsmen.

The plot, in fact, was of English manufacture, although its execution was entrusted to a packed Council, and a degenerate nobility. Puritanism was silent, but not inactive, in England; for amid the orgies of the Restoration period there reposed, in fitful and uneasy slumber, the earnest and quenchless spirit aroused during the Commonwealth. In Scotland and Ireland, however, as Mr. Green observes (p. 618), it seemed possible to undo the work, and once more to impose the yoke of absolutism, civil and ecclesiastical. By one statute, "the Drunken Parliament" repealed every Act passed during the previous eight-and-twenty years. The Covenant was abolished; the ordinary machinery of Church government shared the same fate as the General Assembly, which Cromwell had abolished in a fit of anger after Dunbar. Episcopacy re-appeared, and prelates sat again in Parliament. Under a monstrous perversion of the

law of high treason, Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle, was beheaded by that ingenious instrument "the maiden," an anticipation of the guillotine, and a fresh proof of the execrable ingenuity which had already made "the boots" and the "thumbikins" to be the special delights of James. Argyle was the only noble opposed to arbitrary government, who appeared likely to be a leader in popular resistance, "the proto-martyr to religion since the Reformation." Says Howie, "in a word, he had piety for a Christian, sense for a counsellor, courage for a martyr, and soul for a king." "If ever any was, he might be said to be a true Scotsman."* And now the crew who set themselves to the task of crushing the religion and freedom of a nation went to work in earnest. "The Government," says Mr. Green (p. 619) "was entrusted to a knot of profligate statesmen, who were directed by Lord Lauderdale, one of the ablest and most unscrupulous of the King's ministers, and their policy was steadily directed to the two purposes of humbling Presbyterianism—as the force which could alone restore Scotland to freedom, and enable her to lend aid, as before, to English liberty in any struggle with the Crown—and of raising a Royal army which might be ready, in case of trial, to march over the border to the King's support." Charles, who had the soundest head at his Council-board, was no "idler and mere voluptuary;" on the contrary, he knew how to plot and plan the means of attaining the crooked ends he had in view.

* See Howie's biography of Argyle in *Scots Worthies*, pp. 242-257, and the account of Margaret, his Marchioness, in *Ladies of the Covenant*, p. 83.

At once the dogs of war were let loose upon the western Lowlands. The record of that fearful period has left a broad, black mark in history ; but what is more to the present purpose, it has left unmistakable traces indelibly stamped upon the Scottish character. Englishmen look back with horror to the period of "bloody Mary," as she has perhaps, considering her unhappy life, been too harshly termed. But what were the handful of sufferers in the southern kingdom, as compared with the wholesale butchery, torture and outrage committed in the poor old realm of Scotland ? The terrible story is related at length, in almost sickening fullness of detail, in Wodrow, upon whom Macaulay and most other authorities have drawn. In turning over those gloomy pages, one almost instinctively hopes that the chronicler may have grossly exaggerated the facts, and dipped his sombre landscape in Rembrandt tints to some extent for artistic effect. But alas ! the truth is too dark in itself to be deepened by the resources of art. Defoe has left a record of the doings of Claverhouse and Douglas, with their "troopers, heritors, dragoons and Highlanders," when they swept Galloway from end to end in search of the hapless Covenanters. Those poor, pious, unoffending sufferers, for conscience sake, had been driven from their homes ; they had been forced to worship on moors, in caves, or "among the thickets of woodland dells ;" but even there the remorseless persecutors followed them. "This outrage," says Simpson of Sanquhar, "on the lives of the subjects was not committed by armed banditti on their own responsibility. It was committed by the regular military, by the license of the Gov-

ernment of the country."* He should rather have said, by the express command of James, whether as vice-regent or King, and of Sharp and Claverhouse. Many potentates have been permitted to live and rule, as scourges of mankind; but James II. was one of the few cruel and bloodthirsty men, high in place, to whom the spectacle of torture was a delight for its own sake. Many other monsters have plied the rack, the boots, the thumbscrew, and other diabolical contrivances of the sort; but the last Stuart attained the frightful eminence of positively gloating with delight over the feast of human suffering he had prepared. Buckle, no friend to the Kirk, in an eloquent passage,† declaims with power and generous indignation against this royal miscreant. Speaking of his odious pleasure in witnessing torture, he says "This is an abyss of wickedness into which even the most corrupt natures rarely fall." Men have often been indifferent to human suffering, and ready to inflict pain; "but to take delight in the spectacle is a peculiar and hideous abomination." When one contemplates James' feasting his eyes, and revelling with fiendish joy, "over the agonies, the tears and groans of his victims, it makes one's flesh creep to think that such a man should have been the ruler of millions." Burnet relates that, although almost all the members of the Council offered to run away, when "the boots" were produced, James "looked on all the while with an unmoved indifference, and with an attention as if he had been to look on some curious experiment. This gave a terrible idea of

* The Banner of the Covenant, p 17.

† Vol. III. p. 147.

him to all who observed it, as of a man who had no bowels nor humanity in him." Nor was the head of the hierarchy, Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, "a cruel, rapacious man" and an apostate to boot, far behind the Duke of York and Lauderdale in cruelty. Cardinal Beaton, alone of ecclesiastics in Scotland, can be compared with him for the intense hatred he excited in the breasts of an oppressed people; but of the two, Sharp was unquestionably the meaner and the worse. In 1668, James Mitchell attempted to put him out of the way, and in 1679 he was murdered by John Balfour, of Burley, and others, at Magus Muir, in Fifeshire, with a cruelty only to be palliated in consideration of the despairing rage and madness of the times. In 1666, the poor Covenanters made a hopeless effort at resistance, but were easily crushed at the Pentland Hills. After Sharp's assassination, the chief actors collected a small force which defeated the cavalry of Claverhouse, and made them temporarily masters of Glasgow. But this slight success at Drumclog was in vain; they had mustered 8,000 men, but were finally routed by Monmouth at Bothwell Brig, on the Clyde, at midsummer, 1679.

Reference has already been made to John Graham, the "bluidy Claverhouse," as he is still called in every peasant home in the South of Scotland. No historic figure comes out with greater clearness of outline in the annals of Scotland; he finds panegyrists in the poetry of Aytoun, and the prose of Scott; yet neither the author of *The Lays of the Cavaliers*, nor the matchless artist who drew Dundee's portrait at full length in *Old Mortality*, can reverse the sober

and deliberate verdict of history or efface the dark and fearful image of the man which fills a skeleton closet of its own in every Lowland heart. Those who choose may dwell upon the chivalrous devotion and unquestioned courage of Claverhouse, or the glorious death which became him better than almost anything else in his life ; yet the influence of his career from first to last was undoubtedly pernicious and malign. After both uprisings in 1666 and 1679 his dragoons were set to their bloody work. Defoe relates that these men,

forming themselves into a great army, spread themselves from one side of the whole country to another, having their men placed marching singly at a great distance, but always one in sight of the other ; so marching forward every one straight before him, they by this means searched the rocks, rivers, woods, wastes, mountains, mosses, and even the most private and retired places of the country, where they thought we were hidden ; so that it was impossible anything could escape them. And yet so true were the mountain men, as their persecutors called them, to one another, that in that famous march they found not one man, though many a good man, perhaps with trembling heart and hands lifted up to Heaven for protection, saw them, and were passed by them undisturbed." But in the inhabited country the slaughter was great. The same author says that Claverhouse alone killed over a hundred "in cold blood, making it his business to follow and pursue poor people through the whole country, and having at his heels a crew of savages, highlanders and dragoons whose sport was in blood, and whose diversion was to haul innocent men from their houses

or hiding-places and murder them." Many were slain whose names and memories perished with them and "multitudes of graves are discernible in the wilds, of which no account can be given further than that they are the graves of the martyrs." * Many perished of fatigue, cold and hunger, whose bones "were found bleaching on the moors after the troublesome times had passed away." It is impossible now to realize, in anything like their fearful truth, the horrors of that terrible persecution. But even that does not exhaust the tale. In addition to the work of military butchery, the civil power was perpetrating deeds of kindred wickedness under the forms of law. In the works before cited, the muster-roll of Scotland's martyrs and their piteous story may be read at length. Macaulay cites a few cases in his fourth chapter such as those of John Brown, "the Christian carrier,"† Gillies and Bryce. But the most touching story of all is the drowning of Margaret McLauchlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter, a poor girl of eighteen, a farmer's daughter of Wigtonshire. Their offence was that they had refused to take the oath abjuring "The Apologetic Declaration" of the Cameronians; their sentence, to be tied to stakes near the sea-shore and so drowned by the rising tide in the water of Blednoch, an inlet of the Solway. The widow died first being further from shore and then occurred the pathetic death-scene of the simple maid which touched the chords of many a heart

* Gibson : *The Banner of the Covenant* p. 15.

† Macaulay, quoting Wodrow, states that Brown's widow cried out to Claverhouse in her agony,—for the latter, in a rage at not finding an executioner had shot him dead like a dog—"Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come." His reply was, "To man I can answer for what I have done; and as for God I will take Him into my own hands."

after a lapse of nearly two centuries. The meek, untroubled calmness of the martyr, the gibes of the troopers, the fruitless efforts to induce her to recant, and the steadfast courage which made her victorious in death are not to be read of unmoved. The maiden's devotions at that trying hour, the Presbyterian simplicity that strikes one so forcibly in its manner and order—the Psalm (xxv, 7) in the Scottish version :

" Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be ;
In mercy for thy goodness' sake,
O Lord remember me, &c."

—the chapter and the prayer which was ended by a benediction from no earthly priest, but came to that pure devout heart from Heaven itself, all the circumstances seemed to shed a halo of celestial light upon the maiden martyr's brow as she sinks beneath the wave to realize the beatific vision of which she fancied she had caught a glimpse on earth.*

An attempt has thus been made to indicate, rather than trace in detail, the rise and progress of the Presbyterian faith in Scotland. It has not been possible, even were it relevant, to refer particularly to the many noble confessors, preachers or sufferers of that faith. Many names will occur to the reader of Scottish history, which ought to find a place in a systematic account of its religion, such as those of Richard Cameron, Samuel Rutherford, Alexander Henderson, Alexander Peden, Patrick Simpson, James Guthrie and James Reintwick. But the present purpose being to examine the influences which have made the Scot at home or abroad what he is, it seems sufficient to indicate these influences as they have

* See Anderson : *Ladies of the Covenant*, p. 427. Simpson : *Banner of the Covenant*, p. 258, &c.

moulded national character. Upon the merits of the creed or form of church government no opinion must be advanced, still as the question has often been raised, notably by Mr. Buckle, it seems well, in concluding this chapter, to inquire whether, on the whole, the Church has been a benefit to the Scottish people and through them to the world. With purely æsthetical pleas, it is not necessary to deal; but charges of violence and intolerance have been made against the Reformers and of narrowness, bigotry, acerbity and over-bearing interference with freedom of opinion and with social life in its amenities and amusements. Dean Stanley in his Lectures has made some reference to the rather savage onslaught of Buckle; and the Church has been well defended from most of those charges by its authorized exponents. The writer of the unfinished *History of Civilization* laboured under the capital defect of not being able, from want of knowledge and want of sympathy, to understand and appreciate the religious character of the Scottish people. He can defend Knox and even Melville, execrate the Stuarts, Sharp, Lauderdale and the other agents of oppression; but, strangely enough, appears to suppose that after the Revolution, the sternness of the discipline, the contracted views of human life and destiny which he attributes to the clergy, and the robust piety of Covenanting times should have been mellowed all of a sudden and that the fiery rays which illumined the centuries of struggle and suffering should have been toned down as though it had entered "the studious cloisters pale" through

"Storied windows sickly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

National character is not modified by legislative unions; it may pass through vicissitudes which rub off its angles and divert the forces which together constitute its energy; but at bottom the race, and especially the religion of the race, where it has been forced into prominence, as in Scotland, is seldom altered radically. The characteristics of the people may take eccentric turns to all appearance; but they are obedient to law, and that most certain and unerring of all laws, heredity. The first instinct of the Scottish nature, wherever found, is the love of freedom, of action, of thrift, linked closely with a strong and earnest moral sense, and a deep reverence for the Maker and Giver of all that is good. Sydney Smith's celebrated *mot* about the obtuseness of the Scot's head to pleasantry, is plainly absurd, if, by a joke he meant anything but that sort of sharp, verbal sleight-of-hand that passes for what is called wit. The Scot is a born humorist, full of quiet, paucity, good-natured fun, not often found so universally diffused amongst all classes of any people. Dean Ramsay's entertaining Reminiscences show, and it was necessary, to all appearance, that it should be shown, that so far from the Scot being the slave of his minister, as Buckle seems to think, the minister was his slave, his butt occasionally, and always merely his representative in sacred things.

Democracy in Scotland was the fruit of long centuries of painful effort. It involved ages of struggle, endurance, sorrow and suffering; and to suggest that Scotland is "priest-ridden," in even a greater degree than Spain, is a paradox which disconcerted Mr. Buckle, but never suggested

to him the possibility that his selected data and the conclusions he had determined to infer in advance, were altogether fallacious. Mr. Froude has well remarked that the Scottish people are not so gloomy as the philosophical historian would have us believe; indeed their literature, no less than their daily life, proves that they are not oppressed by the alleged gloom of Calvinistic doctrine or pulpit denunciation. That the clergy "thought more of duty than of pleasure," one might expect; but that simply shows that their over-exuberance of animal spirits appeared to religious minds to require rebuke.* Calvinism, whatever doctrinal or philosophical value it may have as a dogmatic principle, cannot exert an injurious effect upon a strong-headed, energetic, earnest and enterprising people. The Turk may be a fatalist, and the Scot may be a predestinarian; but in the one case there is the despondency and sluggishness which dispose to inaction, in the other, the virtue and energy of a race are nerved to action by a strong moral and religious impetus gathered by honest and free action, through many generations, as well as an inexorable sense of duty which forms a feature in the national type, and is inseparable from it. The Turk leaves all to destiny; the Scot, according to the injunction of the great Apostle, "makes his calling and election sure."

* "Among other good qualities, the Scots have been distinguished for humour—not for venomous wit, but for kindly, genial humour which half loves what it laughs at—and this alone shows clearly enough that those to whom it belongs have not looked too exclusively on the gloomy side of the world. I should rather say that the Scots had been an unusually happy people. Intelligent industry, the honest doing of daily work, with a sense that it must be done well, under penalties; the necessities of life moderately provided for; and a sensible content with the situation of life in which men are born—this through the week, and at the end of it the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'—the homely family, gathered reverently and peacefully together, and irradiated with a sacred presence. Happiness! such happiness as we are likely to know upon this world, will be found there, if anywhere." Froude:

The illiberality of "the Kirk" is often insisted upon; but what would have become of the liberties of Scotland and England also, and measurably of the world, if Knox had spoken soft words to poor Mary Stuart, or Melville had picked phrases when he bearded her son? How, when the Stuarts harried the Lowlands, could the people, physically helpless and under the heel of oppression, have endured like true disciples of their Master until the end, if a strong faith, stern and sharply defined, had not inspired and made heroes of them? It is a subject of complaint that Scottish religion is Judaic, and reverts unduly to the Old Testament; what could you expect of those who have experienced, under a new dispensation, the trials, reverses, and triumphs of Moses, David, Elijah, Josiah and all the sacred seers or leaders of the olden time? What it concerns us here to note is that their ancestral faith has made honest and God-fearing men of the Scots. There are bad men of Scottish birth, and a bad Scot, like an unworthy woman, is sure to appear in an aggravated form of wickedness—a result partly flowing from the exalted pattern set before him, and partly from a comparison we are apt to make between the pure and good and those who, through despair or reckless indifference, have drifted from their moorings, out upon the dark sea of vice and impiety.

* "Suppose the Kirk had been the broad, liberal, philosophical, intellectual thing which some people think it ought to have been, how would it have fared in that crusade; how altogether would it have encountered those surplines of Archbishop Laud or those dragons of Claverhouse? It is hard to lose one's life for a 'perhaps,' and philosophical belief at the bottom means a 'perhaps,' and nothing more. For more than half of the seventeenth century, the battle had to be fought out in Scotland, which, in reality, was the battle between liberty and despotism; and where, except in an intense, burning conviction that they were maintaining God's cause against the Devil, could the poor Scottish people have

Where a high standard of morals is kept before a people, and especially where it is reinforced by the solemn sanctions of a rigid and commanding creed, it is inevitable that those who leave the strict and narrow path shall wander far astray. But that is not the normal action of the Scottish religion. Inherited through centuries, its beneficent and healthy influences remain in the form of strong earnestness, a deep sense of duty, high aims and an unfaltering confidence in God and morality, whether in principle or in life. Dean Stanley quotes two testimonies to the high worth of the Scottish character from an outside point of view. The first relates to the Covenanters. "The soldiers of the Cameronian regiment," who, says one being among them, but not of them, "are strictly religious, and make the war a part of their religion, and convert State policy into points of conscience. They fight as they pray, and they pray as they fight. They may be slain; never conquered. Many have lost their lives; few or none ever yielded. Whenever their duty or their religion calls them to it, they are always unanimous and ready with undaunted spirit and great vivacity of mind to encounter hardships, attempt great enterprises, despise dangers, and bravely rush to death or victory."* In 1736, when John Wesley visited the Darien settlement of Scots, and was greatly shocked at the absence of a liturgy and of daily church services, "yet," he says, "it must be owned that in all instances of personal or social duty, this people utterly shames our countrymen. In

found strength for the unequal struggle which was forced upon them?" Froude: (as before) p. 118.

* Burton, vii. 400.

sobriety, industry, frugality, patience, in sincerity and openness of behaviour, in justice and mercy of all kinds, being not content with exemplary kindness and friendliness to one another, but extending it to the utmost of their ability to every stranger that comes within their gates."* These testimonies to the essential worth of the Scottish character might be multiplied to any extent. The industry, enterprise and thrift of the Scot informed and sustained by sterling probity, sensitive pride, independence, self-respect, and an abiding regard to duty for its own sake, have made him an inestimable power for good all the world over. Individual Scotsmen may have renounced the faith of their ancestors; but they can no more divest themselves of the inherited traits of character they owe to their country's religious history, than they can change their form and features, or the colour of their skin. The inestimable qualities, social and industrial, which have made the people of Scotland so prominent in almost every land in which they have settled, are the accumulated results of many ages of poverty, hardship, toil and suffering, and cannot be effaced by volition or effort. But the greatest factor of all in any right estimate of that character, and its value in colonists to British North America or elsewhere, is the moral bent it has acquired through centuries of severe discipline, and that is in the main due to the religious element which has formed the backbone of Scottish history during the last three hundred years. On that account, it has appeared

* Wesley's MS. Journal, "communicated by the kindness of Dr. Rigg." Stanley: *Lectures*, p. 157.

necessary to enter at some length into the great struggles out of which the national genius of the Scot emerged, and became what it now is everywhere found to be.





CHAPTER V.

THE HIGHLANDERS AND JACOBITISM.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !
Honour'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine !
Long may the tree in his banner that glances
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen,
Sends our shout back agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu ! ho ! ieroe.

—SCOTT.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward ?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal ?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal !
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald !
Lovat ! Lochiel ! with the Grant and the Gordon,
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on.

—JOHN IMLAH.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine ;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.
Till Charlie Stewart came at last.
Sae far to set us free ;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.
Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?
Right to the wrong did yield ;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

—BURNS.

NO attempt to sketch the characteristics of the Scottish people can be satisfactory, even in outline, which fails to make mention of the vigorous Celtic stock of the

Highlands. In Canada, above all—including under that name the whole of Her Majesty's possessions in North America—it is essential to take this element into deliberate account. Whether the British North America colonist be a farmer, a mechanic, an artisan, a manufacturer, a merchant, a ship-owner, a professional man, a statesman or otherwise, he is associated in private and public intercourse with members or descendants of almost all the clans. Everybody here rubs elbows with fellow toilers in the hive, or knows public men of distinction, who trace their descent to the land of mountain and flood, glen and tarn, moor and heather. The names of Maclean, Macleod, Mackenzie, Macpherson, Macfarlane, Mackinnon, Macdonald, Macdougall, Mackintosh, MacNab, Mackay, MacLachlan, MacGregor, MacNeill, MacIntyre, Campbell, Fraser, Robertson, Cameron, Sutherland, Chisholm, Stewart, Munro, Ross, Grant, Farquharson, Gunn, Forbes, Menzies, and many others are as familiar to all Canadians, as if they were indigenous to the soil in this new land of ours. Unfortunately it would be obviously impossible within the limits of a brief chapter to do more than attempt to seize the salient points in Highland character, leaving an examination of its actual value, in this country, to the fuller survey of the Scot's work which is to follow.

It has been already remarked that a considerable ethnical element from the Norse kingdoms was, from time to time, absorbed in the north-western portion of the Highlands—including certainly the shires of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Inverness. Still the entire country must be viewed as pertaining to the dominant Celtic race, and in the main,

exhibiting its idiosyncrasies. To define the Highlands of Scotland geographically is not an easy task since its boundary is not physical, but social, lingual and what is usually called political. An elaborate work on "The Highlands of Scotland" to which the writer is considerably indebted, traces the Highland limits thus:—"This definition assigns to the Highlands all the continental territory north of the Moray Firth, and all the territory both insular and continental, westward of an easily traceable line from that firth to the Firth of Clyde." * This line begins at the mouth of the Nairn and proceeds irregularly, forming in its progress a rudely-convex series of bends, impinging upon Aberdeen, Perth, Forfar and Stirling, thence due south-west to the Firth of Clyde in the parish of Cardross.

The influence of Scotland upon progress and civilization is altogether a marvel, considering the odds against her, when she entered the contest. Taken altogether the country is barren in soil; it is small, and its population has always been sparse, scarcely able to keep pace with the great Babylon on the Thames. And when the fearful succession of ordeals under which Scotland has passed are taken into the reckoning, one almost wonders that, in all quarters of the globe, they are foremost in adventure, enterprise, industry and staunch adherence to duty. The Highlander differs from the Lowlander in several important points. His life is more rugged, and his notions of man and nature seem simply the result of conditions forced

* A History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans and Highland Regiments, &c., edited by John S. Keltie, F. S. A. Sec., in two vols. Edinburgh and London; 1875.

upon him by that life. Locked up amid the wild scenery of those romantic shires, and especially upon the Isles of which Thomas Campbell wrote in Mull :

"Far different are the scenes allure my wandering eye :
The white wave foaming to the distant sky ;
The cloudy heaven, unblest by summer's smile ;
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle,
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow,
The wide, wild glen, the pathless plains below,
The dark, blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled,
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild."

—the Highlander became a philosopher and a poet, as some one has said of Scotsmen generally, "cultivating all the virtues upon a little oatmeal." The ordinary notion of the Highlander which comes down, in bogie form, partly the result of ludicrous terror, and partly of mental confusion, takes the corporeal form of a dapper bandit, with round bonnet, belt, kilt and buckled shoes. Pinkerton describes some weird practices which may, or may not, have existed as relics of Paganism, mingled with mediæval Catholicism, and now and again turning up in strange contiguity with Presbyterianism. Mr. Lecky has summed up some of these survivals of the unfittest, one of the latest being the summoning of the clans "to war by the fiery cross dipped in blood with those mystic rites which the great Scotch poet has made familiar. As late as 1745 it was sent round Loch Tay by Lord Breadalbane to summon his clansmen to support the Government" *

* Lecky: *England in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. II. p. 301. It may be remarked that the whole of Mr. Lecky's chapter v., in so far as it relates to Scotland, and especially the Highlands is valuable for the amount of research displayed by the author, as well as for the generally impartial deductions from the facts at his command.

It is not by romance or poetry, however, though these have been the fruit, in abundance, of Highland life and adventure, that one may gauge fairly the latent power which was pent up in those glens. The Celt is always a being of the brooding and reflective sort, as the Chaldeans, the Arabians, and all pastoral nations have been since recorded history committed its first syllable to the keeping of wood, clay, stone or metal. Unfortunate as it is in one regard, the imaginative and thoughtful side of the Scottish Celt have lost their philosophic aspect in the picturesque scenery upon which he played his miniature drama, and the bold, brave, reckless daring which broke its bounds and poured down upon the fertile South in raid and romantic adventure. Border history seems to have been forgotten in the modern conception of the Highlander. Men have lost sight, except in ballad, of Robin Hood or of Jack Cade, not to speak of even ignoble heroes like Dick Turpin, Cartouche, or Robert Macaire. The Highlander was never an outlaw in his own country; on the contrary, he was a law unto himself, and his code, on the whole, considering the times, seems to have been a strict one. He has been accused of "reiving," of stealing black cattle, and so on; and yet no man was ever more strongly imbued with the spirit of integrity than he was in the conventional code of his age. No man ever surpassed him in honour, bravery, and fidelity, because to no man would he yield in battle, and never did his fealty or loyalty fail. There may be differences of opinion concerning the clan system which was not confined to the Scottish Highlands. It was prevalent in Ireland under the name of

septs, and in the Lowlands it was fully established in the great ballad era of the Border.* The clan system was in fact an extension of the family, and those who rejoice in its practical disappearance under the Act for the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions by the Pelham Government in 1746, ought to pause before condemning it, during the centuries when it was the only possible bond of cohesion between men, in a society like the Highlands, competent to secure even a measure of order and authority.

The two prime virtues attributed, and justly attributed, to the Highland clans are fidelity and courage. Now conscious dishonesty is incompatible with honour or fealty in any shape, whatever the somewhat hackneyed saw about thieves may say. The Celtic Highlanders in their hereditary divisions, formed so many petty nationalities, which were in continual warfare either in leagues, or separate tribes. They had no king but the chief; and, in the wild country they inhabited, there was no law but the strong arm. Modern statesmen seize territories, appropriate revenues, and parcel out empires under the ostensible pretext of preserving their integrity and independence. In old times the chiefs simply ordered the lifting of black cattle, an indiscriminate slaughter where it was necessary, and that was the end of it. It was thus with most of the Highland raids in early times; and in the beginning of last century, Rob Roy was always under the protection of a chief of his own or another clan.† The

* See Keltie: *History of the Scottish Highlands*, Vol. ii. p. 116. Also Scott and Velth in their works on the Border and Border Minstrelsy.

† "Of the extraordinary impotence of the law in the early years of the eighteenth century, even in the southern extremity of the Highlands, we have a striking instance in

Highland robbery, so-called, was in the first instance simply a belligerent operation—one with which all great conquerors have been familiar. In fact it was a sort of *via media* between robbing a hen-roost, and ravaging a kingdom. The evidence that the Highland raid was regarded, not merely as not a crime, but even as praiseworthy and laudable, is clear both from history and from romance, which is occasionally quite as trustworthy. There was a distinction between the "lifting" of sheep and cattle, which was not without its meaning; there was a feeling of utter abhorrence for robbery, pure and simple. Captain Burt, who travelled from England with only one servant, was well-known to have a very large sum in gold about him, and yet had perfect confidence in Celtic integrity. Finally the Highlander never took anything, on pain of death, from a friendly clan, and never made a business of cattle-raiding save upon the Lowlands against which it would have been easy for him to frame an hereditary bill of complaint. When he engaged in a descent upon the Lowlands, he was able to pray for success in good round pious phrases, compared with which Plantagenet, Hapsburg, Napoleonic, Hohenzollern or Romanoff's canting invocations appear like the mincing petitions of a May-fair vicar on behalf of a rose-water bridal party. Although the Celt was clearly culpable, according to our conceptions of

the career of Robert Macgregor, the well-known Rob Roy. For more than twenty years he carried on a private war with the Duke of Montrose, driving away his cattle, intercepting his rents, levying contributions on his tenants, and sometimes, in broad daylight, carrying away his servants. He did this—often under the protection of the Duke of Argyll—in a country that was within thirty miles of the garrison towns of Stirling and Dumbarton, and of the important city of Glasgow, and this although a small garrison had been planted at Inversnaid for the express purpose of checking his depredations. He at last died peacefully on his bed in 1736 at the patriarchal age of eighty." Lecky: *History*, Vol. ii, p. 28.

morality, he was conscious of no wrong; and in his backward state of culture and the poverty and hardness of his life might have pleaded, had he known it, the example of the ancient Spartans and of all the vigorous races of Europe at a similar stage of development. Had it not been for their free mountains, their barren moors and their inaccessible glens and caves, they would have been crushed or exterminated like their Celtic brethren in England, or across the Irish Sea. If they were guilty of barbarous excesses in the Stuart persecutions, more atrocious, perhaps, than those connived at, and rewarded, by a European power in Bulgaria, the sin must not be laid to their charge, but at the door of those who let them loose upon a peaceful people, with deliberate instructions to torture and to slay.

Let us look at their fidelity. In James the Fifth's reign when Murray suppressed an insurrection of the Clan Chattan, two hundred of the rebels were sentenced to death. "Each one as he was led to the gallows was offered a pardon if he would reveal the hiding-place of his chief; but they all answered, that were they acquainted with it, no sort of punishment could induce them to be guilty of treachery to their leader. Innumerable cases of this unwavering steadfastness of faith occurred during and after the '15 and '45, amongst the Frasers, the Macleans, the Macdonalds and the Macphersons. One must suffice. In 1745, the home of Macpherson, of Cluny, was burnt to the ground by Royal troops, and a reward of £1,000 offered for his arrest. The country was scoured by soldiers; and "yet for nine years the chief

was able to live concealed on his property in a cave which his clansmen dug for him during the night, and, though upwards of one hundred persons knew of his place of retreat, no bribe or menace could extort the secret; till, at last, wearied of the long and dreary solitude, and despairing of pardon, he took refuge in France.* It is hardly necessary to refer to the wanderings of Charles Edward through the Highlands and Islands for five months with a reward of £30,000 upon his head, known, as in South Uist, by hundreds at a time, helpless and at the mercy of any one whom lucre could tempt; and yet far safer than some of his ancestors had been at Holyrood or St. James's. The names of Malcolm Macleod, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and the heroic Flora Macdonald who "built herself an everlasting name" wherever the romantic story of the '45 is told.† James Hogg the Ettrick shepherd, embalmed her memory in "Flora Macdonald's Lament," from which the temptation is strong to quote one verse:

"The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
 Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good,
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!"‡

* Lecky: *History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. II. pp. 32, 33.

† Keltie: *History of the Scottish Highlands*, vol. I. chaps. 36 and 37, where a very full and interesting account of Culioden and subsequent events will be found.

‡ Flora Macdonald was the daughter of Ronald Macdonald, of Miltown, in South Uist, one of the most distant of the Western Isles. She was born about 1722, and died in Skye in 1790, being buried with the sheet used by Prince Charlie, as her shroud. See a very interesting biography of her by a granddaughter published at Edinburgh (new edition), 1875.

Of Highland bravery, what need to expatiate when addressing an English-speaking race? What part of the world does not bear testimony to Celtic valour on a hundred battle-fields? The hardy life of the Highlander, the free bracing air of mountain and loch had marked him out as a soldier, reared, though not disciplined, by Nature herself. The people of the Lowlands, from their peculiar history and surroundings no doubt, as Mr. Lecky says, shared their high military qualities to the full extent. "Great courage, great power of enduring both privation and pain, great fire and impetuosity in attack, were abundantly shown; but the discipline of a regular army was required to add to these, that more than English tenacity which has placed the Scotchman in the first rank of European soldiers."* The clan system had of course inured the Highlanders to the toils of war, and in the seventeenth century, the great leaders could bring large numbers into the field. Thus we find that some of the chiefs could muster men by thousands. In 1764, a muster was made of about 10,000, and General

From the earliest period she was a Jacobite, and remained so to the last. Her earliest recollections were songs breathing hatred to the Sassenach. Two lines are preserved:

"Geordie sits in Charlie's chair;
The de'il tak him for sitting there."

Years after, when "the lost cause" was beyond recovery, she would never so much as name George III., and when her son spoke of him as His Majesty, she slapped him soundly, saying she would hear nothing of "soft Geordie" (p. 385). As Dr. Johnson said, she left "a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." In the work referred to, there is an admirable portrait of the Highland heroine; and, as Johnson describes her, we can readily believe that she had "soft features, gentle manners and elegant presence."

* Lecky, Vol. II. p. 34. Mr. Lecky has heard one of the most eminent English surgeons state as the result of his experience, that he found a wide difference in the power of enduring pain shown by patients from different parts of the British Empire, and that he has usually found his Scotch patients, in this respect, greatly superior to his English and to his Irish ones. *Ibid. note.*

Wade states the rebel Highlanders at 14,000, and the loyal at 8,000 in 1745. A song called "The Chevalier's Muster Roll," enumerates the chiefs and their clans; these lines may serve as a sample:—

"The Laird o' MacIntosh is comin',
MacGregor and Macdonald's comin',
The MacKenzies an' MacPherson's comin',
A' the wild McRaes are comin',
Little wat ye fa's comin',
Donald Gunn an' a's comin'," &c.*

The Union, under Anne, in 1707, was at the time exceedingly unpopular in Scotland for many reasons. There was the absorption of that dearly-prized nationality for which the Scots had fought so hard; and besides differences in religion and laws between the two countries, the superior wealth and also the heavy national debt of England, made the people of the north strongly averse to the measure. And even long after it had been consummated, and the benefits flowing from it had discredited the augury of ill, there was a strong undercurrent of dissatisfaction which even influenced Smollett and Scott. It cannot be doubted that the anti-Union feeling all over Scotland imparted some of that galvanic energy which temporarily gave vitality to the dying cause of the Stuarts. This broke out, as everyone knows, at the death of Anne, the last monarch of that arbitrary, faithless, and ill-fated house. The rising in 1715, and its collapse at Sheriffmuir, and the more formidable outbreak under Charles Edward, the march to Derby and the final defeat by "the butcher Cumberland" at Culloden, are events which

* James Logan: *The Scottish Gael; or Celtic Manners*, pp. 77-78.

need not be rehearsed here.* Were all the histories swept out of existence the story of "The Forty-Five" could never die, while the songs of the Jacobites and the poems of many a Scottish bard linger in the memories of the people. One of the satirical pieces, "Cumberland's and Murray's descent into Hell," is not so generally read, and it certainly exhibits

* The battle of Sherriffmuir was not a victory either for Mar or Argyll, yet its effect was to extinguish the Chevalier's hopes. The following verse from Hogg's "*Jacobite Relics*" is quoted in *The Scottish Highlanders*, vol. i. p. 464:—

"There's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure, that at Sherriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, wan;
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
But Florence ran fastest of a', man."

By "Florence" is meant the Marquis of Huntly's steed.

Amongst the individual heroes on the Highland side, Golice or Gillies Macbane is conspicuous. He was six feet four inches and a quarter in height, and of prodigious strength. At Culloden, being beset by a party of dragoons, he placed his back against a wall, and though covered with wounds, defended himself with target and claymore. Thirteen of the foe were struck dead at his feet before he succumbed. *The Scottish Highlanders*, Vol. i. p. 466. In *The Scottish Gael*, p. 96, his memory is preserved in a poem attributed to Lord Byron, and as it is not often met with, the reader will be pleased to see it here.

"The clouds may pour down on Culloden's red plain,
But the waters shall flow o'er its crimson in vain;
For their drops shall seem few to the tears for the slain,
But mine are for thee, my brave Gillies Macbane.

"Though thy cause was the cause of the injured and brave,
Though thy death was the hero's, and glorious thy grave;
With thy dead foes around thee, piled high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds o'er thee, my Gillies Macbane."

"How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew.
But what could the mightiest single arm do?
A hundred like thee might the battle regain;
But cold are thy hand and thy heart, Gillies Macbane!

"With thy back to the wall and thy breast to the targe,
Full flashed thy claymore in the face of their charge;
The blood of their tallest that barren turf stain;
But alas! thine is redder there, Gillies Macbane

"Hewn down, but still battling, thou sunk'st to the ground,
The plaid was one gore, and thy breast was one wound;
Thirteen of thy foes by thy right hand lay slain;
Oh! would they were thousands for Gillies Macbane!

a wealth of diabolical fancy, hate and humour combined, which make it irresistible. These are the concluding verses :—

“ Ae deevil sat splitting brumstane matches,
Ane roasting the Whigs like baker's batches ;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting,
A' ceased when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stop'd and glow'r'd.

‘ Fy, gar take a pie in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,’
Quo’ Satan ; and in his mitten’d hand,
He hyert up bluidy Cumberland,
And whittled him down like tow-kail castock,
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black table-claith was spread,
Th’ infernal grace was reverend said ;
Yap stood the hungry fiends a’ owre it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
When Satan cried out, ‘ fit to scunner,
Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner ! ’ ”

The brutality of a royal general whose deeds could call forth so terrible a stroke of concentrated detestation, must have itself been fearful, and such it certainly was. Maddened by the defeat of Hawley at Falkirk, in January, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland, who might have been content with an inglorious victory, in which he fought a starving and dispirited enemy with more than twice its numbers, began a course of vindictive reprisals which have earned for him the

“ Oh ! loud, and long heard shall thy coronach be,
And high o'er the heather thy cairn we shall see,
And deep in all bosoms thy name shall remain,
But deepest in mine, dearest Gillies Macbane !

“ And daily the eyes of thy brave boy before,
Shall thy plaid be unfolded, unsheathed thy claymore ;
And the white rose shall bloom on his bonnet, again
Shall he prove the true son of my Gillies Macbane.”

name of "the Butcher." All that Lauderdale and his crew had wrought, on behalf of the Stuarts, was now perpetrated upon the romantic spirits who championed the lost cause, and the courageous men who desired in their own way to answer the question "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" Thus Scotland suffered at Glencoe under William III., as well as at and after Culloden, on behalf of the Stuarts.

With 1746 the agony was over, and, although there were riots occasionally over unpopular imposts, there has been no warfare in Scotland since. The intrepid Celt has fought the battles of Britain in every clime wherever the Union Jack has been unfurled; and the courage of the Highlander, was, by a happy inspiration, turned into a noble channel. Those gallant regiments, whose numbers of themselves arouse the British heart with memories of distinguished prowess, were formed only a year or two after the Rebellion. Culloden was fought on April 16th, 1746, and only twelve years after the 79th Highlanders took part in the siege of Louisbourg, and on the 12th of September in the following year, the Fraser Highlanders mounted the heights of Abraham and played the foremost part in the taking of Quebec.* The merit of forming the Highland regiments is usually given to the elder Pitt; but he can only be credited with realizing a splendid idea. It was Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, a man of splendid powers, unfortunate in not being favoured with a wider stage upon which to display and develop them,

* The heights themselves took their name from Abraham Martin, *dit l'Écossais* (surnamed the Scot), a pilot on the St. Lawrence in the time of Champlain, a century and a quarter before the conquest of Quebec. See Lemoine: *Quebec, Past and Present*. Note p. 21; also Murdoch's *Nova Scotia*, vol. i. p. 95.

who first proposed to Robert Walpole the scheme which Pitt afterwards carried out in practice with such glorious results. It is impossible here to summarize the gallant achievements of the Highland regiments in the British army or the famous names associated with them. The 42nd or "Black Watch" arose apparently out of a tentative effort of the Government in 1729; their first action was fought at Fontenoy, 1745, and their latest combat in Ashantee, 1873. As the original Highland regiment, the words of the "Garb of Old Gaul" have an appropriate connection with the subject of this volume, a few verses therefore are selected:—

"In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought and they fought not in vain.

"Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance,
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

"Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause,
That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws."

It was in the 42nd that Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, was Colonel. The London Highlanders were another old Highland Regiment, but they were reduced after the loss of Bergen op Zoom and the peace of 1748. The Moatgomery Highlanders, the Frasers, who were prominent at Quebec, forming the old 78th and 71st, the Keith and Campbells or old 87th and 88th, Johnstons, Keiths and a number of others have passed across the stage and played their gallant

parts, only to disappear by reduction or amalgamation. Of the existing regiments best known to fame are the 71st formerly the 73rd or Macleod's Highlanders, the 72nd or Duke of Albany's, the 78th or Ross-shire Buffs, the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, the 91st now called the Princess Louise Argyleshire Highlanders, the 92nd Gordons and the 93rd Sutherlands. Burn's "son of Mars," rather a roystering specimen, however, like most of the first Scottish soldiers in the British army began their service in America in the life and death struggle with France.*

From the Seven Years' War until now, the Scots, and largely the Highlanders, have constituted the flower of the British fighting stock. Their valour has been displayed alike in Egypt, the Crimea, India, the Peninsula, Canada or America, Abyssinia, Ashantee or wherever else the voice of duty called them.

Much of the poetry and chivalry of Highland History is bound up with the Stuart cause, and gathers about such distinguished names as those of Dundee and Montrose. But it may be well to remind the reader here that the cause of the Whig and the Covenanter was by no means a dull and unheroic one. The illustrious house which has stood for

* In the same singular medley the reader of Burns is also treated to a view of the Highlander of the old time in the song of the "raucle carlin":—

"A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowlan' laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman, &c.

ages at the head of the clan Campbell should be held in everlasting esteem and remembrance for its unfaltering and steadfast adherence to the sacred cause of liberty, civil and religious. There are weak and dark spots in the history of all noble families, and yet, taken altogether, there is none which will bear closer scrutiny, than the house of Campbell of Argyll, "The MacCallum More," Lord of Lorne, Lochow, and Inverary. Now that our gracious Sovereign is represented in her fairest colony by the heir of this ancient and noble family, who brings with him, as an additional claim upon Canadian loyalty, a Princess, in whose veins flows the blood of Scotland's royal race, it may not be amiss to glance episodically at a few members of the line from which His Excellency sprang. With genealogical or heraldic considerations it is unnecessary to meddle here, and, therefore, the first name of note to be mentioned is that of Sir Neil Campbell, son of Colin-More, who fought by the side of Robert the Bruce, and obtained the hand of his sister Mary. Sir Colin Campbell, a name since illustrious, in our day, in far distant fields, was his son, brave and impetuous to rashness. In 1445 the head of the family became a Scottish peer, and sat as Lord Campbell, and in 1457, Colin Campbell became Earl of Argyll. The Argylls always figured conspicuously upon the stage of public affairs in Scotland, and invariably on what posterity has adjudged to be the right, if not the picturesque side. Three who bore the Gaelic title of Mac Callum More obtained special distinction, Archibald, eighth Earl, and first Marquis of Argyll, the rival of Montrose, stands out in bold relief, both for his firm adherence to

principle, and his tragic death, as a French writer has observed, like one of "the heroes of Plutarch." He was as chivalrous as his great opponent; and, although no bigot, he opposed the Episcopal system and the liturgy, and adhered to the Covenant. He was no foe to the monarchy, however, and his most strenuous efforts were put forth to keep the wayward Stuarts in the right path. Against Montrose, aided by a savage band of Irish raiders, he fought and lost the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, which was followed by the complete rout of the Covenanters near Kilsyth. At Philiphaugh, in the same year, the gallant Leslie defeated Montrose, but Argyll, who deserved some amends from fortune, had no share in the victory. The Marquis did all that was possible, even up to the time of the King's surrender, to save the Royal fortunes, and he had nothing to do with the surrender of Charles to the English Parliament. It was he who crowned Charles II at Scone, and no one could have been more lavish in his promises to him than the merry, unstable and faithless King. "Whenever," said he, "it shall please God to restore me to my just rights, I shall see him paid £40,000 sterling, which is due to him." This, and all other scores, were wiped out when Charles caused the great noble's head to be struck off on a false charge of treason, in May, 1661, at the cross of Edinburgh. According to Wodrow, Argyle's piety set Charles against him as far back as the coronation at Scone. On one occasion he kept the young King till two or three in the morning in religious conversation and prayer. "The Marchioness said plainly that that night would cost him his head—words which, as

has been shown, proved too true."* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of Scott that this is the Argyll who figures in the early chapters of *The Legend of Montrose*.

Archibald, his son, was destined to prove a victim to that bloodthirstier of the last two Stuart kings, the second James. In Charles' reign, James went down to gloat over the "boots" and "thumbikins;" and, of course the head of the Campbells was too conspicuous a Whig to be allowed to escape. In 1681 he was prosecuted in the Justiciary Court by the Royal advocate vulgarly known as "Bluidy Mackenzie." In spite of Court pressure, however, the judges were so closely divided, that Lord Nairn, who had been superannuated, was brought in to turn the scale. By the affectionate ingenuity of his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay, he escaped, after his conviction, disguised as her page. From Holland, Argyll made the fatal movement at Charles' death, which was unhappily premature. In the epitaph which he wrote on the eve of his execution, there is if not poetry, at least prescience and "an heroic satisfaction of conscience, expressed in them, worthy of the cause in which he fell." The lines are these:—

"On my attempt though Providence did frown,
His oppressed people God at length shall own;
Another hand, with more successful speed,
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.
Though my head fall, that is no tragic story,
Since, going hence, I enter endless glory."

So perished the most illustrious of the noble army of Covenanting martyrs.†

* See an interesting brochure published by Hogg, of London, at the time of the marriage of His Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

† See McCrie, Wodrow, and Howie's *Scots Worthies*, also Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenantant*, and Dodds' *Fifty Years' Struggle of the Scots Covenanters*, 1638-83.

The great John Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who appears to such advantage as the patron of Jeanie Deans in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (chaps. 35-38 and chap. 48), has left perhaps the strongest impression upon the popular Highland mind of all his line. He was supreme in Scotland; as the strongest bulwark of the House of Hanover in England his claim upon Government was, of course, indisputable from the first. He was a soldier moreover, and had distinguished himself in Flanders under Marlborough. In the first Rebellion of 1715, Argyll fought Mar at Sheriffmuir, with rather questionable success. When all was over however, he immediately took up his natural position as intercessor for his misguided countrymen; and it has been well-observed that if the counsels of Ian Roy—John the Red as he was called by his clan—had been followed, the 15 would never have sent England into a cowardly panic. At the Porteous Riot he had some difficulty in managing matters in London, and the speech which Sir Walter Scott has merely transcribed, but describes the man as he appeared to himself and as he knew him: "I am no minister, I never was a minister, and I never will be one. I thank God I have always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given to me, to employ them in doing any obsequery or any other kind whatever."* The Duke's well-known relation to the able, and almost great, Queen Caroline, then Regent during one of the second George's absences on the Continent, showed clearly the commanding attitude Argyll felt himself en-

* *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, ch. xxiv.

titled to hold as the representative of the Scottish people. When the Queen, in a moment of not unnatural indignation, after the Riots, declared that "she would turn Scotland into a hunting-seat," the Duke coolly replied, "if that be the case, madam, I must go down and prepare my hounds." In his later years, the Duke broke with Sir Robert Walpole and formed a member of the coalition which caused the downfall of "The Great Commoner" in 1742. In the October of the following year John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich died and was interred in Westminster Abbey. That he must have been a great, as well as a good man, we have the testimony of those who were of *his* friends as well as ours—Pope and Thomson; we know him best through Scott but his real character is more indubitably fixed by the place he holds in the affectionate traditions of the Highland people on both sides of the Atlantic. Of the other branches of the Campbells, it is not necessary to write at length. All of them from the Breadalbanes down have distinguished themselves in war and peace. Amongst those who bore the name, the Campbells of Inverawe were one of the most important collateral branches and one connected in later days with Canada. The Inverawe branch came of the old Neil Campbell stock which fought with Bruce, fought with Wallace against Montrose, and poured forth its energy into the national service when the national troubles were at their height. It was Duncan Campbell of Inverawe who raised "The Black Watch," and he with his only son perished at Ticonderoga, fighting the French in the war of the Conquest. The Major's great nephew, another Major Campbell, seignior

of St. Hilaire, in the Province of Quebec, was also a gallant soldier, and for some years M. P. for the County of Rouville.

The Highland aptitude for peaceful and industrious labours was not discovered until long after the Union. But so soon as tranquillity was definitively assured, hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, education disseminated, roads constructed, and new avenues for the restrained energies of the Celts opened up; then a new era dawned upon them. They had always possessed many kindly traits of character, love of kindred, hospitality, tenderness to the helpless and unfortunate; but their real power as honest toilers was never fully proved until they went forth, some of them driven out that a lord might make a sheep-walk or a game preserve, to the Dominion in which, still cherishing the Gaelic of their fathers, they have made a name for themselves and their race, far from the hoary mountain, the rushing torrent, and the awesome moor.

The literature of the Highland people is far too extensive a subject to be touched on here. The pensive imagination which breathes through the poems handed down in the Celtic tongue is the outcome of nature attuned to loneliness, upon dark mountains, under a chilly star-lit heaven. "The seat of the Celtic Muse," says Sir Walter Scott, in *Waverley* (ch. xxii.), "is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He that woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall." The music of the Highlands has, in its brightest moods, an undertone of sadness; even the

pibroch has borrowed some of its basic power from the wail of the coronach. It is this imaginative and meditative spirit which has passed over the philosophy of all Scotland, percolating through the husk of all the creeds, and saturating the national mind with a seriousness which evolves energy, not despair, and a dignity of self-respect and a stern feeling of responsibility which makes men at once devout, affectionate, thoughtful, loyal and true in whatever station, or in the discharge of whatsoever duty Providence may assign them. Mr. Lecky, in the work often quoted, has pointed out the essentially beneficial contribution made by the Highlanders to the national character in a few sentences with which this chapter may not unfitly conclude:—"The distinctive beauty and the great philosophic interest of that (the Scottish) character, spring from the very singular combination it displays of a romantic and chivalrous with a practical and industrial spirit. In no other nation do we find the enthusiasm of loyalty blending so happily with the enthusiasm for liberty, and so strong a vein of poetic sensibility and romantic feeling qualifying a type that is essentially industrial. It is not difficult to trace the Highland source of this spirit. The habits of the clan life, the romantic loyalty of the clansman to his chief, the almost legendary charm that has grown up around Mary Queen of Scots, and round the Pretender, have all had their deep and lasting influence on the character of the people. Slowly, through the course of years, a mass of traditional feeling was formed, clustering around, but usually transfiguring facts. . . . The clan legends, and a very idealized conception of clan

virtues, survived the destruction of feudal power; and the pathos and the fire of the Jacobite ballads were felt by multitudes long after the star of the Stuarts had sunk for ever at Culloden. Traditions and sentiments that were once the badges of a party, became the romance of a nation; and a great writer arose who clothed them with the hues of a transcendent genius, and made them the eternal heritage of his country and of the world." (*History* ii., p. 99).





CHAPTER VI.

THE WOMEN AND THE HOMES OF SCOTLAND.

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow !
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you.
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.

— BURNS : *Epistle to Davie*.

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws ;
But a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer ;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nane half sae sure as one's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

—ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
And haughs hae a' the scented ware
That simmer growth may gie ;
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e
That makes to us a warl' complete,
O, the ingle side's for me.

—HUGH AINSLIE.

THE wholesome form of the domestic affections is co-extensive with humanity, and their influence is happily the property of no single race or nation. Still, as in

other cases, the peculiar form they take, as well as the purity and fervour of their manifestations, varies considerably, according to the genius, the temperament, the history, and the general social habits of different peoples. Napoleon declared that the need of France was mothers, and a distinguished French writer states that nothing in England struck him so forcibly as its homes. Now any attempt at comparing the capacities for the highest forms of domestic life exhibited in different countries would be futile, even if it were successful. Still it may be well to note that the value of any people as colonists and civilizers will always depend upon the character and social position of its women. Female influence is so intertwined with man's every-day life, and is so much an ordinary blessing, that it is too much the habit to take it as a matter of course ; its value, like the value of light, air, or any other mercy which comes down from the Father of Lights, is never gauged and prized as it should be, until its loss is felt in absence or bereavement. At other times woman and her works and ways are too often treated with the flippant or contemptuous quip, or, what is still more offensive to the refined and sensitive, with the high-strained and fulsome compliment, not yet out of fashion.

In Scotland, many circumstances have combined to give the female element large opportunities for home development, and not a few for conspicuous public action. All those historic influences which have moulded the national character—the invasions, the prolonged wars, foreign and intestine, persecutions and raids from the mountains or the Border—whilst they tended to keep everything else in

a state of solution, strengthened wonderfully the bonds of domestic affection. The love which welled up in the strong and passionate heart of the Scot could only find solace and satisfaction at the trysting place or the home fire-side. Hence the fervour of the poetry of Scotland, especially that branch of it which deals with the affections. Deprived of peace elsewhere, with stunted ambitions, and a life made up of toil, suffering, poverty, and apprehension, the people naturally sought and found their happiness within the household. Burns expresses the general feeling when he says:—

"To make a happy fireside chime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos, and sublime
Of human life."

The picture of the Scottish household caught from the poets and romance writers—from Burns, Scott, Hogg, Ramsay, Tannahill, Galt and innumerable others, is eminently vivid and realistic. In the absence of any wider sphere of action, home assumed a prominent place in the thoughts of Scotsmen, not often traceable in countries where the heart has so many claimants upon its notice and regard. In the poems of Burns, the whole gamut of love is mastered and employed in weaving the most exquisite melody. Is it simple admiration for women, what can be finer than the well-worn song "Green grow the rushes, O"?

"Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;'
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

From that light vein of generous appreciation, all the

notes in the weird symphony of human affection are tried in turn, with marvellous power until we reach to the height of the poem "To Mary in Heaven," or the concentrated volume of pathos of the verse in the lyric "Ae fond kiss before we part :"—

" Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met and never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Of conjugal affection, the song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," short as it is, it gives full expression. He is speaking of Jean Armour, his wife :—

" I see her in the dewy flowers,
 Sae lovely, sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air ;
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that springs
 But 'minds me o' my Jean."

Throughout the songs of Burns, the same intense wealth of affection shines with sterling lustre. There is another side to the picture, alas ! but there the living man, and not the poet, was at fault. For the most part his songs are full of healthy, strong human affection, embracing all mankind, but garnering itself up peculiarly in the closer attachments of the heart. "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "The Epistle to a Young Friend" reveal the inner self of the wayward bard. As it was from life, and lovingly, he depicted the pious home and simple Presbyterian family worship in the one, so from a sad experience, which had taught, but not enforced, wisdom, he wrote :—

"The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt the *illicit love*,
 Tho' neething may divulge it ;
 I wave the quantum of the sin,
 The hazard o' concealing,
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !"

Others may better "reck the reed, than ever did th' adviser," yet one feels a yearning sympathy for that true-hearted man, whose spirit was so willing, and his flesh so very weak. Penitent, cautious self-control, which, in "The Bard's Epitaph," he calls "wisdom's root," was not given to him. The words of that self-indited coronach are keen and worth the reading more than once.

"Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs himself, life's mad career
 Wild as the wave ;
 Here pause and through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.
 The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !"

Dean Stanley has said that the struggle in Scotland during this century has been a conflict of the spirit of Knox with the spirit of Burns. Is it quite certain that such an antagonism really exists? If it were possible--and perhaps for an outsider it is not--to analyze dispassionately the phenomena of the two centuries, during the latter part of which these "representative" Scots left the scene, it would be found that both of them were diverse developments of the same type of charac-

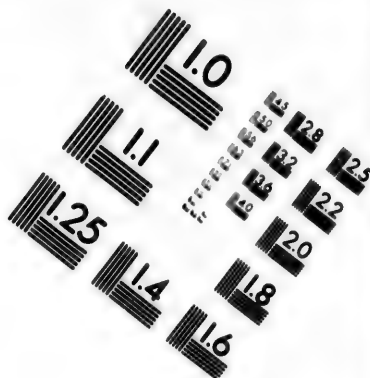
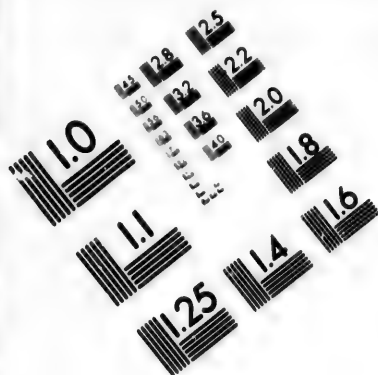
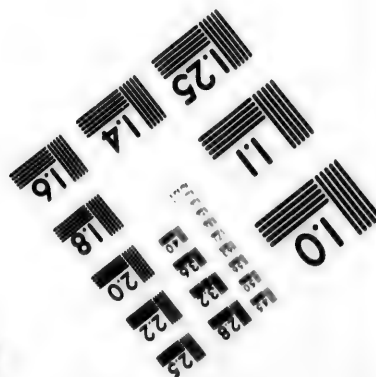
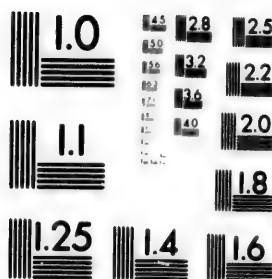


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ter—bold, self-reliant, proud, disdainful where there was anything despicable, fiery, impetuous, independent. Knox was recalcitrant, so was Burns; but the energetic enthusiasm of the latter, his fine poetic temper, and the strong predominance of social feeling and passion in his nature made him a rebel against the restraints of Church or public opinion, even when at heart he approved of them. The war in his members never ceased, and if any one really supposes him to have determinedly posed as an enemy to the Presbyterian spirit of Knox or Melville, he has only to study his letters, and then compare his poems, as a whole, gross or refined, with the conscienceless sensuality of Byron.

Burns has naturally claimed a foremost place in the poetry of the affections; but there are others who have struck the celestial lyre in strains not less exalted, in their inspired moments. In the *Border Minstrelsy* there are so many touching ballads of hapless love, that it would be hard to select any without extending this chapter unduly. Professor Murray cites specially "*The Lass of Lochroyan*," "*Willie and May Margaret*," "*The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*"; but one cannot but agree with him that "*Fair Helen of Kirconnell*" is unrivalled in impassioned anguish of expression. It is Adam Fleming the, favoured lover—at whom his rival aimed the shot which poor Helen, in shielding her lover, received in her breast—who sings "*I wish I were where Helen lies*," in the plaintive strains of the ballad. The rage, the revenge, the love stronger than death, and even longing for it, succeed one another to an admirable and touching

climax. The broken-hearted wail of the concluding stanzas is deeply pathetic :

" I wish my grave were growing green ;
 A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirconnell lee,
 I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake who died for me !"

On the brighter side of youthful love, there is, says Professor Murray, a remarkable susceptibility to the emotional influences in nature. The loves celebrated in these songs are commonly associated with beautiful scenes; and thus Maxwelton Braes and Kelvin Grove, Gala Water and the Yarrow, The Bonnie Woods of Craigilea, and the Birks of Aberfeldy, as well as a hundred other spots, have attained something like a classical fame.* Still it will generally be found that the human interest, as might be expected, overshadows delight in the beauty of external nature; and, in all the poetry worthy of note, that of Burns and Scott included, there is hardly a trace of lonely communion with the world around. One of the best specimens of amatory poetry in this vein, is Hogg's "When the Kye comes hame." He had, undoubtedly, a keen eye for nature, and here each verse hints some aspect of the rural scene with the delight of wooing a bonnie lassie.

"Tween the gloamin and the wick,
 When the kye comes hame."

Hector Macneill's "Mary of Castlecary" is a gem in its way,

* Prof. Murray: *The Ballads and Songs of Scotland*, p. 79.

far superior to the "Edwin and Emma" of the ballad and of Goldsmith. Then there are Tannahill's "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison," Lyle's "Kelvin Grove," and innumerable others that will readily occur to the reader. In the pathetic view of social and domestic life, Smibert's "Scottish Widow's Lament," Thom's "Mitherless Bairn," Ballantine's "Naeboddy's Bairn," with that simple little childhood lyric "Castles in the Air," also Ballantine's, are noteworthy.

Scotland's poetic roll, however, has been made illustrious above measure by the names of an unprecedented number of female lyricists.* At the head of these stands unquestionably Caroline, Baroness Nairne, whether the versatility of her genius or the marked individuality of her style, be taken into account. But to enumerate the female poets chronologically we must begin with Lady Grisell Baillie, "the bravest of all Scottish heroines," whose romantic life extended from 1665 to 1746. Her poetic fame rests on one song, a pathetic wail over a wasted "might have been." The refrain gives its name to the poem and is repeated in the last line of this, the concluding verse:—

"Oh ! were we young as we ance hae been,
We should hae been gallopin' down yon green,
And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea ;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee."

Allan Cunningham remarked that this song is "very original, very characteristic and very irregular; but Lady Grisell's life was rather out of the common. She had the

* Authorities: *The Songstresses of Scotland*, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson; and the biographical notices in *The Scottish Minstrel*, by the Rev. Chas. Rogers, LL. D.

cares of a household laid upon her, when a child. The mother was a confirmed invalid and Grisell was the eldest of the eighteen children of Sir Patrick Home, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, who was always in a stew of political trouble in those early days. The heroine of the house was sent upon errands, not usually considered domestic. Her father and her future husband's father were in trouble with the Stuart rulers. The former escaped to be enobled; the latter suffered for treason when George Baillie was nineteen and Grisell only eighteen. It would be curious to know something of the love-passages between these companions in adversity, when she went to the Tolbooth to see his father, or he stole forth to carry food to Sir Patrick, in the family tomb of Polwarth, lying on a mattress, "among the mouldering bones of his fathers, with his good Kilmarnock cowl drawn well over his brow, defying the cold, as he whiled away the time in repeating George Buchanan's Latin Psalms,"* the grand text-book by the use of which the Dominies of those days combined classical Latinity, with a due regard for religious training. Sir Patrick went over to Holland, and, as luck would have it, was on the side that turned up right at the Revolution. But there was a terrible time, meanwhile. Poor Grisell had "the heavy end of the string to bear," and bore it, as only such a brave little woman could. The story of her trials and triumphs has been written by her daughter, and no one can read without rejoicing that the noble heroine, who sacrificed so much for kith and kin, lived, through many troubles, a life of peaceful

* *Songstresses of Scotland*, Vol. I. p. 3.

equanimity and died only eight years after the lad who was destined to be her husband and the father of her children. At her death she said that "she could die in peace, that all she desired was to be with George Baillie"—and so she died.*

When Lady Baillie had about reached middle age, the writer of the most powerful expression of conjugal love in any language, was born at Greenock. Jean Adam's long life was a sore struggle with poverty. She early ate the bread of dependence, tried to keep a school for little girls, made a pilgrimage on foot to London, like Jeanie Deans, though upon a different errand, and at last died in the workhouse, the day after her name had been entered on the books as "a poor woman in distress, a stranger who had been wandering about." Jean Adam was the author of "There's nae luck about the house"; yet she died without even knowing the rapturous affection she described, or tasting aught of a mother's joys. "The last verse," say the authors of the "Songstresses" (Vol. i. p. 48) is the climax of the whole—the ineffable melting of the tremulous laughter into a sudden storm of tears, all glistening as they temper the sunshine of the heart,—

"And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thocht,
In troth I'm like to greet,"

followed up quickly by the recovered bell-like ring,

"For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our good man's awa'."

* *Ibid*, p. 14.

Two years after Jean Adam "was born in the sea-captain's house at Crawfordsdyke," Alison Rutherford, better known as Mrs. Cockburn, first saw the light in the mansion-house of Fairnalee near Gala water and the Tweed. She lived during the greater part of the eighteenth century—from 1712 to 1794—and was long the centre of the cultured society of Edinburgh. The biography given by the authors of the "Songstresses" extends over more than one hundred and forty pages; it should be read by all who desire a more intimate acquaintance with one of the most lively, versatile, humorous and thoroughly happy women that ever adorned the capital of any country. Her letters are full of shrewd and pungent remarks upon society, literature, politics, religion and almost every other topic of interest in her eventful time from the '45 to the French Revolution. Written in a pleasant, chatty style, they disclose considerable critical power, keen discernment of character, and an accurate insight into the men and doings of the period.* Our authors observe that "in Alison Cockburn's long career—which was long enough to make her a connecting link between the Edinburgh of Allan Ramsay and Burns and the Edinburgh of Scott—her house was the rallying-ground, while she herself was a queen of the literati of Edinburgh." (Vol. i. p. 179.) As a poet, she is chiefly known as the writer of another "Flowers of the Forest," the most popular rendering of the theme. The refrain in the alternate verses, the "Flowers of

* Her letters to David Hume are especially noteworthy and it may be added that she had no tinge of Jacobitism, unlike most of the literary ladies of the time.

the Forest" are "a' wede away" reminds us of one already quoted. The first verse runs thus:—

"I've seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away."

The author of "The Flowers of the Forest" was unquestionably Miss Jean Elliott in the first place, and nothing certainly can exceed its tenderness and simplicity. In every respect it surpasses the treatment of the same theme by Mrs. Cockburn:—

"I've heard them liltin' at our yowe milking,
Lasses a' liltin' before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaming—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Jean Elliott lived from 1727 to 1805, and died an old maid. Miss Susan Blamire is chiefly known as the writer of the popular song, "And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire." Jean Glover, who wrote the pretty song "O'er the Muir Amang the Heather," which opens thus:—

"Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither."

was an Ayrshire peasant girl, "with a desperate strain of Gipsy wildness and recklessness in her temperament." Like the Ayrshire ploughman, she had a quarrel with the strict discipline of the time; married a strolling player, and died in Ireland at the early age of forty-two. Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the author of that grand domestic lyric—"The

Home, Sweet Home of Scotland"—"My Ain Fireside," was Scottish by blood, nurture and education, though born in Ireland. It gives the best exposition of domestic life among the Scottish people, and the warmth and power of their home affections. Lady Anne Barnard (1750-1825) came of the ancient race of the Lindsays of Balcarres; but she owes no celebrity to her ancestors, since she immortalized herself in "Auld Robin Gray."

Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, lived from 1766 till 1845, and, on the whole, must be placed at the top of any list of Scotland's female poets. She was born in the mansion-house at Gask, in Perthshire, between the Grampians and Octils, with Ben Voirlich for its landmark. Singularly beautiful in youth, she was known as "The Flower of Snathearn." The work she performed for Scottish poetry was partly original and partly in the way of refining the coarse songs in vogue amongst the people. As many of her songs serve to show, Lady Nairne was strongly Jacobite in her feelings, and the "Charlie" poetry owes much to her pen. Her most pathetic piece—one which can never die while human bereavements point the way to an "eternal hope"—is "The Land o' the Leal,"

"I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair in the land o' the leal."

and so to the last hopeful glance towards the "warld ayont"—

"Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal."

Lady Nairne's versatile talents embraced a wide range, for we may pass from the paths of this glimpse "behind the veil" to the serio-humorous "Caller Herrin'," and thence to the broad fun of "The Laird of Cockpen." The number of songs she either wholly compiled, or materially altered and embellished, is considerable, including the "Lass of Gowrie," "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "My Ain Kind Dearie, O," "Kind Robin Lo'es Me," "O Wae's Me on My Ain Man," "Saw Ye Nae My Peggie," "The Auld House" (Gask), "Here's to Them That are Gone," "The Mitherless Lammie," and a version of "Gude Nicht and Joy be Wi' Ye A'." Besides a number of comic songs, there is the Jacobite series, including "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" "Charlie is My Darling," "He's Ower the Hills that I Lo'e Weel," and "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" The attachment to "the lost cause" runs more or less through most of Lady Nairne's lyrics; but her strong wealth of wifely and domestic affection is the salient feature in her noblest efforts.

Joanna Baillie's name is well known in literature, on both sides of the Tweed, for she lived from 1784 to 1851, in London, when she died at the age of eighty-nine in England. A good deal of her Scottish poetry was like Lady Nairne's, merely a re-cast and purified setting of olden verse. Among her best-known lyrics are "Fy, Let Us A' to the Wedding,"

"Horly and Fairly," "The Weary Pund o' Tow," "Saw Ye Johnnie Comin'," "It Fell on a Morning," "Woo'd and Married and A'," &c. Of the many other female minstrels of the North may be mentioned Mrs. John Hunter—wife of the celebrated surgeon and anatomist—the author of "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair," and other short pieces; Mrs. Grant of Carron: "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"; Mrs. Dugald Stewart, wife of the philosopher: "The Tears I Shed Must Ever Fall"; Mrs. Agnes Lyon: "Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky"; Miss Graham: "The Birkie of Bonnie Dundee"; Isobel Pagan: "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes" (written before Burns' song of the same name); Miss Mary Campbell: "The March of the Cameron Men"; Miss Ogilvy: "The Glomin' Horn"; and Mrs. Isa Craig Knox, who has written the "Burns' Centennial" poem, "The Brides of Quair," "My Mary an' Me," and a number of other lyrics. The contributions to Scottish poetry by its women, gentle and simple, are unprecedented in the literary annals of any country; and they are almost uniformly of sterling merit. Naturally enough the affections form the most prominent feature in these poems, as they do in those of their brother bards. The same glow, purified, under the gentle and mellowing influence of the female type of thought and feeling, is common to both. There is no mistaking the true womanly character of the poems alluded to, but they have all the fire, energy and pathos of the male singers, with more of the chaste and pensive tone of colouring, which sets off the intrinsic beauty of womanhood in manly eyes. The men of Scotland must have been heroic and love-worthy, or

the women who displayed so deep and fervent a flow of love, wifely, maternal and patriotic, could never have expended it, in all its fulness, upon them. The great names that have come down to us in history and literature, represent but feebly the domestic life of the Scottish people. There are memoirs, letters, anecdotes, verses from which we can gather an inkling into the essentially pure, peaceful, happy, and nobly-contented little world in the Scottish home. But since moderns render their verdict upon a people, as school-boards pay the master, according to results, the moral tone of the contemporary Scot, at home or in Canada, ought to be the crucial test of what the mothers and the homes of the land were through the struggling centuries, and not less in the years of peace, plenty, and advancement, which have succeeded.

If the men in the old time fought and suffered like heroes, their wives and daughters were strong, brave, Christian heroines. In public affairs, the women of Scotland always took an exceptional part. It was the wife, the mother or the sweetheart who decked the Highland clansman, and sent him forth with strong words of cheer to the conflict. And in the Lowlands, the wife of the noble, the landowner, or the statesman, was no cipher in his councils or his work. To read of the struggles during the Reformation troubles, the fierce conflict with the Stuarts after the Reformation, or the Jacobite risings under the first two Hanoverian monarchs, is to note the silver thread of womanly courage, perseverance, astuteness and inventive affection which lightens the dark warp and woof of the texture woven in these

rough looms; once, only, does there appear to have been any discord in all the struggles of husband and wife, so strong was the bond of domestic attachment in Scotland. The story of the wife of Grainge, a Lord of Session, is a melancholy and, happily, an exceptional one. She had been suspected of abstracting state papers—an offence not considered heinous in the Foreign Office now-a-days—and her husband and son actually carried her off by night on a fishing vessel, and immured her alive on the lone island of St. Kilda, beyond the outer Hebrides, where she lingered for thirty years, till death released her.* But, invariably, with this exception, wherever the student may turn, he will find the wife and mother the cherished adviser, ally and effective help-meet of the husband and father, reviving the despondent, emulating the courage of the brave, and employing her subtle instincts where the lion's skin, as Richelieu said, must needs be eked out by the foxes. When their lords left the castle, the women of Scotland did not sit at home, wringing their hands and mumbling dismal laments in monotonous. They were northern Elizabeths on their little Thames, not content with progresses to Tilbury Fort in war, or to Kenilworth in times of peace. They appeared, for the nonce, as lords of the heritage, could muster and harangue retainers, rebuke insubordination and vice, and defend their homes at the head of their people, with a calm vigour of determination which inspired the brave with new courage, and made a true man of the coward. Canadians may find at least one noble example of mod-

* *Percy Anecdotes* Vol. III, page 544. (Warne's Edition).

est intrepidity, in the hour of danger, in the glowing account of *Mademoiselle de Verchères*, in Parkman's "*Count Frontenac, and New France under Louis XIV*"* What the heroine of that defence against the Iroquois approved herself, the Scottish ladies often were at many a trying exigency. No steward or lieutenant in those perilous times could serve his lord, as the faithful wife, his second self, could serve him when danger knocked at the postern.

All through the desperate period from the Restoration, the women of Scotland suffered with patience, or withstood violence by calm and constant bravery, or with those illimitable resources which were suggested by the inspiring energy of religious faith and female affection. In those dark times when violence, with hoof of steel and heart of stone, rode rough shod over the land, and trampled out its freedom and independence, the grandeur and the pathos of Scottish home life, whether in castle or cot, shone out with something of celestial brightness. Whether it were Margaret Wilson at the stake below high-water mark, or Lady Caldwell on the Bass Rock, or Mrs. Veitch, in suffering more than mere bereavement from the Dragoons, the same heroic spirit, the spirit of an earnest piety, which was a part of themselves and of their life, sustained them in tribulation and in death. The words of heavenly assurance and solace came into the inward ear, and found responses through the tremulous voice in the words of the Psalm (xliii, 5.)

"Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?"

* Parkman : *Frontenac*, page 302.

And why with vexing thoughts art thou
 Disquieted in me?
 Still trust in God ; for him to praise
 Good cause I yet shall have ;
 He of my countenance is the health,
 My God that doth me save."

That man is to be pitied whom prejudice, or want of generous human enthusiasm, has rendered dead to the story of these times—the abiding firmness of its men, and the unflinching faith, love and tenderness of its long-suffering and noble-hearted women.*

The desperate efforts made by Lady Argyll to secure her husband's pardon ; the supplications of her daughter to Middleton—one of the gang of oppressors—for her father's life, and the Earl's temporary escape in disguise from Edinburgh Castle, by a wife's stratagem, are something of a piece with much that was done in Jacobite times by Lady Nithsdale and others on behalf of the Stuart partizans near and dear to them. In every rank of society, during the troubled history of Scotland, from Marjory Bruce downwards, the intelligence, the faith, the ardent and unquenchable affection of its women have stamped their impress not only upon the history, but upon the character, of the Scottish people. There, if anywhere, the woman, whether acknowledged as man's equal or not, has established her claim to be so bound up in his life as to render any question of superiority or precedence an idle quibble. In war and peace, in the stronghold, in the cottage, in the cave or the prison, in the hall or

* Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant*, has already been often cited ; and it must be again referred to here, as an admirable collection of facts in proof of the noble courage and strong religious and domestic affections of Scotswomen.

at the modest ingle, she has been his better self, heroic and undaunted in danger, patient during sorrow or suffering, "a ministering angel" in the long-drawn hours of darkness and distress. That the eminently noble type of women which history, romance and poetry concur in finding north of the Tweed should have failed to exercise its normal influence upon the national character can hardly be conceived. Like produces like; and even variations in development, though they may tend to deterioration, never alter spiritually the main features of the plan wrought out in broad outline during centuries of gestation. The domestic life of Scotland is the fountain from whence all that is good and great in its sons—their religious temper, and those virtues of industry, frugality, integrity and high-mindedness which distinguish the Scot—took their origin. To the home may be traced the uprightness, and much of the strong persistence in honourable effort which have made Scotsmen prosperous and successful in lands "near the setting sun" or upon the dearly prized soil of that auld home across the sea.





CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
An ancient faith that knows no guile,
An industry embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

—SMOLLETT.

Hale hearts we hae yet to bleed in its cause;
Bold hearts we hae yet to sound its applause!
How then can it fade, when sic chieles an' sic cheer,
And sae many brave sprouts of the thistle are here.
Hurrah for the thistle, &c.

—ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

Cold though our seasons, and dull though our skies,
There's a might in our arms and a fire in our eyes;
Dauntless and patient to dare and to do—
Our watchword is "Duty," our maxim is "Through;"
Winter and storm only nerve us the more,
And chill not the heart if they creep through the door:

Strong shall we be,
In our isle of the sea,

The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Firm as the rocks when the storm flashes forth,
We'll stand in our courage—the Men of the North!

Sunbeams that ripen the olive and vine,
In the face of the slave and the coward may shine;
Roses may blossom where Freedom decays,
And crime be a growth of the sun's highest rays.
Scant though the harvest we reap from the soil,
Yet Virtue and Health are the children of Toil,

Proud let us be,
Of our isle of the sea,

The home of the brave and the boast of the free!
Men with true hearts—let our fame echo forth—
Oh, these are the fruit that we grow in the North!

—CHARLES MACKAY.

IN the foregoing chapters an attempt has been made to glance as briefly as the nature and extent of the subject admitted, at those peculiar features, physical as well as historical, which have concurred in moulding the Scottish character. Without some acquaintance with the antecedents of a people, their surroundings and the discipline they have undergone through the ages, it is not only difficult to understand the national bent and idiosyncrasies, but also to calculate the aptitude for colonization they are likely to display when transferred to "fresh scenes and pastures new."

This consideration applies with peculiar force in the case of the Scot; because, in the absence of information touching its past history, people are sure to misunderstand the Scottish nature, and assign to any but its true causes the wonderful successes Scotsmen have achieved wherever they have set foot. National pride is no doubt blind; but national jealousy is not less so; and so it has happened that when men are asked how Scotsmen have come to get on so well in the world, commanding respect and confidence, and securing social positions of trust, power and wealth, the peevish answer is given that they owe it to their craft, their parsimony, their "clannishness," their irrepressible assurance, their narrow pride or what not. People are asked to believe that, in a free country, where all men start on an equal footing, the Scot has thrown some spell upon the rest of the community and elbowed everybody else out of his path by some glamour or witchery hanging about him. That the virtues which have given this little nationality so prominent a place in the social and in-

dustrial world, have at times degenerated into something akin to fault and failing, no one can deny. All the noble qualities which have elevated society may be perverted readily from their normal purpose. Thrift may sink into niggardliness; patriotism may become narrow, prejudiced and exclusive; astuteness may grow rank and blossom into cunning; self-respect and self-reliance may beget selfishness and malevolence; and the religious temper itself lose its celestial charity and humility in bigotry and intolerance. But that does not make the good qualities less salutary in their influence on the individual, the nation or the race; and it is quite certain that neither the Scots, nor any other people ever rose to any exalted position among the nations, by a perversion of the virtues but solely by the virtues themselves.

Let it be once understood that the sterling characteristics of the Scottish people have come down to them as an inheritance—the outcome of hardship, penury, conflict, toil and suffering during many centuries—and there is at once a rational explanation of their success at home and abroad. These characteristics, in fact, are so much mental and moral capital stored up in the race by the accumulated efforts of their forbears in times gone by. In the chapters preceding, it was seen that the country itself is for the most part, barren, demanding unflinching industry from man and making but scanty returns. Toil has always been in Scotland the inexorable condition of existence. Hence the development of laborious habits, frugality, thrift, and a hardy, self-reliant nature. The invasions from Ireland, from the Norse Kingdoms, from the South under Saxon

and Norman made the possession of wealth and life itself, precarious. The ambition of the Plantagenet Kings of England compelled the Scots to enter upon a bitter and stubborn conflict for their national independence under Wallace and Bruce. They triumphed gloriously, and emerged from the fiery trial with that pride of nationality and a stern and haughty independence which are begotten of a victory achieved by a people's own strong arm. The *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and its terse Scottish rendering "Wha daur meddle wi' me," are mottoes which speak at once for the Thistle and the gallant race whose chosen emblem it is. The religious troubles, which began at the dawn of the Reformation, the ruthless persecutions which culminated in the brutalities of Lauderdale, Sharp and Claverhouse gave new vigour to the Scottish people and made them a nation in fact, as they had hitherto been in form. The commonalty then sprang at once into vigorous being. The doctrinal and other points of controversy which split the Kirk up into sects, quickened the national intellect, whilst the pain and anguish of the times chastened the hearts and purified the morals of the people. They were made, if not "perfect through suffering," at least elevated, self-respecting, thoughtful and, above all, deeply saturated with an overmastering sense of responsibility to God for the honest discharge of duty. The moral backbone of the Scottish character was developed and consolidated during the time which elapsed from the return of Mary Stuart to the Revolution. It was then that the foundation of that admirable system of general education was laid, which, in the future, was to

distinguish the Scot as a man of reading and practical information. England owes much to the Scottish people; but the discipline of sorrow did not elevate the people of the south, nor could the reflective turn of mind, which has brought forth so much fruit in Scotland, be impregnated into the English common people where the religion, education and adversity which upraised the peasantry of Scotland, exerted little or no influence. Whatever may be thought of the dogmatic value of the Presbyterian standards, it is certain that they deepened the sense of duty, the feeling of manly independence and the impatience of external restraint in matters of faith and practice. The burning bush, which the Kirk adopted as its emblem, was only the thistle transfigured and sanctified, under a feeling of dependence upon the Divine assistance for guidance and protection. *Nec tamen consumebatur*—"yet the bush was not consumed" (Exod. iii. 2)—adopted as its motto, illustrated at once the security of the faith and the necessity for God's hand interposed on its behalf. It epitomized, in fact, the solemn conviction of the Psalmist, in the verses so often sung in Scottish worship, at diverse times and vicissitudes of national fortune:—

" Except the Lord do build the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen watch in vain."

But the influence of the religious upheaval, and the dark days consequent upon it, did not stop there. It not only quickened faith and spirituality, but stimulated and trained the intellect, and aroused in Scotland the philosophic, scien-

tific and inventive spirit for which it is so distinguished. Paradoxical as it may at first sight appear, David Hume was the offspring of the Reformation. The inquiring frame of mind, which, at first, found legitimate scope in theological inquiry, gradually invaded the territory of mental science, and busied itself about the fundamental axioms of ethics and economics. Hume, Hutcheson, Brown, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton, Mill, Bain and others worthy of note, have worked at the ultimate problems of life and the universe, and Adam Smith laid the foundation of economical science. He was at once an economist in his *Wealth of Nations*, and an intuitionist moralist in his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*. The Mills, father and son, were both Scottish, the one by birth, the other by inherited cast of mind and early training. The greatest original thinker, and the man who, whether people recognise it or not, has influenced this age more strongly than any other except, perhaps, Coleridge, is a Scot, Thomas Carlyle, the veteran sage, first of Craigenputtoch, and thenceforward of Chelsea. The same thoughtful caste of mind is manifest in the region of pure science. It was Black and Leslie who developed the philosophy of heat and paved the way for James Watt and the steam-engine. Hutton was the first systematic geologist, and his name is coupled with the German Werner's in the rival Plutonian and Neptunian theories of the earth's formation. In surgery and anatomy Hunter has never been surpassed, and in pathology and the science of medicine, there are few names to compare with those of Cullen, Brodie, Christison, Simpson, Carpenter, and innumerable others who might be named.

Mr. Buckle wonders how so much that is valuable could have been achieved in a country where the theological spirit was in the ascendant. The obvious response is that it was the theological spirit which stimulated the intellect, and made free inquiry in philosophy and science possible in Scotland. And the most conclusive evidence of that is the insatiable thirst for scientific research which has seized men in lowly station. As it was the theological spirit alone which gave the people political being and the means of culture ; so also did it create that keen love of investigation into the works of nature, because they are the works of God. Nothing is more remarkable than the conscientious energy with which Scotsmen, engaged in hard toil to procure their daily bread, have surmounted all obstacles, not to gain wealth or renown, but to satisfy a burning desire for knowledge. Three names occur at the moment of men living in different parts of Scotland—a shoemaker, a weaver and a gardener—all poor and in lowly station. Mr. Smiles has done good service in recording the career of Thomas Edward, "the Scottish naturalist," whose love for the study of zoology began with his school-days, and continues until now. A humble shoemaker of Banffshire, he has added materially to the sum of scientific knowledge, under circumstances, and by self-imposed labours, vigils and dangers almost beyond belief.* In the April and May (1878), issues of *Good Words*, Mr. Jolly, H. M., Inspector of Schools, sketches the career of John Duncan of Kincardine, "the Alford Weaver

* *The Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society.* By Samuel Smiles. New York: 1877. See also *The Life of Robert Dick*, of Thurso, Baker and Geologist, by same author.

and Botanist," and introduces also Charles Black, a gardener, who possesses (for he is still living), "high natural endowments, sterling worth, and great individuality of character." His home is on the shores of the Solway, within sight of the English coast and far from where his scientific friend, the weaver, plodded on, away to the north-east. Black, Mr. Jolly says, is an excellent botanist, a good geologist, with a splendid collection of fossils, a capital ornithologist, knowing all the birds "by plumage, flight, cry and egg, and having an almost perfect collection of British eggs; and a fair numismatist, with a remarkable collection of coins, home and foreign, ancient and modern, for a working man. He is an insatiable reader, especially in natural science and *theology*; in short, an ardent lover and student of beasts and birds and insects and plants, and not less of mankind."

In the higher walks of life the spirit of philosophical and scientific enquiry, whatever the upshot of it, may invariably be traced in its inception to the strong energy infused into the Scottish mind by the national religion. The forces let loose, during the struggles of the Reformation and the Covenant may be diverted from the old channel; but there can be no mistake about the laboratory in which they were first generated. Whatever men may think of the faith, the works are before them, and those of us who are not in sympathy with the rigid formulas of the one, ought not to refuse admiration for the unspeakable value of the other. In Scotland they have, at all events, until recently, been inseparable; because intellectual revolt from the creed does not emancipate from the vigorous im-

petus due to that creed. Hume, in his *Essays*, and Burns in *Holy Willie's Prayer* or the *Holy Fair*, were just as clearly the offspring of the free spirit engendered by the religious struggles in Scotland, as Rutherford, Cameron, the two Erskines, Thomas Chalmers or Edward Irving. It is likely enough that Knox and Melville would have shrugged their shoulders and left the consequences to God, and that "Douce Davie Deans," and "Old Mortality" would have renewed their lament of "a broken Covenant," had they foreseen even so much of the issue as we are able to pass in retrospect; yet though they little expected it, it is now evident enough, that freedom of thought and educated intelligence cannot be bounded by any human device; they must have free course, eventually with the best results. Bishop Burnet, in describing a visit to his native land in 1670, says, "We were indeed amazed to see a poor commonalty so capable to argue on points of government, and on the bounds to be set to the power of princes in matters of religion. Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread even amongst the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants."* The spirit of enquiry and discussion thus evoked, could not fail to make itself felt in all departments of human thought, so soon as the absorbing questions of the day were apparently set at rest by the Revolution settlement. Logic is a dangerous, two-edged weapon; when once it has been taken up, will never cease to be employed

* *History of his Own Times*, Vol. 1, page 293.

upon something—Theology, Philosophy or some other debatable theme; and the intellectual activity it has aroused, is sure, in the long run, to find a sphere of action in science, invention, exploration, or whatever other beneficent outlet may be open to it.

One of the most remarkable features in the biography of distinguished Scots is the large number of them who rose from the humblest positions in life, to honour and distinction. In most countries the middle class, and especially the learned professions, supply the men from whom the ranks of the illustrious thinkers and workers are recruited; but in Scotland, if not themselves peasants, weavers or mechanics, their fathers have been something of the sort, before them; and they, themselves, brought up in lowly life, have struggled to prosperity and fame out of an atmosphere of poverty. That many noted Scots have descended from great families is, of course, true; but taking the eminent men produced North of the Tweed, there can be no question that a large majority sprang from the ranks of the common people. The absence of large urban populations in early times, the comparatively narrow range of commerce, and the general poverty of the country, no doubt stimulated the poorer classes to enterprising efforts. There was no superincumbent middle class, pressing, with its solid, inert weight, upon them; they were free to rise as high as their energy and ability could elevate them, and thus we find them continually aspiring to eminence in the Church, at the Bar, in medicine, science, arts, and literature. It speaks volumes for the native genius of the Scottish people, that they were

able to aim high, make good their footing, step by step, and in the end fulfil measurably their lofty aspirations. It must not be forgotten that the men who made the masses what they were—the Reformers and the Covenanters—whilst they spurred the national intellect, and with it the strong feeling of independence and self-reliance, also, with wondrous prescience, provided for their education. No matter how poor a Scot may have been at the outset, he had at least so much valuable capital to begin life withal, as a sound plain education could bestow upon him; and it is this obvious advantage over his neighbours that has given the stimulus to so many ardent spirits, and lifted them from poverty to fame. In the army, for instance, during the old time, when, in addition to the purchase system, promotion for valour and good conduct was so slow in the British service, the Scot always had the best chance; because he was decently educated, and had a strong sense of honour and duty. Major-General William McBean, who died the other day, full Colonel of the 93rd, in which he entered as a drummer-boy, is only one of the instances of Scottish energy and steady perseverance onward and upward. The schoolmaster was abroad in Scotland before the recruit entered barracks, and the Scot was equipped with the elementary instruction gained at the parish school; the Englishman and Irishman, in nine cases out of ten, were not. The great value of the parochial school-system of Scotland, now that it has been superseded, may be depreciated, perhaps forgotten; its mark will remain, however, upon the people of Scotland, and through them, upon the world, to the latest generations.

The army has been spoken of ; and it seems well here to note a few names renowned in story, although the list must necessarily be imperfect. Considering the relative populations of Scotland and England—the one with its two or three millions, the other, with from twenty to twenty-two—the amount of military genius and personal bravery the United Kingdom owes to the North is amazing.* There is scarcely a war England has been engaged in during the last and present centuries in which Scottish military skill and soldierly valour have not done more than their share. The names of Sir Ralph Abercromby, General George Elliott, Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde and a legion of others are well known ; but, of all the distinguished names perhaps, on the whole, that of Napier shines brightest in the scroll of fame. So distinguished a family has, perhaps, never added equal lustre upon its country. Those more immediately known to us were intensely Scottish, albeit on the maternal side they sprang from that Lady Sarah Lennox, of whom George III was enamoured in his youth. The hero of Scinde, the historian of the Peninsular War, and the gallant, bluff old Charlie, the Admiral, were all of that stock. The latest offshoot is Lord Napier and Ettrick descended of the elder branch, who has won his honours as a diplomatist. Not to abandon the name, whilst

* At the beginning of the century the population of the kingdom stood thus ; England and Wales, 9,156,171 ; Scotland, 1,678,452 ; Ireland, 5,319,807. In 1841 the proportion had changed much to the disadvantage of Scotland, the census enumerating for England, 16,035,198 ; for Scotland, 2,652,339 ; for Ireland, 8,222,004. At the last census (1871) the account stood ; England 22,704,108 ; Scotland, 3,358,613 ; Ireland, 5,402,759. During the several decades of the century Scotland lost ground as regards England especially, until the census of 1857. Roughly the population relatively to the entire United Kingdom, the Islands included, was in 1801 nearly one-ninth ; in 1831, less than a tenth ; and thenceforward between a ninth and a tenth.

it is uppermost, mention may be made here first of John Napier, laird of Merchiston, the inventor of Logarithms, to whom, in Hume's opinion, "the title of a great man was more justly due than to any other whom his country ever produced." A descendant of his house has filled high office in England and in Ireland, where he was born, and was created a baronet by Mr. Disraeli in 1867—Sir Joseph Napier. Robert Napier, though certainly descended from Adam, can boast no noble genealogy; his father was a blacksmith and the son has made "a new departure" for the illustrious name, for he was the head of the great Clyde firm of ship-builders. He was concerned in the early attempt at trans-atlantic steam navigation on the *British Queen* and the *Sirius*. The steam ironclads constructed of late, beginning with the *Black Prince*, are his latest work.

As our notice of the Napiers has brought us to the sea, the other branch of the service may be noticed. Neither Scotland nor Ireland has contributed so large a proportion of eminent men to the navy as to the army. They have no Drakes, Hawkinses, Frobishers or Raleighs on the roll of their ancestry and the sea-fighting instinct was not a salient feature with them. Nevertheless Sir Charles Douglas, a linguist also, and mechanic, the victor over the French in the West Indies; Lord Keith, the hero of Aboukir Bay, and Viscount Duncan, of Camperdown, are names not unworthy to be placed by that of Nelson. Paul Jones, the Captain Semmes of the American Revolution, was also a Scot. In peaceful exploration to the frozen north there are the two Rosses, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and a large num-

ber of others. The number of Scottish travellers generally is extremely large. Africa has been especially their chosen ground. James Bruce, Mungo Park, Hugh Clapperton, Alexander Gordon Lang, David Livingstone and Commander Cameron are the best known; and of the missionaries, pure and simple, Alexander Duff, Robert Moffat and Charles Fraser Mackenzie. In the last century two travellers deserve pre-eminence as pioneers—James Baillie Fraser, who traversed Persia and the Himalayas, and John Bell, who crossed over from the Baltic, through European Russia and Siberia, to China and explored the Caucasus. In India, the Scotsman has played almost as prominent a part as in Africa. It is only necessary to mention Sir David Baird, during Hyder Ali's time, Elphinstone, Malcolm, Munro, Dalhousie, Minto, and Elgin.

Passing to locomotion and the inventive arts, it may be noted that to James Watt, the world owes the practical application of steam as a motor; to Henry Bell, Britain is indebted for steam navigation; to John Loudon Macadam, for the roads which pass by his name, and to William Murdoch the use of coal gas as an illuminator.*

In natural philosophy, which along with mathematics is a condition precedent of inventive skill, Scotland has been peculiarly rich. Of the many names which will occur to the reader, those of Black, Bryce, Craig, Keith, Leslie, Mac-lannin, Playfair, Robison, Sinclair, and Simson, will suggest themselves. In other branches of science the names of emi-

* He was also the inventor of a locomotive which was improved by others, and perfected by Geo. Stephenson.

rent Scots have grown so numerous during the recent revival, that it is hardly possible to attempt an enumeration. Of the elders, Hutton, Pringle, Smellie, the naturalist; Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist; MacGillivray, also a student of birds; and others have vindicated the claim of Scotland to a place in the Pantheon of science. Some of the great names in medicine have already been mentioned, but they are inexhaustible. Most of them have not merely been practitioners, but discoverers also. There are the Bells, the Hunters, the Gregorys, William Cullen, George Fordyce, Alexander Monro, Erasmus Wilson, Sir John Forbes, Brodie, Christison, Simpson and many others. In the department of Technology, the name of Dr. George Wilson ought not to be passed over as an instance of Scottish tenacity in the pursuit of learning, and the faithful discharge of duty under terrible bodily suffering.*

It was intended to pursue the Scot in the departments of Literature and Art, but want of space compels us to pass them over with a cursory reference. The lives of Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and a host of other great names hardly need additional eulogy.† To theirs might be appended a long roll of illustrious singers—Skinner, Cowper, Macneill, Nicoll, Hogg, Tannahill, Cunningham, Rodger, John Wilson, William Thom, Motherwell, Robert Gilfillan, Imlah, Snibert,

* Dr. Wilson was a brother of our esteemed Toronto professor, Dr. Daniel Wilson, who wrote, we believe, a memoir of him. See also the biography by his sister Jessie, and an admirable and touching tribute in Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

† See Lockhart's *Scott*, and the admirable little volume by Mr. R. H. Hutton, in Morley's series. For Burns, Carlyle's inimitable monogram of *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, English Library Edit., Vol. II., p. 5, and Principal Shairp's essay—one of the series already referred to. For poetic tributes consult the *Burns Centenary Poems*.

Lyle, Aytoun, Riddell, Ainslie, Ballantyne, Mackay, Blackie, Latto, McColl, McLachlan and Macdonald. Without attempting a detailed account of these poets, it may be well to note that, in addition to the wealth of song devoted to the North, England and Ireland are indebted to two Scottish bards for their noblest lyrics. James Thomson wrote "Rule Britannia," and Thomas Campbell was the author of "The Exile of Erin," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England."

Into the department of *belles lettres* generally there is no room to enter, although the temptation is strong to do so. In Art also there is a long roll of worthies. Robert Strange, for example, who came from the Orkneys, was the father of line engraving in Britain, and George Jameson was the Vandyke of the island—"the first eminent painter," says Robert Chambers, "produced to Britain" (born 1585).^{*} Of the artists in a higher walk may be taken at random, Robert Aikman, Sir H. Raeburn, Patrick Gibson, Allan Ramsay, the poet's eldest son, David Wilkie, the Faeds, and the lately deceased President of the Royal Academy, Sir Patrick Grant. Robert Adam, sepultured in Westminster Abbey, was the great Scottish architect, and his works dot the island from his native Edinburgh to the English channel. In the department of engineering, it is only necessary to name John Rennie, of East Lothian, and Thomas Telford, of Eskdale, who was the son of a simple herdsman whose wife was left a widow when the illustrious engineer of the future was but

^{*} See *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*.

a month old.* In other walks of mental activity, Mr. George Heriot, the merchant goldsmith and banker, embalmed in the *Fortunes of Nigel*;† John Law, of Lauriston, to whom but scant justice has been done; William Paterson, who failed in the Darien scheme, and yet gave the Bank of England an existence, and so produced in embryo our wondrous system of national finance;§ Sir James Stewart, the father of political economy; and Adam Smith, of Kirkcaldy, the illustrious author of *The Wealth of Nations* and *The Moral Sentiments*.|| The name of William Forbes, of Pittsligo, the Edinburgh banker, the associate of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Goldsmith, is also noteworthy. In later times are the well known economists, John Stuart Mill, McCulloch and Ramsay. In the list of Scottish lawyers and statesmen we have the historic names of Robert Baillie, of Jerviswoode; Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun; Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Alexander Henderson, and Maitland, of Lethington. After the union, Scotsmen of distinction abound in England. Of the Lord Chancellors were Wedderburn, Lords Loughborough, Brougham, Erskine and Campbell. William Murray, Lord Mansfield, stands almost without a

* See for both of these, *The Lives of the Engineers*, by Samuel Smiles, himself a Scot of Haddington. Nothing could shew more clearly the strong and earnest volume of Scottish home affection than Telford's intense love for his widowed parent, "She has been a good mother to me," he quietly wrote with meaning that lies in the words, "and I will try and be a good son to her;" and he kept his word with a dutiful fidelity which is exquisitely touching.

† See for a full account of the founder of Heriot's Hospital, Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. Vol. iii. p. 44.

§ For Law, see Chambers, Vol. iii. ; p. 360; and for Paterson, *ibid.* vol. iv. p. 85.

|| The reader is referred to Sir James Mackintosh's *Dissertation*, sec. vi., and to Buckle's *History of Civilization*, from which we quote a sentence—"The *Wealth of Nations* is probably the most important book that has ever been written, whether we consider the amount of original thought it contains, or its practical influence." (Vol. iii. p. 311.)

rival at the head of the Common Law bench. At this moment, the Lord Chief Justiceship is filled by Sir Alexander Cockburn, and the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury by another Scot, Dr. Archibald Tait. Finally, must not be omitted the honoured name of William Ewart Gladstone, the former and prospective premier of England, the scholar, the orator and statesman of whom Scotland has just reason to be proud.*

There is little room left to name a few of the prominent clergymen not already noted. Of the old period, there were the Roman Catholic prelates, Kennedy of the 15th century, Elphinstone, of Aberdeen, Reed, of Orkney.† As scholars also of the Roman communion, were Leslie, Bishop of Ross, Mary Stuart's champion, John Mair or Major; Dr. Alex. Geddes, and Father Innes. Of the Scottish Episcopal Church may be mentioned Archbishop Adamson, of St. Andrew's; Patrick Forbes of Aberdeen; Robert Keith of Fife; the sainted Archbishop Leighton, of Glasgow; the historian Archbishop Spottiswoode, and in our time the large-minded Alexander Ewing, Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. His name reminds of a Presbyterian School analogous to that founded by Coleridge and Arnold in England, to which belong such men as John Macleod Campbell, Erskine of Linlather, Norman Macleod and Principal Tulloch. In the various sections of the Presbyterian Church, there are two names, for ever memorable, those of Edward Irving and Thomas Chalmers; one of whom left a moral, the other an example—both masters,

* See the right hon. gentleman's own account of his origin, in answer, to an address from the Edinburgh corporation; also, two letters in the *London Spectator* of Dec. 13th and 20th, 1879.

† See Lecky's *History*, vol. II. p. 147.

each in his own way, of pulpit eloquence, exemplary piety and earnest living.

Having thus indicated the historical elements of the Scottish character, and sketched, in a cursory and imperfect manner its practical results at home, we may proceed to sketch his influence abroad.





PART II.

THE SCOT ACROSS THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

Farewell, our fathers' land,
Valley and fountain !
Farewell, old Scotia's strand,
Forest and mountain !
Then hush the drum, and hush the flute,
And be the stirring bagpipe mute—
Such sounds may not with sorrow suit—
And fare thee well, Lochaber !

—D. M. MOIR (Δ.)

He's away ! he's away
To far lands o'er the sea—
And long is the day
Ere home he can be ;
But where his steed prances,
Amid thronging lances,
Sure he'll think of the glances
That love stole from me !

—MOTHERWELL.

The loved of early days !
Where are they ?—where ?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare ;—
Not where the regal streams
Their foam bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine pass'd.
Some in the mart and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls ;

Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves ;
Some where the myrtle weeps
On Roman graves.
And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes ;
Like a remember'd dream
The dead arise ;
In the red track of war,
The restless sweep ;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.

—ROBERT MILLER.

THE extraordinary activity of the emigrant or travelling and adventurous Scot all over the world is an anomaly not readily explicable without understanding fully the antecedents of the country and the people, as we have attempted to set them forth in the preceding part. Other nations, English-speaking and foreign, have either been impelled to migrate fitfully, or strayed far afield, in slender detachments ; but the Scots have been wanderers for the last seven or eight centuries systematically, and with little or no interruption. The extraordinary statements of Thomas Dempster, a Scot at the University of Paris, that there were learned Scots at all the learned institutions in Europe as early as the eighth century. From the nature of things that was an impossibility, and only a perverted patriotism could have made, or would persist in, the assertion. Mr. Burton in his work, *The Scot Abroad** lays down the more reasonable rule, that all men called Scots on the Continent before the eleventh century, were Irish Scots. This includes

* Vol. ii, pp 9, 10. As Mr. J. H. Burton's work is not readily accessible, it may be as well to acknowledge our obligation to it here once for all, as well as to Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. The former is largely founded on Michel : *Les Ecossaïs en France*.

at home and abroad, such distinguished names as those of St. Columba, St. Adamnan, Marianus Scotus, the historian Sedulius, author of the first hymn-book, St. Gall, the Apostle of Germany, and John Scotus Erigena.

On the other hand, Duns Scotus, the great founder of a school of mediæval philosophy, specially known as Scottists, was unquestionably a Scot in the modern sense of the word. His full name was Johannes de Dunse, Scotus—John of Dunse, a Scot—and he left Oxford for France in 1307, alarmed at the persistent assaults of Edward upon the independence of his country.* A few only of the scholars who established the credit of Scottish intellect and erudition abroad need be mentioned—John Mair or Major, tutor at the Sorbonne, Hector Boëce, James (the Admirable) Crichton, satirised in Rabelais, George Buchanan, tutor of Montaigne and James VI., Urquhart, translator of Rabelais, and Dempster. It was the War of Independence, and the intimate alliance of Scotland with France, in the face of a common enemy, which gave the great impetus to Scottish emigration to the continent and laid the foundation for their influence for ages to come, especially in France. There can be no doubt that whether Wallace visited France between his defeat at Falkirk and his capture, or not, the foundations of what is known as "The Ancient League" were laid early in the reign of Philip IV., if not earlier.† It was not, however, until 1326, twelve years after Bannockburn, that a treaty,

* See irrefragable proof of this in Chamber's *Biographical Dictionary*, Vol. II., pp. 198-9.

† Michel, quoted by Mr. Burton, distinctly affirms that Wallace did take refuge and that his agent at home was the patriotic Lamberton, Archbishop of St. Andrews. It was one of the complaints made by Edward against the prelate that he was carrying on intrigues with France.

offensive and defensive, was concluded between the two powers. This compact, which was renewed from time to time, had important consequences in the progress and results of "The One Hundred Years' War." The Scots, unlike the foreign mercenaries serving under the House of Valois, stood upon the footing of allies. They fought for the Scottish national cause on the soil of France, and were no mere adventurers. More than that, as Sismondi says they were soon destined to prove "the nerve of the French army, at a time when the people were sunk in wretchedness, dispirited by defeats of no ordinary character, and had lost all hope or self-helpfulness."

England had been in possession of the French capital for more than ten years when, in 1424, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, landed with a small force, which succeeded, by the valley of the Loire, in reaching the heart of Anjou. A few French had joined him and the result was a battle in which the English chivalry were defeated with terrible slaughter. Honours unusually magnificent were heaped upon Buchan. He was made High Constable of France, ranking next to the princes of the blood and received large estates extending between Avranches and Chartres. Archibald, Earl of Douglas, Buchan's father-in-law, joined with several thousand Scots and was created Duke of Touraine. Meanwhile the English had collected their strength, allied themselves with the powerful Duke of Burgundy and proved too much for the Scots. They were defeated at Crevant with great slaughter, and at the disastrous battle of Verneuil, the Scots force was all but annihilated, their brave leaders,

Buchan and Douglas, being left dead on the field. "Verneuil," says Mr. Burton, "was no Crecy, Poitiers or Agincourt, and Bedford and Salisbury were so nearly defeated as to be alarmed. Scotland independent and hostile to England had saved France. Had Henry V. been King of Great Britain, with France at his feet, he might have re-established a Western Empire. The enjoyers of English liberty owe a debt of gratitude to the victors of Bannockburn."*

More than that, France was rehabilitated, and became again a warlike nation. Henry V. was no more, and there was a minority; Burgundy forsook the English alliance, and Charles VII. stood on his feet again. Out of the survivors of Verneuil was formed the Scots Guard. This consisted of one hundred *gens d'armes* and two hundred archers, and its captain was to be named by the Scots king; when that became absurd, the first French captain, the Count of Montgomery, was appointed solely to preserve the name. The first captain was John Stewart, Lord of Aubigné, the founder of an illustrious Scots house in France.

"Louis XI." says Mr. Burton, "perhaps of all monarchs whose character is well known to the world, the most unconfiding and most skeptical of anything like simple faith and honesty—was content, amid all his shifting, slippery policy and his suspicions and precautions, to rely implicitly on the faith of his Scots Guard." (Vol I., p. 35). Indeed, more than once, Louis, when his habitual suspicions yielded to the tempting allurements of his craft, had good reason to

* *Scot Abroad*, Vol. I, p. 47.

believe, if he believed nothing else, that "simple faith" is more than "Norman blood." Throughout his wily career, he was ever learning lessons of the futility of trusting in promises, hard and loud mouthed; and, on one occasion, at Liege, in the celebrated Peronne expedition, he was saved from Burgundian treachery by the faithful Scots. The Guard were not only faithful beyond the breath of suspicion; but their bravery became proverbial. "*Fier comme un Ecosais*"—proud as a Scot—says the Chronicler was long a French proverb, "because" he adds "they preferred rather to die in preserving their honour than to live in disgrace." In 1503, it was that their banner-bearer, William Turnbull, fighting the Spaniards in Calabria, was found dead, with the staff in his rigid arms, and the flag gripped in his clenched teeth, with the little cluster of his countrymen around him, killed at their posts.

Mr. Burton's account of illustrious Scots in France is very full, but it will be obviously impossible to note more than a few of them here.* In the early centuries they were a wild lot in the North of Scotland, one of the wildest was Alexander, brother of Robert III, known, in history, as "The Wolf of Badenoch." A natural son of Alexander, named after his father, in the early part of his career, followed the paternal example. He not only "wanted a wife, his braw house to keep," like the Laird o' Cockpen, but he wanted the braw house to boot. He was not long in securing both;

* Michel, as already mentioned, is Mr. Burton's chief authority; but Boyle, in his *Dictionary*, had previously provided much raw material—the result, it is said, of the fact, either that he had got hold of a Scottish bookseller in Paris, or that the latter had got hold of him.

thinking, with the Laird, that "favour wi' wooing is fashions to seek," so Alexander wooed the widowed Countess of Mar, "as the lion wooes his bride." He took both the lady and her castle of Kildrummy by storm, married the one, and quietly installed himself as Earl of Mar, in the other. But there was evidently a want of elbow-room for him in his new domains; so he naturally went over to France with his retainers, and cut a splendid figure at court. Alexander Stewart, Duke of Albany, was a brother of James III., but his conduct to that monarch was hardly fraternal. That both the King's brothers, Albany and Mar, had some cause for complaint is true; at any rate both were imprisoned in Edinburgh, where the latter was murdered, and from which the former escaped to France. Albany, says Robertson, was inspired by what had happened, "with more ambitious and criminal thoughts. He concluded a treaty with Edward IV. of England, in which he assumed the title of Alexander, King of Scots," and thus brought northward an invading English army, under a more celebrated character in history and drama, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. In France, Albany was in the court sunshine. A favourite of Louis XI. he acquired immense estates, and married Anne, daughter of the proud family of Auvergne and Boulogne, a scion of which was Marshal Turenne.

Of the Darnley Stewarts, there were Sir John, founder of the D'Aubignys, and Sir Alexander, who figures as "Viceroy of Naples, Constable of Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Terra Nova," &c. Also Matthew, Earl of Lennox, who sought the hand of Mary of Guise, widow of James V. and

mother of Mary Stuart. His rival, oddly enough, was the father of that Bothwell "who settled all matters of small family differences, by blowing his son into the air."* Of the nobility closely allied to royalty, there were the Earls of Douglas, Lords of Touraine, and the Dukes of Hamilton and Chatelherault. The Dukes of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon, are, of course, entitled to the D'Aubigny dignity. Michel and the chroniclers give a host of Scottish names, most of them long since sunk in territorial titles; some of these may be noted as proof of the vast influence of the Scot upon the destinies of France. There are Guillaume Hay, Jacques Scrimgour, Helis de Guevremont (Kinrinmond), Andrien Stievart, Guillebert, Sidrelant (Sutherland), Alexandre de Jervin (Girvin), Jehan de Miniez (Menzies), Nicholas Chambres, Sieur de Guerche, Coninglant (Cunningham), Jean de Hume, George de Ramesay, Gohory (Gowrie or Govrie), De Glais (Douglas), D'Hendresson, Maurigon, Dromont (Drummond), Crafort (Crawford), Léviston (Livingstone), Berey, Locart, Tournebulle, Monerif, Devillengon or D'Aillengon (Williamson), Maxuel, Herrison (Henryson), Doddes, De Lisle (Leslie), De Lauzun (Lawson), D'Espence (Spence), Sinson (Simpson), &c., &c. The Blackwoods play a distinguished part, and there are also, Thomas de Houston, seigneur, and Robert Pittloch, a Dundee man, and many others. These exiles from their native land, in fact, regenerated France. At a time when the national pulse beat so feebly as to foreshadow dissolution, the hardy sons of the north impregnated the veins of France with

* *Scot Abroad*, Vol. i, page 75.

their own vigorous Scottish blood. Like the Normans of England centuries before, the Scots colony "was received as a sort of aristocracy by race or caste; and hence it became to be a common practice for those who were at a loss for a pedigree to find their way to some adventurous Scot, and stop there, just as, both in France and England, it was sufficient to say that one's ancestor's came in with the Normans."* In all biographies of the great Colbert, he is said to be of Scottish descent. Moreri says that his ancestor's tomb is at Rheims. Sully, whose family name was Bethune, Scottish enough of itself, thought to trace relationship with the Beatons. Molière, to disguise the vulgarity of his patronymic which was Poquelin, suggested noble descent from a Scot. Mr. Burton mentions that some Scots who were petty landed proprietors, in later times, found it to their advantage to use the prefix "de" before the name of their petty holding. John Law, of Lauriston, is a case in point; but the most ludicrous was an invented title palmed off upon Richelieu. Monteith's father was a fisherman on the Forth, and when the Cardinal asked him to what branch of the Monteiths he belonged, the candidate for patronage boldly replied, "Monteith de Salmonet."

With the Reformation struggle the Scottish influence abroad took, for a time at any rate, another direction. During the struggle for independence in the Netherlands the Scots were divided: part of them adhering to the "old" cause of Mary Stuart and Spain, and part attached to the Protestant resistance of the United Provinces. In Holland

* *Scot Abroad*, Vol. i, page 93.

they appeared as champions of liberty, in the Scottish brigade, and it is said that, on the eve of the English Revolution, John Graham of Claverhouse, and Mackay, of Scourie, afterwards William's general at Killiecrankie were rivals for promotion in that corps. At that time, of course, the Scots contingent in Holland had ceased to subserve its original purpose, although there was still plenty of work to accomplish in the struggle with Louis XIV. It was the cause of the Elector Palatine which had hold upon the hearts of patriotic Scots, and the glorious struggle made by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Frederick V. had married Elizabeth, the third child and eldest daughter of James I., from whom is descended in a direct line, Her Majesty the Queen.

In the service of Gustavus Adolphus, there were thirteen Scottish regiments, which kept together in whatever particular part of the field they might be temporarily in the fight. Under Mansfeldt, the king of Denmark, or "the lion of the North," they fought for principle and achieved undying renown. Of the illustrious names which came to the surface in this desperate struggle are those of Sir Andrew Gray, Robert Monro, Sir John Hepburn, Hamilton, Turner, Lumsden, Forbes, Ruthven, Grant, Ramsay, the Leslie, the Lindsays, Rutherford, Spence, Ker, Drummond, Douglas, Baillie, Cunningham, Meldrum, Innes, Ballantine, Sandilands and Leckie—most of them in the rank of general officers. The Thirty Years' War was the school of discipline from which the Scot emerged a trained soldier. It produced especially a body of the bravest, and most skilful

officers of the time, as Mr. Burton remarks, men of the calibre of Alexander Leslie, who led the Covenanting forces, and David Leslie, "who divides with Oliver Cromwell, the fame of Marston Moor."

Before referring to the most illustrious of the Jacobite Scots who performed service abroad, it may be well to note one or two distinguished elsewhere. It has been related that a Scot named Thomas Garne or Garden was once elected "King of Bukheria"; but as that appears to have been on account of the height and grossness of his physical framework, Thomas may be passed over. During that singular period when the Muscovite power was emerging from barbarism under Peter the Great, there were a number of Gordons who, by their fidelity, courage and native intelligence performed essential service. The chief of them was General Patrick Gordon, who wrote a biography of the great, though somewhat erratic, Czar. It is not recorded that Patrick was "the seventh son of a seventh son," but only a "younger son of a younger brother," which brings no luck with it. As he inherited the sound, practical sense of his country, and therefore did not expect his fortune to come down from the stars, he determined to seek it somewhere or other on the surface of the earth. Touching at Elsinore, a classic spot where he may, or may not, have taken Shakespearian observations, he found of course a "brither Scot," one John Donaldson, who sped him on his way. "As he began, so he went on, finding fellow-countrymen dotted here and there, at convenient posting distances, on through Aus-

tria and Russia to the very extremities of civilization.* Of his great services in Sweden and Poland under John Sobieski, and during his later years in Russia, where he was the right arm of Peter the Great, there is no need to speak in detail. One fact, with the closing scene must suffice. When the Czar went on his celebrated wanderings to Western Europe, he left General Gordon in charge of the Kremlin at Moscow, with four thousand men, and but for the Scot's valour, address and skilful management, Peter might have worked in the dockyard in England to the day of his death.

Another celebrated character connected with Russia was Samuel Greig, the founder of the Russian navy, and the projector of the fortifications of Cronstadt.† He was a Fife-shire skipper's son, born at Inverkeithing in 1735, and entered the Royal navy at an early age. He was a lieutenant when the British Government, having been solicited by Russia to send out some naval officers of skill, amongst the rest dispatched Greig. Apart from his organizing abilities, this Scot had all the dash of his race, as shown in the war with the Turks in the Mediterranean, especially by his daring exploits at Scio. He was loaded with honours by the Empress Elizabeth; but whilst he triumphantly swept the Baltic, after blocking up the Swedish fleet in harbour, he caught a violent fever of which he died, in spite of the efforts of Dr. Rogerson, the chief physician, whom the Czarina had promptly sent to his side. Greig had not

* *Scot Abroad*, Vol. ii. p. 183. This may well have been if, as has been stated, there were no less than two thousand Scots pedlars in Poland alone during the reign of Charles I.

† "A French writer, speaking of these redoubtable works, says, that a Scotchman built those walls which, years afterwards, checked the career of his fellow-countryman, Sir Charles Napier." *Burton*, Vol. ii. p. 222.

completed his fifty-third year.* Of the diplomatists of the period may be specially mentioned Alexander Erskine, who represented Sweden in the conferences which terminated in the Treaty of Westphalia; Sir William Lockhart, of Lee, the Commons' ambassador to France at the Restoration; Sir Robert Keith; who rendered invaluable services to the Queen of Denmark, and Sir Alexander Mitchell's important work at the Court of Prussia.

It would be impossible to give any satisfactory account of the great amount of ability which the Jacobite movement spread over Europe after the Revolution, but more especially at the accession of George I. It took various shapes from the military skill of the Duke of Berwick to the controversial skill of Father Innes or the plottings of a thousand intriguers. Andrew Michael Ramsay, usually called "The Chevalier," was none of these, but a scholarly man, who became a Catholic by accident, and not perhaps a Jacobite at all. He was the son of a baker at Ayr, was educated at Edinburgh, and then at Leyden, where he met Poiret the mystic, who subsequently introduced him to the sainted Fénelon. Under his influence he ceased to be a sceptic, as he had been, and joined the Church of Rome. After this he educated the duke de Château-Thierry and Prince Turenne, and at Rome, the children of the Pretender. He visited England, and was made a doctor of laws at Oxford. He was altogether an exceedingly remarkable Scot, even at a time when the star of Voltaire was rapidly nearing its zenith.

* Chambers : *Biog. Diet.* Vol. II. pp. 532-3.

We may now give a brief notice of the Keith brothers—one of whom has a brilliant historical reputation. The Earls Marischal are principally associated with the college at Aberdeen, established by the fifth earl, and called by his title. The two of whom we speak are known by the more familiar family name of Keith. Attainted, and the hereditary estates confiscated for the part taken by the brothers in 1715, they went abroad. Of the elder, little need be said, except that he rose in the light of his brother's genius, and became Frederick the Great's ambassador to France. He was a man of considerable ability and force of character; but it is James, Marshal Keith, who fills the eye of the historic student. He was only nineteen when the Earl of Mar set up the standard of the Pretender, and had been designed for the bar—a very prescient choice of profession, as appears from the event, but the natural destiny of a younger son. His martial instincts were apparent before he smelt powder; his own remark was that he had begun his studies at his mother's desire, but, he continued, "commend me to stand before the mouth of a cannon for a few minutes; this either makes a man in an instant, or he dies gloriously in the field of battle." It was Keith's fate to compass his first enjoyment many a time; the other was to be the fitting conclusion of an illustrious career. His first taste of glory was a wound at Sheriffmuir, and thence he wandered to the Isles, where the brothers found the means of transportation to Brittany. Their road, of course, led to Paris and the mimic court of the Pretender; but there was nothing to do there. The story of his life for years thereafter

is one of the most romantic perhaps that could be written of a great military genius, tossed between commissions in Sweden, descents on Scotland under Ormond's auspices, service in the Irish brigade in Spain, and so on, until he found himself "as the French have it, *au pie de la lettre sur le pavé*"—he had the key of the street. At last, with a royal purse in his pocket, he set off for Moscow. The great obstacle in Spain had been that he was a heretic—in Russia that was a matter of small consequence. He now saw some service which attracted the notice of all Europe, and particularly the notice of the great Frederick. In the Prussian service he thereafter lived and died. His exploits are matters of history; in all Frederick's great movements, he was a leading spirit. One anecdote illustrates his Scottish fidelity, courage and pertinacity. He had been left to defend Leipsic with 8,000 men, and when, at the age of 60, he answered a summons to surrender in these words: "Let your master know that I am by birth a Scotchman, by inclination as well as duty a Prussian, and shall defend the town in such a manner that neither the country which gave me birth, nor that which has adopted me, shall be ashamed of me. The King, my master, has ordered me to defend it to the last extremity, and he shall be obeyed." At Hochkirchen, however, he "died gloriously on the battle-field." Wounded severely in the morning, he refused to quit his post; an hour after he received a shot in the breast and fell lifeless to the ground. Thus, in the sixty-third year of his age, perished one of the bravest soldiers that were ever

stirred by the blast of a war trumpet.* There is no need to enter in detail upon the proof of the admitted fact that the enterprising Scot has set foot on every land, and traversed every sea, almost invariably leaving beneficent traces of his presence and his energy. There used to be an old saying that there is no part of the world where a Scotsman and a Newcastle grind-stone cannot be found, and the same notion is conveyed in a less complimentary form in an old verse preserved by Michel.† The unsavoury connection in which the universal spread of the Scot is introduced, was no doubt the fruit of a national jealousy, similar to that traceable in England after the Union in Swift, Horace Walpole, Johnson and others, as well as in the letters of Junius. In these last, which are still read and admired as brilliant specimens of splendid, but scorching and unscrupulous invective, this outburst of jealousy was not altogether without defence, if we make allowance for the natural indignation which must have burned in the breast of a patriotic Englishman, when he saw the illustrious Chatham supplanted by the Earl of Bute, as a minister, and that the

* "A story regarding Keith, which illustrates the universality of Scottish influence, is worth repeating, although it is found in the *Percy Anecdotes*. At the conclusion of a peace between the Russians and Turks, an interview took place between Field Marshal Keith, and the Grand Vizier. Business over, and the parting bow and salaam, the Turkish minister suddenly approached the Marshal, took him by the hand, and in the broadest Scots dialect, assured him, with warmth, that he was "unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Keith was astounded, but the Vizier replied, "my father was bellman o' Kirkaldy, in Fife, I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother occasionally passing." The Empress Catherine, by the way, had a famous physician who was the son of a miller at the head of Peeblesshire.

† The original may be given without venturing on a translation :—

"Que d'Escossols, de rats, de poux,
Ceux qui voyagent jus qu'au bout
Du monde, en rencontrent partout."

influence of the latter continued, as was then supposed, in the form of "a power behind the Throne," after he had been driven from office. Still when he assailed William Murray, Lord Mansfield, the most eloquent lawyer, and the ablest judge who ever presided in the King's Bench, even Junius felt that he was wrong. "National reflections," he remarks in his Preface,* "I confess are not to be justified upon theory, nor upon any general principles." His plea was that the Scots formed an exception to any general rule. Their "characteristic prudence, selfish nationality, persevering assiduity," the qualities for the most part, which were the cause of their success annoyed him, and the "assiduous smile" with which they refused to take offence touched him to the quick. Sir Philip Francis was not the first nor the last, to envy the Scotsman, his intelligence, or success in life. It is the fashion in quarters nearer home than Mr. Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* office to assign the uniform prosperity and elevation of the Scot in every walk of life to all possible causes but the true ones. He has been accused of "clannishness;" and yet in most European countries, he has either toiled up the ladder of success, round after round, unaided and alone by his own shrewd intelligence, force of character and innate probity, or he has triumphed in spite of national prejudices instead of by their aid in communities where anything like associated effort on the part of Scotsmen would have been at once fatal to him.

An attempt having been made to give a general conception of what the Scot has done on the continent of Europe

* *Letters of Junius* (Eohn's Edition), Vol i. p. 99.

ought now to be supplemented by a sketch of his work in the United States and in the British Colonies. It would, however be obviously out of the question to do more than glance at a branch of the general subject, so extensive and important.

Occasionally, as in New Jersey, where an entire valley was peopled by immigrants from Roxburgh and Selkirk shires, they immigrated in compact bodies to various parts of the Union; but generally speaking there was not systematic movement to particular localities, such as we shall have to describe hereafter in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Glengarry and other parts of Ontario. Still in the old Colonial times the Highland movements, particularly of a Jacobite character, had contributed a large number of settlers. At the Revolution there was a considerable amount of proscription if not of terrorism employed by the "Sons of Liberty," and the new nationality lost as many of its best inhabitants as France did by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* The Scots were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard from New York to Georgia and even Florida, and they bore more than their share of loss and suffering. Even the clergy were not exempt. The Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, was brutally treated by the "Whigs." The Rev. Alexander Macrae, also an Episcopalian, from Edinburgh, boldly defied the patriots in Virginia, and was waylaid and beaten. But for the intervention of Patrick Henry he would either have been banished or murdered. A similarly bold loyalist was also a

* See the historical essay prefixed to Sabine's "Loyalists of the American Revolution."

Scot belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. Thomas Rankin. He was to have been seized by a militia party; but managed to affect the officers by his sermon. The loyalty of Rev. Dr. William Smith of Aberdeen University, enraged John Adams, and Col. Enos, who proposed to seize him, was betrayed into the declaration that the Doctor was "The most consummate villain that walked on the face of God's earth."

Patrick Henry, the most brilliant of the Revolutionary orators, was the son of Col. John Henry, a native of Aberdeen. Alexander Campbell, father of "the Poet of Hope" was a Scottish loyalist living at Falmouth, Va., who returned home about 1776; Thomas was his youngest son; another son married Patrick Henry's daughter. On the mother's side, the eloquent American was allied to Robertson, the histori "and in that way to Lord Brougham." On the loyalist side, we may note Sir Robert Abercrombie, brother of the more celebrated Sir Ralph. He fought in the French war, and through the Revolution. William, first Earl of Cathcart, raised the Caledonian Volunteers, afterwards known as Tarleton's British Legion. During the same period we note Admiral Marriott Arbuthnot, a nephew of the poet, Pope and Swift's coadjutor in *Martinus Scriblerus*. Col. Moncrieff planned the works at the siege of Charleston. Besides we have George Keith, son of Lord Elphinstone, the noted Admiral who, after the Revolution, distinguished himself at Aboukir Bay. Finally we may note on the King's side, Lord William Campbell, youngest son of the fourth Duke of Argyll, and Lieutenant Governor of Nova

Scotia in 1766 and 1772. In 1774-5 he was Governor of South Carolina and met the brunt of the Revolutionary storm there. After having gallantly done his best, he retired on board a frigate, and died bravely at his post before Charleston, being mortally wounded on the *Bristol* in an attack on Fort Moultrie.

On the revolutionary side, there was a good sprinkling of Scots. One of the most singular of these was William Alexander, who claimed the Earldom of Stirling, and utterly failed.* He subsequently turned patriot, and became a major-general in the revolutionary army. James Alexander was a colonel on the same side. Born in Edinburgh Castle he had sat for some time in the Nova Scotian Assembly. In 1776 he aroused the Micmacs to repeated assaults on Miramichi. He finally withdrew to Maine. Alexander Macdonald was a general, commanding chiefly on the Hudson and in New Jersey. Gen. Lachlan McIntosh, of Inverness, was not only a "patriot" himself, but had seven sons and grandsons engaged with him at the same time in 1776. Gen. Hugh Mercer was a Scot and Major-General Arthur St. Clair, who gave his name to the smallest of our chain of lakes. He was a grandson of the Earl of Rosslyn, born at Thurso, and studied medicine under the great John Hunter. Having received a legacy, he abandoned the lancet, and took up the sword as an officer in the 60th Foot; in that capacity he served at Louisbourg and Quebec. Having married at Boston, he resigned his commission in 1762 and settled in Pennsylvania, erecting saw-mills and putting his

* See for a full account of this *cause célèbre*, Samuel Warren's *Miscellanies*.

shoulder to the wheel as Scots generally do. When the Revolution broke out he espoused the popular cause, and served as colonel from Princeton to Yorktown. His subsequent career was a romantic one. Engaging in Indian wars, he fought on the Miami and Wabash. It was he who founded and named Cincinnati, not as is generally supposed from the self-denying Roman dictator, at least directly, but from the Cincinnati, a Pennsylvania society of which he had been President. In 1791 he passed under a cloud, in consequence of an Indian surprise resulting in the loss of half his men; Congress, however, acquitted him in 1802. Nevertheless Jefferson deprived him of his western governorship, and poor St. Clair retired to his log-house to die in poverty. While speaking of Indians we may notice Gen. William McIntosh, a Creek half-breed, and Alexander McGillivray Chief of the Creek Indians in Georgia and Florida, whose father was Lachlan McGillivray and his mother the half-breed daughter of a French officer. The course of American history during the past century would give a long list of eminent men; but of the soldiers and public men we shall mention only General Ulysses S. Grant, twice already elected to the Presidency. Only a short time since he took the opportunity of expressing pride in his Scottish descent.

In other walks of American life we may take at random George Bruce, who introduced stereotyping, Adam Ramage, the inventor of the Ramage printing press, Scott, an Ayrshireman, who devised the press about to be used extensively in the Dominion, and Henry Burden, who made the first

cultivator, are only a few of the ingenious Scots who have developed their powers in the United States. Many of the early editors, both prior to the Revolution and since, were Scots. The most distinguished, judged by his success, is James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *New York Herald*. He was a salient example of Scottish shrewdness, industry, and enterprise. Born at New Mill Keith, in Banffshire, he was educated at the Roman Catholic Seminary at Aberdeen, with a view to holy orders. On a sudden impulse, however, he started off for Nova Scotia, in 1819, where he taught school. Removing thence to Boston, he read proofs, and, strange to say, he wrote poetry. In 1822, he betook himself to New York, and became connected with the press; at last, in May 1835, he found his real work, when he published the first number of the *Herald*. In another direction, a salient instance will be found in the Rev. Dr. McCosh, the learned President of Princeton College. One of the tenderest poets of fifty years ago in the Union was Hew Ainslie, like Burns, an Ayrshire man. His poems were collected so late as 1855, and published with a sympathetic preface by Quincy. George Chalmers, the author of "Caledonia" was a non-combatant loyalist. His life extended from 1742 to 1825. He was an indefatigable delver in the dusty rolls of antiquity, and had, as a writer on the American Revolution a perfect hatred of New England. He ultimately went back to "the pent-up Utica," and ended his days there.

In the craft of ship-building, the Scots have made their mark in America. The work of Napier on the Clyde, Laird of Birkenhead and Lindsay, was pursued by Henry Eckford,

in the United States. His mother was sister of John Black, the first layer of keels at Quebec. Commodore Perry's ships on Erie, as well as Yeo's for Ontario, were Eckford's work, and the noble Scottish tar, Commodore Barclay, whose defeat by Perry was no fault of his own, was also a Scot. Donald McKay, a Nova Scotian by birth, of Scottish parentage, was the ship-builder who set the American commercial navy on its feet, and his vessels still hold their own between San Francisco and Australasia. In natural science it is only necessary to name Alexander Wilson, the author of "*American Ornithology*," whose life is a most impressive example of labours honestly undertaken, and persevered in with true Scottish pertinacity.

It would be easy to show the influence of Scotsmen in American art. The names of William Thom, the sculptor, and James Williamson, the landscape-painter, or, still earlier, that of John Smibert, the founder of the American school to which Copley, Allston and Trumbull belonged. Having thus rather suggested, than surveyed comprehensively the work of the Scot in the American republic, and without attempting to follow him into colonies, other than our own, we shall turn at once to the Provinces which together form the Dominion.





CHAPTER II.

EARLY CONQUEST AND COLONIZATION.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the moro' low was laid at the sound of the drum.

—BURNS.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail ;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

— "*The Garb of old Gaul*."

Oh ! why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep ?
Oh ! why left I th
Where my foref
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea ;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie !

* * * * *
There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain ;
But the first joys o' our youth
Come never back again !
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

—ROBT. GILFILLAN.*

* "*The Exile's Song*," by Gilfillan, touchingly expresses the tender attachment of the Scot to his native land. The first stanza was found in the pocket of one of the Scottish emigrants—200 in all—who perished by the burning of the steamer *Montreal*, near Quebec, in June, 1857. He and all his fellow victims were laid in one grave in Mount Hermon Cemetery, at Quebec. See Le Moine's: *Quebec Past and Present*, page 293.

THE early colonization period in English history affords but few Scottish names, for the reason either that the people of Scotland had enough to do at home or that they were denied any outlet, save such as they might make for themselves to the European continent. Up to the time of the union of 1707, the laws of England effectually dwarfed northern commerce, and prevented the existence of a Scottish mercantile marine. Neither as explorers nor as settlers do we hear of any Scots about or in America, except such waifs and strays as were always floating about the world from "Auld Scotia." Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and Raleigh were all Englishmen, and the first attempt at settlement in what is now British North America was made in Elizabeth's reign by an Englishman. It was in 1583 that the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh laid the foundation of British rule in North America on the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland. He never reached the mainland, and when returning, his little vessel, with its hundred souls, foundered in the Atlantic. To the vessel which sailed near him his last recorded words of courageous hope were these: "Be not afraid; Heaven is as near by water as by land."

The Scot appears upon the scene in the next century in rather an imposing and romantic aspect. The French had been beforehand in Acadia as in Quebec; and the greedy eyes of a Virginian adventurer, Samuel Argall, had been cast upon the French settlement on Penobscot Bay. Having resolved to oust the intruders, as he chose to term

them, he sailed away northward to displace the *fleur de lis* of the Bourbons, and hoist the British flag there. This was no difficult matter; and Argall soon discovered the existence of the Port Royal settlement. Sailing on he destroyed the buildings on the Island of St. Croix, crossed the Bay of Fundy and made short work of Port Royal. This was in 1614; Argall was knighted and made Governor of Virginia. New England had been laid out on a magnificent scale—after the fashion of monarchs—extending from the 40th to the 48th parallels of latitude. Now, there was a Scot named Sir William Alexander, a poet of lively imagination, and also a patriot, whose love of country took a tinge from the warm colouring of his fancy. A friend of William Drummond, of Hawthornden, in itself a great distinction—he had composed “Monarchick” and other tragedies and, in this very year 1614, there appeared at Edinburgh what Mr. Chambers calls “his most meritorious production,”—*Doomsday or the Great Day of Judgment*.^{*} For this literary feat, or in consideration of services to come, Alexander was knighted, and he at once, as became him, abandoned poetry for chivalrous enterprise. There was a New England in the making; why should he not be the founder of a New Scotland? In 1621, he obtained the charter of Nova Scotia from James I., and the scheme he had devised proves that Alexander well knew that his master’s vulnerable spot was in his pocket.[†] His

^{*} *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, Vol. I. p. 27.

[†] See an admirable monogram with portrait, published for the Prince Society, Boston, entitled *Sir William Alexander and American Colonization*, which is not only biographical, but contains the charters in full with specimens of Alexander’s literary style. This handsome volume reflects great credit upon the historical body which issued it. The reader may be referred also to Haliburton’s *Nova Scotia*, p. 86; Murdoch’s *Nova Scotia*, Vol. I., p. 65; Brown’s *Cape Breton*, p. 68; Hannay’s *History of Acadia*, chap. vi. &c.

proposition was that every purchaser of six thousand acres, who paid one hundred and fifty pounds cash, should have a knight baronetcy of Nova Scotia thrown into the bargain. Political troubles at home prevented the inception of this plan before the accession of Charles I., who, in 1625, created the order and sanctioned Sir William's arrangement of the territory. There were to be two divisions, Caledonia the modern Nova Scotia, and Alexandria, consisting of the land from the Bay of Fundy to the Bay of Châleurs, bounded on the west by a line drawn from the mouth of the St. Croix northward. The Tweed was to be the name of the latter river, since it separated New England from New Scotland; the present St. John river was to be the Clyde, and from the east coast of Alexandria, issued the Forth.* The colonization scheme failed; not because Alexander was not perfectly honest and earnest, but because he had embarked upon it without counting the cost. Attempts to settle were actually made more than once, but defeated, chiefly through the determined resistance of the French ruler. Emigrants were attracted thither from 1623 to 1628, when Sir David Kerkt, Kirkt or Kirtk, whose real name was Kirk,

* Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, and a fellow-countryman, thus speaks of Alexander's scheme; "It did not satisfy him to have a laurel from the muses and be esteemed a king amongst poets; but he must also be the king of some new-found land; and like another Alexander indeed, searching after new worlds, have the sovereignty of Nova Scotia! He was born to be a poet and aimed to be a king, therefore, he would have his title from King James, who was born a king and aimed to be a poet. Had he stopped there it would have been well; but the flame of his honour must have some oil wherewith to nourish it; like another Arthur, he must have his knights, though not being limited to so small a number; for how many soever who could have looked but for one day like gentlemen, and given him but one hundred and fifty pounds sterling without any need of a king for opening the gate to enter though the temple of virtue, which in former times was the only way to honour, they had a scale (*i. e.* a ladder) from him whereby to ascend unto the platform of virtue," &c. Urquhart is wrong in at least one respect; for the number of the knight's baronets was limited to one hundred and fifty.

took Port Royal, the modern Annapolis. In 1632, after Alexander in despair had disposed of a large portion of his property, Charles I. ceded the entire territory to Louis XIII. Sir William Alexander went back to the muses, and in 1640, passed away as Earl of Stirling—a title about which there was a contest some fifty years ago, when a fictitious claim was set up to it.

Sir David Kirk, or by whatever other name he may be called, was, in plain English, David Kirke, French by birth, but the son of a Scot, naturalized in France, and driven out of it, in course of time, for his Huguenot opinions. David, who had two brothers, Louis and Thomas, both distinguished in the Acadian and Canadian struggles, was dispatched by Charles I to seize all the French forts on the sea, and to capture Quebec. All these tasks he accomplished to the letter, with the insignificant exception of the Cape Sable settlement. Port Royal, the capital, shared the fate of St. Croix and Pentagot, in 1628, and Kirk seems to have intended an immediate surprise and assault at Quebec. Reaching Tadoussac, on the St. Lawrence he summoned Champlain to surrender the citadel, and was met, as might have been expected by any one who knew the gallant Frenchman, with a haughty defiance. Kirk was making his way home to refit, when Roquement, commanding the squadron conveying the emigrant and provision vessels of the year, rashly and directly, contrary to orders, went out of his way to fight Kirk, and was utterly defeated. Samuel Champlain possessed indomitable courage, and great fertility of resource; but his heart must have sunk within him when he antici-

pated a terrible winter, with the certain knowledge that his supplies had been cut off, and that the enemy would appear before the capital early in spring.* In the following year, an earnest appeal was being made to France, when the envoy dispatched with it met a vessel conveying the news that peace had been concluded between France and England. Eustache Boullé rejoiced to be able to carry the intelligence to Quebec, was on his way back, when his barque was seized by Kirk, bent on completing the work he had begun in the previous season. The Admiral had no fighting to do; the defences were not strong, and both the garrison and the little settlement were on the verge of starvation. Champlain could only insist that peace had been proclaimed and Kirk stoutly refused to credit the story. In the end there was a capitulation, on honourable terms for the gallant Frenchman, and the flag of England was thrown to the breeze, for the first time, over the Gibraltar of America. Louis Kirk became Governor, by his brother's appointment, and it is conceded by all authorities that he displayed the greatest courtesy and humanity to the suffering people. Probably, had it not been for the vehement and persevering importunity of the brave Champlain, the French government would never have taken the trouble of insisting upon the restoration of Canada; Sir W. Phipps would never have suffered defeat in one attack on Quebec, and Wolfe would never have triumphed gloriously in another. As it

* The reader who desires to understand the greatness of Champlain's character, and the sufferings he and his people endured, are referred to the works of Garneau, the Abbé Ferland, Parkman, and also Mr. J. M. Le Moine's, interesting little work on *Quebec, Past and Present*.

was David Kirke, whose life has been written by a descendant, the son of a Scot, that is, a Scot born in France, must have the credit of having first placed the ancient capital under the sway of Great Britain.

The first entry in the earliest extant registry of christenings was made in October, 1621—that of Eustache Martin, son of Abraham Martin *dit l'Écossais*—"called the Scot," pilot of the *St. Lawrence*—and of Marie Langlois. This old pilot left by his daughters numerous descendants; in the Journals of the Jesuits he is known as *Maître Abraham* and what is more to the purpose, as we have already noted, he gave his name—the Christian name by which he was best known—to the celebrated plains of Abraham upon which the fate of Canada was decided in 1759.* "Master Abraham" appears to have acquired—no difficult matter in those days—considerable landed estate such as it was; but though the plains have won posthumous reputation for their owner, it does not appear that they were the source of much profit to him during his life-time. They were rough and covered with boulders, a century and more after he was laid to rest.

It is, of course, outside the purpose of this work, to give even the meagrest outline of the French régime, and we may therefore at once approach the scene when, for the first time Canada was thrown open to British activity and enterprise. The story of the taking of Quebec has been told by so many

* The Abbé Ferland, Vol. I. p. 202, quoted in Mr. Le Moine's *Quebec*, p. 21 note. In Montgomery Martin's *British Colonies* p. 4, he calls Abraham's wife Margaret L'Anglois—a suggestive form of the patronymic—but the learned Abbé is sure to be correct as to both names.

historians that it seems unnecessary to tell it again. The Scots certainly contributed something more than their share to the result, and it may be well to ascertain and gauge their work more clearly than the historians are required to do. Reference has already been made to the suggestion of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, that the Highland fighting strength should be drafted into the military service of the Crown; and also to the characteristic sagacity with which the elder Pitt reduced the scheme to practice.* Of the regiments which took the foremost part in the conquest of Canada, the most famous is the Fraser Highlanders, who scaled the rock at Quebec and drew up, to fight and conquer, on the plains of Abraham. The history of the old 78th regiment is tolerably well known to most readers. Simon Fraser, its Lieutenant Colonel, was the son of the fickle and unfortunate Lord Lovat, who perished on Tower Hill in 1747 for his share in the Jacobite rising of '45. Young Fraser had been led, somewhat reluctantly, into the rebellion in his youth. He was without property of any sort; and yet, when urged to raise a regiment, eight hundred clansmen obeyed his call, and to these were added six hundred by the country gentry and those who were to receive commissions in the regiment. In looking over a list of the officers gazetted in January 1757, it is observable that there are sixteen Frasers, five of them Simons; four Alexanders, and about the same number of Johns; of the other surnames, Macdonell, Stewart, Cameron, Rose, Macneil, Macdonald, Chisholm, Maclean and Mac-

* Wolfe was acquainted with Forbes and appears to have pressed the subject on Pitt's attention. See *Life of Wolfe* by Robt. Wright, London 1864 pp. 198 and 367.

pherson are prominent. The first service of the Frasers was under the gallant Wolfe at the taking of Louisbourg, the French stronghold on Cape Breton.

With the Frasers at the first approach to Louisbourg, were the gallant 42nd, "The Black Watch," renowned in military story, wherever the British flag has been borne to victory, for more than a hundred and thirty years. A list of the chief actions in which this splendid regiment has taken part, is a military history of England in symbol. To mention but a few of them, what a series of chapters glorious for the most part, are epitomized in the words, Fontenoy,* Flanders, Ticonderoga, Martinique, Havannah, Egypt, Corunna, Fuentes d'Onor, Nivelles, Orthès, Toulouse, Waterloo, Alma, Sevastopol, Lucknow, Ashantee! When General Abercromby succeeded the Earl of Loudoun as commander in North America, in 1758, three expeditions were set on foot, one against Louisbourg, another against Ticonderoga, and the third against Fort du Quesne. The 42nd was engaged in the second of these, and covered itself with glory. "With a mixture of esteem, grief and envy" (wrote an officer of the 55th), I consider the great loss and immortal glory acquired by the Scots Highlanders in the late bloody affair. * * They appeared like lions breaking from their chains. Their

* The Black Watch had no reason to be ashamed of Fontenoy, whatever may have been the case with other corps. Their Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, of Fowls, whose personal valour was daring even to rashness, was worthy of his men. A French writer, speaking of the battle, says "The British behaved well, and could be exceeded in ardour by none of our officers, who animated the troops by their example, *when the Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest.* I cannot say much of the other auxiliaries, some of whom looked as if they had no great concern in the matter, which way it went. In short, we gained a victory; but may I never see such another!" Keltie's *Scottish Highlands*, Vol. III, p. 334. At this time (1745) there was not a soldier in the 42nd born South of the Grampians.

intrepidity was rather animated than damped by seeing their comrades fall on every side." On that occasion the loss of this gallant regiment was 8 officers, 9 sergeants and 297 men killed, and 17 officers, 10 sergeants, and 306 soldiers wounded. In the assault and taking of Fort du Quesne, another Highland regiment took the foremost part—the 77th, or Montgomery's. This regiment, formed in 1757, by the elder Pitt,* like the Frasers, received its name from the Colonel, Archibald Montgomerie, son of the Earl of Eglintoun. They sailed to America with the Frasers, and were sent by Abercromby, under the command of General Forbes, with other forces, to reduce Fort du Quesne, on the Ohio. The journey was a long and wearisome one from Philadelphia, over mountain and swamp, or through the pathless wilderness. The Fort was taken without much difficulty, and its name changed to Fort Pitt, there where Pittsburg stands to day—recording, in its name, the genius of the great statesman who was the soul of the war.

The fatal blow to French rule in America, the other expeditions being subsidiary, was dealt at the heart of New France, by Louisbourg and the St. Lawrence. It was at the beginning of June, 1758, that the British fleet made its appearance in Gabarus Bay, to the south-westward of Louisbourg. The weather was fearfully rough and the shore

* It may not be amiss to quote Pitt's words in reference to these Highland Regiments :
 "I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it, and found it, in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men ; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the State, in the war before last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side ; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the world."

rocky, rugged and precipitous; to add to the danger and perplexity, there was a heavy fog. It was not until the 8th that a successful attempt to land was made under fire from the batteries. On the 12th General Wolfe with his Highlanders and flankers seized Lighthouse Point across the harbour to the north-east, and this made the investment complete. The lines were then gradually contracted until there was nothing for the besieged but to break out or surrender. On the 9th July, a sortie, in meeting which Captain, the Earl of Dundonald, was killed, completely failed. The firing and explosion of French war-ships burnt nearly all the vessels in the harbour, the batteries were silenced one after another and the fortifications terribly shattered. On the 26th, the town surrendered and was taken possession of next day by Colonel Lord Rollo. The inhabitants were transported to France, the soldiers and sailors, 5,637 in number were sent home as prisoners of war, the fortifications of Louisbourg were razed to the ground, and Acadia passed away from beneath the sway of France forever.

In the following year the grand attack was made upon the ancient capital. According to the plan of campaign previously arranged, Amherst was to have advanced by Lake Champlain, upon Montreal; Prideaux and Johnson, after taking Niagara, were to have proceeded eastward and their forces having formed a junction with Amherst's were to have hurried to the assistance of Wolfe at Quebec. These arrangements completely failed. Amherst, baffled by Bourlamaque and by the stormy weather on the lake, at last went into winter quarters at Crown Point. Prideaux and

Johnson laid siege to Fort Niagara, but the former was killed by a cannon-ball and, though the latter bravely defeated and almost annihilated the enemy in the field, and took the fort, he rested upon his laurels and attempted no advance. Wolfe, on the other hand, had had a remarkably prosperous voyage up the St. Lawrence and appeared before Quebec with about seven thousand men. It was in June, 1759, that the fleet anchored before the city, and an anxious month of watching and expectancy followed. At last, wearied out with hope deferred, and seeing no prospect of reinforcement by Amherst or Johnson, Wolfe determined to land and attack the enemy, and force him into fight. Montcalm and De Lévis had 12,000 men under their command; they were protected by formidable works from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles, and beyond the latter rose majestically the rock with its diadem of ramparts. On the left side of the Montmorenci, Wolfe had erected batteries and established a camp; Moncton was posted at Point Levi, whence his artillery poured a constant storm of shot and shell into the upper and lower towns, burning hundreds of buildings, public and private, whilst Townshend and Murray occupied the extreme west point of the Island of Orleans. Of the fleet, Admiral Holmes' division had managed to pass the fire of the citadel and was stationed on the river opposite the cove where Wolfe was ultimately to land; the other squadron under Admiral Saunders, a Scot, by the way, rode in the channel between Point Levi and that point of the island which stretches out into the basin towards the city. On the 31st July, every preparation having been

made, and the 1500 barges ready, a heavy cannonade was commenced from Point Levi and the batteries east of the Montmorenci, under cover of which the crossing was effected. Montcalm, after being for a time perplexed, soon discovered the purpose of the British and rapidly moved his forces towards Beauport Plains. Some of Wolfe's boats were struck before they touched shore; and some of them grounded but a landing was effected, and the devoted band moved up the rough declivity. The Louisbourg Grenadiers and the Royal Americans first landed, and their orders were to form in four distinct bodies, and not to begin operations until the first brigade should have arrived to support them. Without waiting for their comrades, however, they began a confused, though impetuous, attack upon the entrenchments. The enemy's fire, steady and well-aimed, at once disconcerted and threw them into disorder. By this time the first brigade had landed and were ready to commence the assault; but the rashness of the advance had completely defeated the enterprise, and Wolfe re-passed the river, chagrined and disheartened. In this unhappy attempt the British loss was five hundred and forty-three, killed, wounded and missing, of whom about one hundred were Highlanders. Colonel Fraser and Captains Macpherson and Simon Fraser were among the wounded. The disappointed commander bitterly upbraided the men who had caused this untoward result of his matured plan. These are Wolfe's words: "The check which the grenadiers met yesterday will, it is hoped, be a lesson to them for the time to come. Such impetuous irregular, and unsoldierlike pro-

ceedings destroy all order, make it impossible for the commanders to form any disposition for attack, and put it out of the general's power to execute his plan. The grenadiers could not suppose that they alone could beat the French army; and therefore it was necessary that the corps under brigadiers Moncton and Townshend should have time to join, that the attack might be general. The very first fire of the enemy was sufficient to repulse men who had lost all sense of order and military discipline. Amherst's (the 15th) and the Highlanders alone, by the soldier-like and cool manner they were formed in, would undoubtedly have beaten back the whole Canadian army if they had ventured to attack them"* (Miles' *History of Canada* p. 386.)

It is very probable, as Dr. Miles contends, that the affair at Montmorenci was by no means the important battle and victory it is represented to be in Garneau's *History*, and elsewhere. Still it had all the temporary effect of a serious defeat, since it disconcerted Wolfe's plans, and worse still, undermined his health, or, at any rate, ripened the seeds of that disease which had begun so early to sap his vitality. It was necessary, now, to revise a new plan of operations, and the one eventually adopted was, according to some,

* After the battle the Indians, according to Hawkins in his *Picture of Quebec*, were sent to scalp and tomahawk the wounded. A touching story is told of the fidelity of a Scots sergeant who found Lieutenant Peyton, desperately wounded and only saved him from the tomahawk by killing the Indians who approached him. Sergeant Allan Cameron had no means of carrying the officer away except on his back. Being a stout fellow this was not a difficult task. "He slung the Lieutenant's fusil over his shoulder along with his own, and took him on his back, telling him to hold fast round his neck. As he had a long way to carry him, he was obliged every now and then to lay him down in order to take breath, and give the Lieutenant some ease, as his wound was exceedingly painful. In this way he got him at last to one of the boats, and laying him down said, 'Now, sir, I have done as much for you as lay in my power, and I wish you may recover.'"

suggested by General Townshend. The attempt to attack from Beauport was at once abandoned, as well from its difficulty as because the enemy was fully on the alert. Wolfe, therefore, withdrew all his forces across the river, and concentrated them at Point Levi. Meanwhile General Murray had been sent up the river with twelve hundred men, partly to destroy some French vessels which had escaped, and to draw into combat any stray detachments of the enemy that might be met, but chiefly, to open communication with Amherst. It was soon ascertained that no present aid need be expected from him, as he had yet to dislodge Bougainville, who was strongly entrenched on the Isle-aux-Noix. Nothing remained, therefore, but to attempt the dashing attack from the neighbourhood of Sillery, a few miles west of Cape Diamond. The task was beset by danger and difficulties, but it was necessary to make the attempt, or abandon the assault for that season. Accordingly, having dispatched the fleet, under Saunders, so as to cover the landing force, Wolfe conveyed his troops in boats, in the darkness of night, to the landing-place.* The landing was effected without opposition, and the arduous ascent of the steep heights commenced. The Frasers were in the front, and scrambled up as noiselessly as might be, aided by bushes and jagged points of rocks, to the summit. The guard were secured, and before

* It is said that the first boat was challenged by the sentries on the river-side. Luckily there was a captain of the Fraser Highlanders in it, who had served in Holland, and was well acquainted with the French language and military system! To the challenge *Qui vive?* he answered *La France*; and to the question *A quel regiment?* his response was *De la reine*, because he, by accident, knew that Bougainville had a regiment called "The Queen's" under his command. So other sentries were deceived, and when one of them more cautious than the rest asked "Why don't you speak up (or loud)?" his reply was "*Tai toi, nous serons entendus*"—"Hush! we shall be heard."

the sun rose on the morning of the 13th, nearly five thousand men had encamped upon the plains of Abraham, to conquer or die, for retreat was now out of the question. Meanwhile the gallant Montcalm was entirely deceived by a feint at Beauport, and naturally supposed that all was safe in the west. Daylight undeceived him, and with that rapid decision which distinguished him, he faced about to meet this new and more serious danger. His resolution was taken at once to leave his lines at Beauport and give the English battle on the Plains.* Some difference of opinion exists in reference to the numbers engaged in this famous action. Garneau says that the English were two to one; Knox, and others who were present, state the French at 7,000 or 7,500, and the British at 4,800. There is no need to describe a conflict which has been so often sketched before. It was sharp, short and decisive. The steady and unerring fire of the British musketry, staggered the advancing French line at the outset; Murray's troops soon broke the centre, "when," says a contemporary account, "the Highlanders, taking to their broadswords, fell in among them with irresistible impetuosity, and drove them back with great slaughter." On the French right, the contest was more vigorously carried on, the Canadians having the advantage of shelter from some houses; but their left and centre were destroyed. At this juncture Bougainville appeared on the scene, with two thousand fresh troops, but Townshend

* Montcalm has been much blamed by some French writers for what they regard as a serious strategical error. English military authorities are of a different opinion; certainly no one can refuse to admire the gallant and chivalrous spirit of his decision. See Miles: *History of Canada under the French Régime*, pp. 406, 407, and notes.

compelled him to retire, without much difficulty. Meanwhile both the gallant commanders had fought their last battle. Wolfe had been wounded early in the fight; but even a second shot failed to drive him from his post. At last, struck in the breast, lying on the ground in the arms of a lieutenant, he heard the cry "They run! they run!" "Who run?" he earnestly enquired and, when told that it was the French, his words, the last which came from that noble breast, were, "What! do they run already? Pray one of you go to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed to St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I die happy!" Montcalm, the victor of Carillon, only the year before, had also been twice wounded, and, at last, when his surgeons were asked to declare at once whether his wounds were mortal, and they had pronounced them to be so, he said, "I am glad of it; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." The flight of the French forces was precipitate, and "such was the ardour with which the Highlanders, supported by the 58th regiment, pressed the rear of the fugitives--having thrown away their muskets and taken to their broadswords--that, had the distance been greater from the field of battle to the walls, the whole French army would have been inevitably destroyed. As it was, the troops of the line had been almost cut to pieces when their pursuers were forced to retire by the fire from the ramparts." This may account for the large number of killed and wounded, considering the short duration of the conflict. The British loss was about five hundred killed and wounded,

and the French at least twice as many, and probably more. The Highlanders lost, altogether: killed eighteen, and about one hundred and fifty wounded. Montcalm's views of the fighting qualities of his enemy were expressed, in a few words, as he lay dying: "If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning, with a third of such troops as were opposed to me."*

After the battle, the British forces were engaged in fortifying the ground they had gained. The sailors and marines were employed in making redoubts, and in three days there was an entrenched camp on the plains, with redoubts and batteries in the foreground, furnished with sixty pieces of heavy artillery and fifty-eight mortars. Vaudreuil, the Governor, the infamous Bigot, Intendant, and Bougainville, on the evening of the battle met to deliberate. De Lévis, the only man of capacity, was at Montreal, and the vigour of his courage, as well as of his intellect, were not at the service of this terrified council of war. When he arrived on the 17th of September, it was too late. The army had been withdrawn to Pointe-aux-Trembles, and the garrison in the citadel was so reduced by starvation and desertion as to be on the point of surrender. The responsibility was thrown upon De Ramezay, the commandant who had been left with nearly 1800 men to sink or swim as he chose. In fact, his

* Hawkins; *Picture of Quebec*. Whilst referring to the two gallant heroes who had so courageously fought, each his country's battles, and who in their deaths were not divided, it may not be amiss to refer to the monument which has united for ever their illustrious names. It was in 1827 that the Earl of Dalhousie proposed this graceful memorial of the union of the two nationalities in Canada; and it was another Scot, Capt. Young, of the 79th Highlanders, who designed the plan of the monument. Le Moine; *Quebec*, p. 264.

troops seconded the demand for an immediate capitulation. It is difficult to say what De Ramsay—for that is the proper orthography of his name—could have done other than he did Garneau says* that “De Ramesay” interpreted too freely De Vaudreuil’s directions not to abide an assault,” but to surrender; the fact is he obeyed them to the letter. The town was at the utmost extremity from panic and hunger; he had not the means of giving the force under his command half rations for two days, and they, to use his own words, “refused to fight the enemy.” On the 18th of September, he surrendered on extremely liberal terms to General Townshend.

The commandant’s name had been at first the indubitably Scottish Ramsay. It was so spelt in France, and there seems no reason why our modern Canadian historians should persist in presenting it under a French disguise, which is merely the measure of their orthographical weakness. This Ramsay was nearly related to that other Chevalier de Ramsay, the author of the *Letters of Cyrus* and the biographer of Fénelon, to whom reference was made in the last chapter. The commandant’s family was of the good old fighting stock of North Britain, and he was not the man to shrink from danger and death, had there been anything better than foolhardiness in the risk. He lost three brothers in the service; the eldest was killed in battle at Rio Janeiro; the second was murdered by the Cherokees; and the third perished by the shipwreck of *Le Chameau*.† There can be no doubt that he belonged to the old Franco-

* Bell’s Garneau, Vol. ii. p. 46.

† Ibid.

Scottish line already alluded to; and he was not alone. There were many who had emigrated to France at the Revolution, leaving sons who found their way from their adopted land to its colony. The Jacobites in the Canadian army were not a few.* Some names, famous in Scottish and French history have come down to us. Amongst them the Comte de Douglas, evidently allied to the Duke of Touraine mentioned in the last chapter. Our Canadian Count was born at Montreal in 1747 and died in Paris in 1842 at the age of ninety-five, unless Mr. Le Moine has made a slip of the pen. His uncle who left the title to him in 1770, was Charles Joseph, Comte et Seigneur de Montreal, in France, "who with one of his brothers, had accompanied Charles Edward on his chivalrous attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors, and was taken prisoner at Culloden."† The Chevalier Johnstone wrote an account of this campaign, and he is presumably the same Chevalier who joined Charles Edward at Perth and was the author of the *Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745-6*.§ It may be mentioned in passing, that Captain John Knox in his *Historical Journal*,

* At the Battle of Carillon or Ticonderoga (1758), where the French, with immense odds in their favour, were victorious, "The British Grenadiers and the Highlanders," we are told, "persevered in the attack for three hours, without flinching or breaking rank; the Highlanders above all, under Lord John Murray, covered themselves with glory. They formed the head of the troops confronting the Canadians, their light and picturesque costume, distinguishing them from all other soldiers amid the flame and smoke. This corps lost the half of its men, and twenty-five of its officers killed or severely wounded." After the battle some Highland prisoners were huddled together on the field, expecting cruel treatment if not from the French from their Indian allies, when a gigantic French officer walked up, and after sternly rebuking some of his men in French, suddenly addressed the prisoners in Gaelic. Surprise soon turned to horror, "Firmly believing that no Frenchman could ever speak Gaelic, they concluded that his Satanic Majesty in person was before them—it was a Jacobite serving in the French army. Le Moine: *Maple Leaves*, 2nd Series, p. 102.

† Le Moine: *Maple Leaves*, 2nd Series, p. 28.

§ Keltie: *Scottish Highlands*, Vol. I., p. 535; *London Quarterly Review*, No. lxxi. p. 211.

and Colonel Malcolm Fraser, then a lieutenant, both Scots, have left full and graphic accounts of the conquest of Canada.

In the Battle of the Plains, General Moncton had been severely wounded and left in October, with the fleet, for New York. General Townshend returned to England about the same time, and General James Murray, son of Lord Elibank, was left in command. It was thus reserved for a Scot to complete the work of Wolfe and to occupy the position of first Governor of Canada under English rule—the earliest in that illustrious roll of viceroys upon which the latest name inscribed is that of “a brither Scot,” his Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne.

It was not to be expected that so able and high-spirited a general as De Lévis would give up New France without another struggle. The British ranks had been sorely thinned by cold, disease and privation during the trying winter of 1759-60, in spite of the strenuous and intelligent efforts of the general to relieve them, as well as the Canadians whose ruler he had now become. Murray had appealed for aid to New York, and had appealed in vain. His troops had dwindled down from 7,313 in October to 4,800 in February; and this number was further reduced to 3,400 by April. There was a scarcity both of food and fuel, and the sufferings of the troops became intense. Murray has been charged with severity and heartlessness; but, as Dr. Miles remarks, in the work already quoted, he was not an unfeeling man by any means, although severely tried by the circumstances in which he found himself, and his first duty as an officer, civil and

military, of the Crown, was obviously to see to the health and comfort of the handful of brave men still remaining to him. "Making reasonable allowance for the circumstances in which General Murray was placed, the candid reader will probably not pronounce General Murray's policy towards the inhabitants injudicious or cruel, or that it was executed with a too rigorous strictness."* Amidst the want and sickness that prevailed during the winter, the strengthening of the fortifications went on and every preparation made and precaution taken, to enable the little band to withstand the blow De Lévis was preparing for them. The French commander landed at Pointe-aux-Trembles on the 26th of April 1760, and at once marched to Lorette and thence to Ste. Foye church, threatening the advance posts of the British. Murray was compelled to sally forth to Ste. Foye on Sunday, and he posted some of his forces between it and Sillery. On the 28th he marched out of Quebec with the rest of his army—a step the judiciousness of which has been much debated. The General had, in fact, a choice between standing siege and risking a battle. The attack made on the French advance was too impetuous and the pursuit carried too far, the consequence was that they met a warm reception and were driven back. A series of disorderly movements followed, and an attempt was made by Lévis to turn the British right. "Meanwhile the left was struggling with the enemy, who succeeded so far, from their superior numbers, in their attempt to turn this flank, that they obtained possession of two redoubts, but were driven out from

* Miles' *History* &c., p. 436.

both by the Highlanders, sword in hand. At length, however, Lévis having brought up fresh troops, Murray was compelled to retire; the French did not attempt to pursue and the British army withdrew into the city. A large part of the fight centred about Dumont's mill, the La Haye Sainte of the day and a singular story—"a thrilling episode," Mr. Le Moine says—is associated with this old wind-mill. "Some of the French Grenadiers and some of Fraser's Highlanders took, lost and re-took the mill three times, their respective officers looking on in mute astonishment and admiration; while a Scotch piper, who had been under arrest for bad conduct ever since the 13th of September, 1759, was piping away within hearing,—so says an old chronicle."* In this second battle the fighting was much more obstinate and the loss proportionably greater. The British had between two hundred and three hundred killed, and nearly eight hundred wounded, and the French about twice as many. It must be remembered that Murray had fearful odds against him, the enemy numbering ten thousand whereas he had at most not more than three thousand. De Lévis now laid siege to Quebec in form; but, after an interval of only eighteen days, General Murray awoke on the morning of May 17th to find that the French had raised the siege, and, like the Arabs, folded their tents and silently stolen away. The English forces, now only some two thousand five hundred in number, started hurriedly in pursuit; but Lévis was already across the Cap-Rouge, and soon made good his escape to Montreal, where he proceeded to concert

* Le Moine *Quebec*, p. 182.

measures with Vaudreuil for a final stand on behalf of his country. In spite of the Governor's unblushing falsehood and braggadocio when addressing the despairing Canadians, no one knew better than he, that all that was to be hoped for was an honourable capitulation.

Quebec being now secure, an opportunity was afforded the British troops of effecting a junction between the various divisions of the army. Murray, as we have seen, was on his way from Quebec, with the remnant of Wolfe's division, comprising 2,450 men. On the way up two regiments from the Louisbourg garrison, under the Scots Lord Rollo, reinforced him. The second division commanded by Colonel Haviland took possession of the Isle-aux-Noix where Bougainville had entrenched himself the year before and marched from Lake Champlain, by the Richelieu River, to the St. Lawrence. To facilitate the passage of armed vessels, Colonel Haldimand, with one battalion of the Royal Highlanders, the Grenadiers and Light Infantry were posted at the bottom of the lake. General Amherst, commanding the principal division, which included the Black Watch, the Montgomery Highlanders and the other battalion of the Royal Highlanders, took the unaccountable route by Oswego and was thus compelled to incur all the risks and dangers of a passage down the St. Lawrence Rapids. His object probably was to secure the investment of Montreal simultaneously from both the east and west; still the movement was a hazardous one, and had the enemy been on the alert, the consequences might have been serious, if not fatal, to the expedition. On the 7th of September, the three divisions had arrived and

united in the investment of the city. On the same day, Governor Vaudreuil sent out De Bougainville with a draft of articles comprising the conditions upon which he was willing to surrender Montreal and the whole of Canada. Conferences and correspondence followed, some of the articles being refused by Amherst, and others modified. De Lévis was much mortified at the British refusal to allow the garrison to march out with the honours of war. He was a brave soldier, the last distinguished representative in Canada of the highest type of French chivalry and military honour and feeling deeply wounded in his most sensitive point, he took the unusual step of appealing personally to the British General; but Amherst was firm and the articles of capitulation were signed by both parties on the 8th of September, 1760.*

The conquest of Canada was now completed, and the royal standard of England floated on the breeze from Newfoundland to the far West, and from the Hudson's Bay to Florida and Louisiana. The distinguished part taken by three of the Highland Regiments in this glorious achievement, has been briefly indicated; and, whilst desirous of acknowledging cheerfully, the gallant bravery of the other troops, regular and provincial, it is surely not too much to claim that the lion's share of the glory was reaped by the hardy sons of the mountain and heather. They were, in fact, the flower of the army, the boldest in attack, the fiercest at close quar-

* The articles, with Sir Jeffrey Amherst's notes of assent, refusal or qualification, as well as those articles of the Treaty of Paris (Feb. 10th, 1763) which relate to Canada, will be found in full in the Appendix to Miles' *History of Canada during the French Régime*, pp. 502-9; also in Knox's *Journals*, Vol. II.

ters, the last to retreat at command—always the bravest of the brave. Of the three regiments enumerated, the illustrious 42nd remains with us to day, and has reaped far more glorious laurels than their first maiden honours, gathered under a Canadian sky. Only the other day, when the war cloud, happily dissipated, though yet only as large as a man's hand, arose upon the Eastern horizon, the Highlanders were at once placed to the fore; "ready, aye ready," as they have ever been, to fight the battles of England in every clime.* The other two Highland Regiments disappeared in their corporate form, at the close of the war. The Montgomeries saw a good deal of miscellaneous service, at intervals, against the Indians, and, after the Canadian war, were sent on a small expedition, with four ships, under Lord Rollo, and Commodore Sir James Douglas, to Dominique; they were also with the 42nd in the attacks on Martinique and Havannah. On their return they formed with some of Fraser's Highlanders, and a miscellaneous force, an expedition to re-take St. Johns, Newfoundland, which completely succeeded. In 1763, with the 42nd, they went to the relief of Fort Pitt, the last service before the peace of that year. As soon as this was concluded, an offer was made of land grants to those who chose to settle in America, and, as will be seen hereafter, many of them took up their abode in old Canada

*A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing of the Victoria Cross men at Malta, in June last, stated that there were not above 300 persons wearing the red ribbon of the Cross, five of whom were then with the Indian troops—Brigadier General McPherson, Brigadier General Watson, Colonel Blair, Colonel Prendergast and Lieutenant Colonel McIntyre. "It is a notable circumstance," he added, "how those 'Macs' crop up. There is an extraordinary number of Victoria Cross men with that prefix to their names—upwards of 20—while there is not a solitary 'O,' save O'Connor who was wounded at the Alma."

and the Maritime Provinces. The rest returned to Scotland. The Frasers, or old 78th, were disposed of in the same manner. They seem peculiarly Canadian, from the intimate connection they had with our early history.* In 1775, a portion both of the Frasers and Montgomeries formed a corps, along with the Royal Highland Emigrants, and in the same year the Frasers were revived, forming two battalions under Colonel Fraser, whose services to the crown were rewarded by a grant of the Lovat estates, forfeited in 1746. This regiment was the old 71st.†

The conquest of Canada was the crowning work of Pitt's illustrious career, and it seemed as if the Peace of Paris had secured to Britain the permanent possession of the major part of North America. Florida, Louisiana, the narrowing stretch of land, including the south coast as well as the north coast of the Pacific, with both Californias were in foreign hands; yet for all present purposes, the whole vast continent was an appanage of the British Crown. The consolidation of British North America had hardly been effected, however, when symptoms of disintegration began to manifest themselves. The taxation of the colonies was the occasion, not the cause, of the dismemberment of the Empire, twenty years after the cession of Canada. So long as the *fleur de lis* was emblazoned in stone and brass at Quebec, and the white flag of the Bourbons waved over its citadel, the force of sympathy was sufficiently exigent to bind the

* During the years 1758-60, the Frasers lost in killed, 123, wounded, 446; total, 569.

† For full information regarding all the Highland clans and regiments, consult Keltie's *Scottish Highlands*, and Browne's *Highlanders and Highland Clans*, upon which the writer has largely drawn.

American colonies to the Crown of England. The stress withdrawn, the centrifugal power was sure, sooner or later, to make itself effectively and definitively felt.

The Americans were themselves by no means unanimous, and it is not to the credit of the champions of liberty in those days, that they sought, by cruelty, imprisonment, violence and forcible banishment, to silence all opponents of the revolutionary propaganda.* If they were culpable in this respect, they committed a graver error in attempting to subjugate the unwilling and unsympathetic to the north of them. The conclusion seems inescapable, either that the leaders of the Revolution were blinded by their own enthusiasm, or that they deliberately intended to conquer the country and were in fact champions of the Monroe doctrine long before it was formulated by Monroe.

At all events they did invade Canada in 1775. Much has been said of the arbitrary government of the Revolution at this time, and there is unfortunately a strong element of truth in the strictures of historians. It must be remembered that early British rule in Canada was of necessity strong-handed, despotic and essentially military. The Quebec Act of 1774 was not acceptable either to the French or the dominant party. Guy Carleton, the Governor, a man of many sterling qualities, was a somewhat stern disciplinarian as a ruler. At the moment when danger was at his gates and when the French were ready to show their loyalty to the Crown, he chose to cast doubts upon their loyalty and

* See Sabin's comprehensive work on *The Loyalists of the American Revolution*, and especially the valuable "Preliminary Historical Essay" with which it opens.

so far as his efforts went, to drive them into rebellion. Still the malcontents proved to be few and insignificant, and the emissaries of Congress found a cool reception awaiting them on all hands, and especially from the Catholic clergy, to whose powerful influence the failure to seduce any portion of the *habitans* was mainly due. Whatever just grounds of complaint either the French or English may have had, they were lost sight of when the enemy approached their gates. Congress had tried the arts of the demagogue, and now it appealed to the sword. In Nova Scotia, an appeal had been made in seductive language but without any tangible result. As was to be expected from the close proximity of the Province to New England and the social and commercial ties which united both together, there was a certain amount of disaffection in some counties, but neither the malcontents nor the Americans reaped any benefit from it. In Canada, the Americans resolved to try invasion, and the plan they adopted was an immediate attack upon Montreal and Quebec. This was not so quixotic an attempt as might, at first sight, appear. Governor Carleton had only 1,800 men at his command, regulars, militia, seamen, marines and Canadians—"a motley garrison," as Mr. Le Moine remarks.* Among these were the Royal Highland Emigrants already referred to as embodied in the 84th Regiment. They consisted of soldiers of the conquest, from the Frasers and Montgomeries who had settled in the country, and now sprang loyally to arms to repel the invader. They were commanded by Colonel Allan

* *Maple Leaves*, 2nd Series, p. 133.

Maclean and formed the backbone of the British defending force. The seamen were under the command of Captains Hamilton and Mackenzie, and the defences committed to the care of James Thompson, Acting Engineer, formerly of Fraser's Highlanders, with one hundred and twenty artificers. Thompson put the fortifications of the citadel in repair, and all was made ready for the impending assault. Obviously Scotsmen mainly provided both the strong arm and the directing head in 1775. Meanwhile the Americans had had it all their own way. Benedict Arnold, of whom history speaks in somewhat uncomplimentary terms, and Ethan Allen had secured Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Soon after a carefully planned attack was made from several quarters, Schuyler approached from Lake Champlain, and Arnold reached the St. Lawrence by the Kennebec and the Chaudière. The former fell ill at Albany, and was succeeded by Colonel Richard Montgomery—a brave officer, once a lieutenant in the 17th Foot, an Irishman of brave, generous, and exemplary character. He had left the army, owing, it is said, to some grievance connected with promotion in 1772, and settled, as well as married, in the Province of New York. Allen, of "Green Mountain Boy" fame, tired no doubt, of attempting to reduce Chambly and St. John's, made a rash attack upon Montreal with a handful of men, was taken prisoner and sent to England in irons. Carleton here made a terrible slip; having only eight hundred men, he hurried off to relieve St. John's, Chambly being already in Montgomery's hands, tumbled into an ambuscade and hastened the capitulation of the garrison he intended to

succour. No sooner arrived at Montreal again, than he resolved to abandon it and shut himself up in Quebec. When Montgomery approached, the garrison were ordered to embark, and, in attempting to do so, General Prescott and about one hundred and fifty troops—a serious number under the circumstances—were intercepted by the enemy. The Governor himself stole past Sorel with muffled oars, and, after some stirring adventures, succeeded in getting back to the citadel of Quebec. On the 12th of November, Montreal, being totally defenceless, surrendered, and the stage was cleared for the final act of the drama. Benedict Arnold and his auxiliary force had by this time reached the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, with Quebec unconquered before them. The romantic story of that memorable march by the Kennebec is full of interest, and would probably have been known better—at least to Americans, but for the unfortunate necessity of connecting with it the name of Benedict Arnold. After thirty-two days of suffering from cold and hunger, during which his unfortunate men were reduced to the last extremity, Arnold arrived at Point Levis on the 8th of November. A few days later he ascended from Wolfe's Cove and took up a position on the Ste. Foye Road.

Nothing further could now be done until Montgomery arrived from Montreal, on the 1st of December, when the combined forces blockaded Quebec. The siege, if such it may be called, lasted during the entire month of December, when the gallant Montgomery, wearied with inaction, came to the desperate resolution of attempting an assault. On the 31st of December in the midst of a driving snow-storm

the Americans advanced to the attack. They were disposed in four columns; the first detailed to make a feigned assault on St. John's gate; the second, under Major Brown, was to menace the citadel; the other two, led by Arnold and Montgomery respectively, were to attempt the actual work of the assault. The American leaders appear to have thought that, after seizing the Lower Town, the Upper would lie open to them, and accordingly, Arnold, with 450 men, was to advance by St. Roch suburb, and seize the batteries of the Sault-au-Matelot. Montgomery, on the other side, advanced towards the Lower Town, by the road between Cape Diamond and the river, intending to force the barrier of the Près-de-Ville, and enter by Champlain Street. Both divisions were to meet at the lower end of Mountain Street, and force the Prescott barrier together.

The path chosen by Montgomery was extremely narrow, and, besides that, obstructed with snow drifts and blocks of ice. At the narrowest part, known as the Près-de-Ville, the Americans marched slowly and cautiously; they had passed the outer barrier without resistance, and approached the inner. All was silent there, but not deserted. Within was a masked battery of only a few three-pounders, with a little band of thirty Canadians, eight British militia, nine seamen to work the guns, under Captain Barnsfare, with Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery. The enemy halted at a distance of fifty yards, and an officer advanced to see whether the guard were on the alert or not. His reply was satisfactory, it would appear, for immediately the force advanced, with Montgomery in front. Meanwhile

Hugh McQuarters stood, match in hand, ready to take deadly aim at the head of the column. His gun was one always "kept loaded with grape and musket balls, and levelled every evening in the direction of the footpath." It was Montgomery's fate to be amongst the leading files of the storming party, and the precision with which McQuarters acquitted himself of the orders he had received resulted in the death of the general, two aides-de-camp, and a sergeant. Not another shot was fired, for the unerring aim of the Scottish artilleryman had, in fact, decided the fate of the attack.*

Meanwhile Arnold marched by the St. Charles towards Sault-au-Matelot Street. He was early in the action, wounded in the knee, and taken to the hospital. His men continued to advance, until a sortie, directed by Governor Carleton, captured their rear guard and compelled the rest to surrender. The British loss was only two killed, Lieutenant Anderson of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Fraser, head ship-carpenter, with seventeen wounded. Exclusive of those who fell by the shot of Hugh McQuarters, the Americans lost about one hundred killed and wounded. The force which surrendered consisted of 426, of all ranks; of these, 44 were wounded. Arnold continued the blockade, his troops being posted at a distance of about three

* See Le Moine's *Quebec*, pp. 207-8. Also, his *Maple Leaves*, 2nd Series, p. 131; and Bell's Garneau: *History of Canada*, vol. ii., pp. 138-164. Some dispute has arisen as to the firing of this fatal gun. Mr. Le Moine says (*Quebec* p. 209) "It was then, as it is still, the custom for a steady non-commissioned officer or gunner of the Royal Artillery to mount with every Infantry guard where there are guns. I have no doubt in my own mind that honest Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery, 'feared God only, and kept his powder dry,'—that he fired the fatal gun point blank down the road which he and the gallant guard had steadily watched through the long, dark hours of that eventful night. *Palmar qui meruit, ferat.*"

miles from the city. This lasted under Arnold and Wooster who succeeded him, until the 5th of May—about six months altogether—when, fearing the arrival of English ships and reinforcements, the Americans hastily broke up their camp and retired to Montreal. It was at this juncture that Congress despatched a commission to Montreal, consisting of Benjamin Franklin and two others, accompanied by a Catholic clergyman named Carroll, who had been educated in France, and was therefore expected to have no small influence with the French clergy. They soon discovered from Arnold that the case was hopeless, and, after remaining in Montreal about a fortnight, departed to report, not progress, but retrogression. So ended the Revolutionary chapter in the history of Canada.

It has been already stated that a large number of the Highlanders who fought in the French and Revolutionary wars settled in old Canada and the Maritime Provinces. Indeed the number was so large, comparatively speaking, and the means of securing accurate information regarding them is so imperfect, that it will be hardly possible to enter into detail. It is only by cursory notices scattered in works, written on the general history or topography of the Provinces, that any facts regarding these settlers can be gleaned. In all the Provinces, instructions were sent from the Imperial Government, to set apart grants of land both for the officers and soldiers retired from service and also for the Loyalist refugees in the Revolutionary period.* After the Conquest,

* See any of the general histories of Canada, Haliburton's or Campbell's *Nova Scotia*, Gesner's *New Brunswick*, and the Rev. Mr. Tuckey's *Newfoundland*; also Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution*.

the Fraser Highlanders as well as the Montgomeries were sprinkled liberally over the Province of Canada. Major Nairn and Captain Fraser were made seigniors in the neighbourhood of Murray Bay. In 1782 numbers of the Royal Highland Emigrants occupied land in the same locality. These, says Le Moine, "were the immediate progenitors of genuine Jean Baptistes—such as the Warrens, McLeans, Harveys, the Blackburns and several other families—who, of their Scotch ancestry, have retained nothing save the name.* In many cases not merely the language, but the patronymic itself has been lost, and hence it becomes impossible to trace the Scottish origin of the family without some special knowledge not usually committed to print or even writing.† The Province of Ontario was first peopled by loyalists from the revolted colonies; but to the east, in the Provinces of Quebec, notably, and to some extent in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it is not always easy to distinguish the origin of families. The Fraser, in 1868, undertook the task of binding together once more the scattered members of their clan and giving it once more something like corporate being. The information given by Mr. Keltie was received directly from the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, formerly Legislative

* *Maple Leaves*, 1st Series, p. 71.

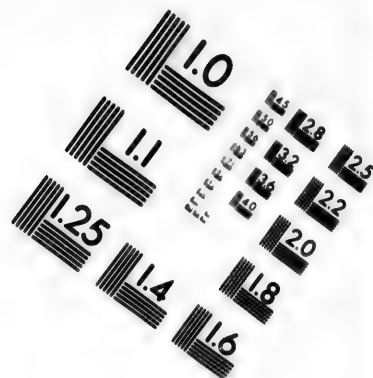
† Mr. Le Moine states that there is a worthy notary public on the Island of Orleans, either of English or Scottish ancestry, whose ancestor was named "Richard somebody, but his heir has never been able to clear up the point; and still a family name he must have by hook or by crook; so the Richard was made into Dick, and *Monsieur le Notaire Jean Dick* is now known all over the Island and executes deeds under that and no other name, I do not believe he understands or speaks English." (*Ibid.* p. 38.) Our Canadian friend appears to have been caught napping here. Nobody wanting a surname would change a good Norman name like Richard into Dick; the latter, however, is a Scottish patronymic and probably was the notary's by legitimate inheritance.

Councillor for the Rougemont Division.* At the Quebec meeting it was reported that there were 12,000 persons in British North America bearing the name of Fraser, all of them in positions above that of the day labourer. Of these, many are descendants of the Fraser Highlanders; and others, such as John Fraser, who died in 1840, aged eighty-eight, at Shelburne, N.S., were U.E. Loyalists. The Hon. Mr. Fraser remarks that they are all strong, well-built men, hardy, industrious, sober, having comfortable homes, where quietness reigns and plenty abounds. At the gathering alluded to it was resolved to form a new clan Fraser, partly to keep alive traditional sympathies, and partly for benevolent purposes. The Hon. James Fraser, of Farraline, Legislative Councillor of Nova Scotia, was elected "Chief" of the clan for British North America, and one hundred and eleven subordinate chieftains were also named. The blending of the nationalities amongst the Frasers is remarkable, some speak English, some French; some of both nationalities are Catholics, others Protestants.† Of course the members of this clan and of others belong to no particular immigration epoch, and therefore may or may not belong to the period now under review. To enumerate the U. E. Loyalists of Scottish birth who took refuge in Canada or the Maritime Provinces would be a hopeless task in the space that can be devoted to them. If the reader

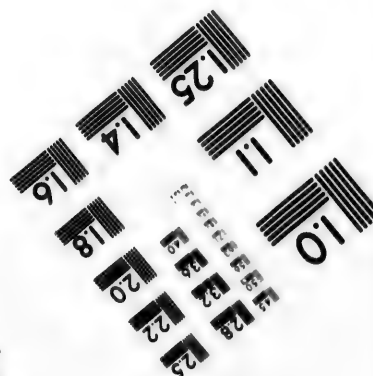
* The Scottish Highlanders, vol. ii., p. 305.

† It may be mentioned here that *the* McNab, figures at a St. Andrew's dinner at Kingston, a note of which will be found in Sir James Alexander's *L'Acadie* (vol. ii. chap. i). He is described (in 1843) as "a warm-hearted man and a true friend." Dressed usually "in a blue coat and trousers, with a whole acre of McNab tartan for a waistcoat. At great dinners he wore a full suit of this tartan; on the jacket were large silver buttons which his ancestor wore in the rising of 1745.

will turn over the two bulky volumes of Sabine's work, he will have some idea of the large number who came hither from every part of the revolted colonies, almost all of them sufferers in body or estate for loyalty's sake. To give but an example or two, there are no less than eleven McDonalds, eight of one family, each with a family of his own, all of whom emigrated to New Brunswick, besides others who returned home. There are three McKays, one of them Hugh, of the Queen's Rangers, who also went to New Brunswick; then comes the name of the Mackenzies settled at Shelburne, in Nova Scotia. We have also Archibald McLean, who became a New Brunswick M.P.P. and Magistrate, and Charles McPherson, one of the founders of St. John, New Brunswick. Indeed it may be said, in brief, that New Brunswick, in some localities, and Nova Scotia to no small extent, received its most vigorous stock of pioneer colonists from the Scots who clung to the throne, in the period from 1776 to 1783, lost their earthly all, and desirous of living and dying under the old flag, sought a home in the pathless wilderness on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. The distribution of the Scottish population in the Maritime Provinces will be better seen when the modern progress and present condition of them are examined in detail. Early settlement so far as British colonizers are concerned, was of no great consequence. Still, as showing the enterprise of the Scot, one or two important efforts may be mentioned. At an early date, in New Brunswick, when that Province was almost an unbroken forest, in 1764, Mr. William Davidson left the



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north of Scotland and settled at Miramichi. He was the pioneer in that important district. The French had either forsaken or destroyed their houses, and the Indians had again assumed possession of the soil. The next year Mr. Davidson obtained a grant of no less than 100,000 acres on the south-west branch of the Miramichi River. Soon after, a countryman, Mr. Cort, from Aberdeen, joined him. The two caught together from 1400 to 1800 tierces of salmon yearly and drove a profitable trade. The Indians were friendly until the breaking out of the American Revolution, when they broke out, "displayed their flags, sounded the whoop and yell of war, and bade defiance to the pale faces of the east. They burnt two houses, killed the cattle, and robbed Cort's storehouse of 700 moose skins. These Indians favoured the rebels, and exemplified a love of liberty, or rather license, in their own peculiar fashion. They were finally overawed by the crew of a man-of-war."

Soon after the capture of Quebec, a Mr. Walker, from Scotland, settled at Alston Point, on the north side of Bathurst Harbour, and traded in fish, furs, walrus hides, tusks and oil. So far back as 1766 some Massachusetts families settled up the St. John, in what is now the county of Sunbury. During the Revolutionary war this settlement received large accessions from the ranks of the Loyalists, a considerable proportion of the new-comers being Scots. Three thousand persons from Nantucket arrived in the spring succeeding the peace, many of whom had served in the army, and twelve hun-

dred followed in the autumn.* Mr. McGregor quotes from a pamphlet an account of the sufferings undergone by these hardy pioneers. "The difficulties," says the writer, "which the first settlers were exposed to continued for a long time almost insurmountable. On their arrival, they found a few hovels where St. John is now built, the adjacent country exhibiting a most desolate aspect, which was peculiarly discouraging to people who had just left their homes in the beautiful and cultivated parts of the United States. Up the River St. John the country appeared better, and a few attractive spots were found unoccupied by old settlers. At St. Ann's where Fredericton is now built, a few scattered French huts were found; the country all around being a continued wilderness, uninhabited and untrodden, except by the savages and wild animals; and scarcely had these firm friends of their country (American Loyalists) begun to construct their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigours of an untried climate; their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenatable. "On the Bay of Fundy, the frontier town is distinctively Scottish, both by name and early settlement. On a point of low land at the mouth of the St. Croix, and in front of a hilly ridge stands the town of St. Andrews."†

Before it is spread the spacious Bay of Passamaquoddy, with the islands and the coast of Maine in the distance, and a grand and picturesque land view to the east. At various

* John McGregor: *British America*, vol. ii., p. 223. To this work published in two volumes by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, in 1832, the writer is indebted for much of what follows regarding early settlement in the Maritime Provinces.

† *Ibid*: Vol. ii., p. 251.

points up the St. Croix, there were early settlements made, and the Scot has been always fully represented there as well as on the St. John. To the first immigration on the Miramichi reference has already been made. There the great lumbering interest first established itself amidst many difficulties, culminating in the terrible fire of 1825, when "a hundred and forty miles in extent, and a vast breadth of country on the north, and from sixty to seventy miles on the south of the Miramichi River, became a scene of perhaps the most dreadful conflagration that occurs in the history of the world."*

The settlements of Douglastown and Newcastle were swept away in a few moments, many of the inhabitants perishing in the flames. Saw-mills, vessels and buildings, public and private were doomed by the fury of a fire "borne upon the wings of a hurricane" with a rapidity almost inconceivable. About the Bay des Châteaux, which separates the Gaspé district of Quebec from New Brunswick there are many settlers of Scottish origin.† Miscou Island, which is about ten miles round, was once under the French *régime*, a great fishing

* *Ibid*: Vol. II., p. 265.

† The County of Restigouche, near the coast, is peculiarly Scottish. The names of Dunlee, Glenelg, Glenlivat, Campbelltown and Dalhousie sufficiently mark the national character of the settlement. In his *Notes on North America*, Vol. I., p. 394, Prof. Johnstone says: "These first settlements we come to are about eight miles north, in a straight line from the banks of the Restigouche river, and 1,250 feet above the level of the sea. . . . One thing a traveller through a region like this is surprised at, when he stumbles on a settled and cultivated tract of land, such as I was now passing through; he wonders how the people came to find it out. Who induced these men and women to leave remote corners of Scotland, and settle in this remote corner of South-eastern Canada. The whole line of country is a *terra incognita* at Quebec and Fredericton. At the seat of government of both Provinces, when they complain of how little we know of their geography at home, the spot I speak of was absolutely unknown, and yet humble Scotchmen and their families had made choice of it, and already fixed upon it their future homes." In *Soirées Canadiennes* (Quebec, 1861) there is an account of a visit to the entire region in both Provinces, under the caption of "Les côtes de la Gaspésie."

station; but early in this century, it only afforded a salient proof of the facility with which a Scot can find a home and earn a livelihood anywhere. "In 1819," says Mr. McGregor,* when I was ashore on this island, there was living on it but one family, consisting of a disbanded Highland soldier, of the name of Cambell, his wife, son-in-law and two daughters. He settled on this spot, from a truly Highland attachment to flocks and herds, as it affords excellent pasturage and produces also plenty of hay for winter fodder.†

The number of Scots at an early period engaged in the timber-trade, was very considerable, as the names of some of the principal firms owning vessels and saw-mills on the Restigouche, the Miramichi, and other rivers of New Brunswick, clearly show. Still the north-country folk were never so numerous an element there as in the neighbouring Province of Nova Scotia, except in the distinctively Scots Colonies, as they were termed, to which reference has been made. Sir Howard Douglas, who was Governor at the time of Mr. McGregor's visit, appears to have been an energetic promoter of the material, educational and religious interests of New Brunswick. He constructed military

* *British America*; Vol. ii., p. 276.

† Mr. McGregor tells a melancholy story of this Scots Family Robinson in a note. "Three individuals of this family were, I have learned since, drowned; the boat in which they were attempting to cross over to Caraquette, having swamped on a reef about two miles from land. One of these was the unmarried daughter. Her appearance was certainly interesting when I saw her; and I could not help thinking at the time, that it was a matter of regret that she should wear out life on an island thirty miles from any one but her own family. A black servant that I had with me, told me after we left, that she was anxious to escape from her prison, as she named it, and would gladly do so then, if she could. Two months after the unfortunate girl was drowned,"—another Hero lost in a rougher Hellespont, longed for a Leander, not drowned, but out of reach, and perhaps never seen or known—only longed for. See Montgomery Martin's *British Colonies*, Book iii., chap. i., and Geaner's *New Brunswick*, chap. iii.

roads, established schools, and displayed a deep interest in the Presbyterian Church and collegiate instruction. Up to 1783, the Courts were held at Sunbury. In that year Fredericton was made the seat of law, and in 1784 New Brunswick was constituted a separate Province, with the latter city as its seat of government.

Reference has already been made to the abortive settlement of Nova Scotia, by Sir William Alexander. At the present time the localities peculiarly Scottish clearly mark out the current of immigration in the eighteenth century. There is a memorial of a singular settlement in the name of McNutt's Island at the entrance of Shelburne Harbour. Alexander McNutt was, it would appear, a religious enthusiast, who attempted a sort of millennial colony in early days on the western shore. It was called New Jerusalem, but proved a failure; the settlers failed to fulfil the Crown terms, and their lands were at last forfeited, and New Jerusalem fell into the hands of the governmental Philistines. In 1783, no less than twelve thousand Loyalists settled there; the site of a town was chosen, and named Shelburne by Governor Parr, in honour, no doubt, of the statesman whose title was merged in that of Lansdowne. Alexander's Scottish names—the Clyde River and Argyle Bay—remain as monuments of his unsuccessful enterprise; but long since his day they have served to attract large numbers of disbanded Scottish soldiers, loyalist and immigrant. At Pugwash Harbour—a name we may acquire the Celts of imposing upon the place—there are Highland settlements of importance. Speaking of the timber district

in other lands, Mr. McGregor says, "It presents a striking contrast to the beautiful lands settled by the Scotch Highlanders, lying along the shore, between this place and the next harbour. The latter people, as well as those at Fox Harbour, were hardy, industrious emigrants from the Hebrides; ignorant, however, of improved methods of cultivating the soil, yet by adhering to rural labour, they have not only obtained a better livelihood than the lumberers, but they have good farms, with extensive clearings, which secure them against the evils of poverty." * Another place, with an abominable name, Rensheg, was patriotically improved into Fort Wallace. It may be remarked, in passing, that there are colonies of Germans at Lunenburg and Le Have, of old Acadians on St. Mary's Bay, and of Swiss Protestants on the River John. Pictou and the mining district are peculiarly Scottish. There is a large Highland colony there, retaining, in primitive purity, the language, the music, the sports, the habits and the simplicity of the old land. The first settlement at Pictou was in 1765, by a handful of wanderers from Maryland. Thirty families of Highlanders, "who joined them afterwards, underwent almost incredible difficulties, in consequence of arriving late in the season, having no houses to shelter them, wanting provisions, the general wilderness state, at that time, of this part of the province, and its great distance from the nearest settlement." † Tenacious with sterling Scottish tenacity,

* *British America*, vol. II. p. 126.

† *Ibid.* p. 130. The writer adds, in a note that "The first settlers had often, during winter, to cross the country, a distance of nearly fifty miles through the woods, for what little food they could drag back on a hand-sled, to sustain the lives of their wives and children."

these hardy pioneers persevered, and in a few years they were enabled to live in comfort. From that period Pictou has progressed with measured regularity, to an extent which would have surprised the enterprising tourist of fifty years bygone. Mr. McGregor, who was an honest and intelligent observer, notes what had already been effected around Pictou in these words: "The port has continued to be a great *point d'appui* for emigrant ships leaving the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. Settlements consequently extended up the rivers, and along the shores to the north and south-east; and Pictou therefore derives its importance from being the centre of all the intercourse and trade, as well as the port of entry for that part of Nova Scotia lying between the Gut of Canseau and the the Bay de Vert.* It is quite possible that the author of *British America* was carried away by his Highland sympathies, for a singular want of sympathy is shown in his work with Lowland energy and enterprise. In 1832, however, the balance may have been on the other side, and the picture of this Nova Scotian colony of Scots Highlanders has an air of unmistakeable truth about it.†

An admirable work on the distinctively Scottish County of Pictou has recently been written by a resident clergyman, and from it the following facts are mainly extracted.§

* *Ibid*, p. 131.

† The town, and the whole district of Pictou, are decidedly Scottish. In the streets, within the houses, in the shops, on board the vessels, and along the roads, we hear little but Gaelic and broad Scotch. The Highland dress, the bagpipe, and Scottish music are also more general in this part of the country, while the red gowns of the students which we see waving here and there like streamers, bring the colleges of Aberdeen and Glasgow with their associations into recollection." *Ibid*, p. 132.

§ *A History of the County of Pictou in Nova Scotia*, with maps, by the Rev. George Patterson, D.D., Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1877, p. 471.

One of the early immigrants deserving special notice was James Davidson, a native of Edinburgh, who came out with his wife and first-born in the same vessel with the Rev. Mr. Cock, and his family. He was the first school-master at Pictou and established the first Sabbath-school in the county, at Lyon's Brook. He was an eminently pious man and effected much good amongst the early settlers roughing it in the wilderness. Robert Patterson, made a magistrate in 1774, and thenceforth known as Squire Patterson, was a Renfrew man, but had previously resided in Maryland. He was one of the pioneers in the settlement already mentioned. Long the chief man in the town he earned the name of "The father of Pictou." All the first lots were laid out by him; he surveyed all the early grants and also took an active part in public affairs. His family was numerous and one of his sons who was an elder in the Church, died in 1857, aged 96. The Harrises who figure largely in the early annals were a sample of the Scoto-Irish, their ancestors having left and lost a fine estate in Ayrshire previous to the Revolution of 1688, "for their attachment to Presbyterian worship." They had settled near Raphoe in the County of Donegal. This family spread out into many branches. John Rogers again was from Glasgow, and he also has left numerous descendants.

In 1773 arrived the ship *Hector* with a load of immigrants chiefly from the Highlands. The vessel had been previously employed under Dr. Witherspoon, in taking Scottish emigrants to the New England colonies. John Pagan, a merchant of Greenock, was the moving spirit in the

Pictou settlement. He employed an agent named John Ross to offer to Scottish settlers, a free passage, a farm lot and a year's provisions. Three families accordingly, with five young men, embarked at Greenock; the rest of the passengers went on ship-board at Loch Broom in Ross-shire. Altogether about one hundred and eighty or ninety left "auld Scotia" early in July, 1773. At the moment of departure a piper was found on board, who had not paid his passage, having nothing to offer but his music, which he proposed as an equivalent. At the request of the passengers, in whom the love of home had already anticipated future longings, pleaded for him, and he remained. There was but one man on board, a sailor, who had ever crossed the Atlantic before, and few of the passengers had ever passed even so far as the Isles. The *Hector* was an old Dutch boat, sea-worthy, according to the ante-Plimsoll notions of those days; but a sorry tub for such a voyage. The passage proved long and stormy; provisions were scarce and disease broke out; and the only resource at last was a sack of refuse which Hugh McLeod had gathered against an emergency. On the 15th of September, after a sea-voyage of eleven weeks the redoubtable *Hector* landed her passengers at Pictou. The story of early disappointment and suffering told of these hardy Highlanders is exceedingly touching; but, into its details, there is no room to enter. The hardships of bush-life, the severity of the winter, and the scarcity of food, wearied not only the courage but the patience of the settlers severely. That they triumphed over difficulties unusually great, even in early colonial life, is another evidence

of the indomitable energy and power of endurance characteristic of the Scot.

• The American Revolution seriously interfered with the nascent trade of Nova Scotia, and there were serious differences of opinion between the old and new settlers. Dr. Patterson (p. 99) maintains, from facts which had come to his knowledge, that Mr. Murdoch is wrong in claiming, in his *History of the Province*, that the settlers from the other American colonies were uniformly loyal. On the contrary, they often sympathized with the rebels; whereas the immigrants from Scotland were intensely loyal to the Crown. The only exceptions in the latter case were some of the old Covenanters, who, "from rigid adherence to the principles of that body, would not swear allegiance to the British Crown," hence, in some fashion, had a fellow-feeling for the revolted colonists.

Another settlement was conducted by Wellwood Waugh, late of Lockerby, Dumfries-shire. This band had been attracted to Prince Edward Island in 1774; but their hopes were blighted by a visitation of locusts, and they removed to Pictou County. At the peace of 1783 there was an important accession to the population, the largest body being of the 82nd, or Hamilton Regiment, which had been on duty under General McLean, chiefly at Halifax; but some had seen service, both north and south, during the war. This regiment was disbanded at Halifax after the war, and had a large tract of land set apart for them in Pictou, well known as the 82nd grant. The list of Scottish families, Highland and Lowland, which are enumerated in the his-

tory of that time, is almost bewildering in its variety of nomenclature, and if not in pedigree, at least notable in posterity. The Saxon Burnside, of Glasgow, and the Grays of the Lowlands, jostle together with all the Macs—Macdonald, Mackay, Mackenzie, and the Gregor Macgregors, of the imperishable and persecuted clan celebrated in "The Macgregor's Gathering":

" The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a hame that is nameless by day
While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !"^s

One Highland Scot, James Chisholm, the son of a parish minister in the far awa' North, had been at first on Washington's staff, but when he found himself deserted by his kinsfolk, he left all and made his way "hame to his folk" in distant Pictou. And here we must abandon a subject which, under Dr. Patterson's guidance, would lead us far afield, to refer to one or two other points of interest in this county. The efforts to procure a stated ministry there, and the advent of the stout-hearted Rev. Mr. McGregor, in 1786, will more properly fall under that portion of this work devoted specially to the progress of religion. Dr. McGregor, as he afterwards became, brought with him a gentleman well known subsequently in the district—William Fraser, the surveyor. His description of the country seems worth quoting:—"In 1787, there were only four or five houses from Salmon River to Antigonish.

"To the eastward of the East River there was not even a

^s Sir W. Scott's *Lyrical and Miscellaneous Poems*.

blaze on a tree. There was not one inhabitant on the Cape Breton side of the Gut of Canso, and but one on the Nova Scotia side. In 1788, there was one house at Ship Harbour. I may add that from Pictou to Cocaigne there were but four or five families at River John, a few more at Tatamagouche; some refugees at Wallace, and but one at Bay Verte. At Miramichi there were but five families." When Dr. McGregor arrived, to use his own words, "as for population, Pictou did not contain five hundred souls, if Merigomish be included, I suppose they *would* amount to a few more." Squire Patterson, so called, not merely because he was a Justice of the Peace, but to distinguish him from John Patterson, the deacon—who was the owner of the only framed house in the town—the rest being "of round logs with moss stuffed in between them, and plastered with clay, while the roof was formed of the bark of trees cut in pieces of equal length, disposed in regular tiers, overlapping and kept in position by poles running the whole length of the building." It is quite possible that unpretentious and rude as these primitive houses may have been, they proved far more cosy and comfortable within to the Scots immigrants in a Nova Scotian winter, than Squire Robert Patterson's lone, bleak "framed" building, with all the modern improvements. Whether they were defensible from an architectural point of view was of less importance, than their defensive power against cold and heat. With people who were so happily blind as to put up with benches and blocks for furniture, worked mill-stones with the hand, and did without roads, æsthetic considerations generally did not acquire much im-

portance. The account of Dr. McGregor's labour in the Highland settlements is, in great part, a history of those settlements, and forms no less a chronicle than a biography.* His autobiography, according to Dr. Patterson, gives the most graphic picture now to be had of the hardships and privations of those early Scottish settlers, and of the indomitable courage and perseverance with which they encountered and overcame them. It may be noted here that Dr. McGregor was a native of Perthshire, born at what is now the village of St. Fillans, at the foot of the romantic Loch Erne, in December 1759. His father had been a disciple of Ebenezer Erskine, and the son, early devoted to the ministry, studied under William Moncrieff, Professor of the Anti-burgher branch of the Secession at Alloa. Believing that he was called on to preach the Gospel to his Highland countrymen, he studied Gaelic, and became a thorough Celtic scholar. Early in his career he was induced to emigrate to the new field of labour in Nova Scotia, where he became not only the pastor, but the counsellor and friend of the Pictou settlers. Of his first elders at Pictou, three, Thomas Fraser, Simon Fraser, and Alexander Fraser had been ordained in Scotland, and Donald McKay, Peter Grant, Robert Marshall, Kenneth Fraser, John McLean, Hugh Fraser, and John Patterson were set apart for the work in the second year of his ministry.

In the worthy pastor's narrative, he says, "There was not a single house (in Pictou) for years after I came here. The

* Patterson : *Pictou* : Chap. viii., and a *Life of James McGregor, D.D.*, by the same author.

town was for some years without a single inhabitant; then there was a shed with one family; then another with it, and so on, till it became what we see it now." Writing of 1790, he remarks, "I think it was in this year that the first house in Pictou was built." The first teacher was Peter Grant, whose father, Alpin, settled in 1784, and had left him at Halifax to be educated. Additions were made to the settlement from time to time. Amongst the arrivals were the two brothers, Alexander and Thomas Copeland, of Castle Douglas in Dumfries-shire, with their two cousins Samuel and Nathaniel. They were men of means, and there was a vulgar story that they made money by purchasing at the sale of an American prize, some kegs of nails, which, were found to contain dollars in the centre. Such tales have always passed current in primitive communities; but it is curious that the family traditions tell quite another story, according to which the Copelands were losers instead of gainers by the revolutionary war.* In the country districts successive immigrations both from the Highlands and Lowlands, chiefly Dumfries, added to the population. Amongst the leading men of the former were Martin McDonald, Alexander McKenzie, Archibald Cameron; of the latter William Munsie, Robert Sturgeon, William Porter and others. Later a number of McKinnons, Macleans, McQuarries, McMillans, and McIntoshes make their appearance. The two great dignitaries of the place, however, appeared to have been the two Pattersons, the Governor who had

Pictou, p. 153.

been a Judge in Maryland, and the Deacon, who was apparently the grandfather of the author of "Pictou."

Early in the century immigration received a new impetus. The Frasers opened up a settlement at Millbrook in Pictou County; thence the Rosses, Macdonalds and Gordons worked their way to the Middle River; and in 1801, large numbers of Highlanders, chiefly Catholics, arrived, most of whom finally settled down in Antigonish and to the east. The Mount Thom settlement appears to have been chiefly Protestant, with the average Scottish nomenclature—Stewart, McLean, McLeod, Urquhart, Macdonald, Chisholm, Fraser, Cameron, Thomson, Grant, Brown, &c., &c. During the early years of the century large numbers of Highland settlements were formed in this district of Nova Scotia, and these continued fitfully until the war of 1812, when a new era opened throughout the British Provinces. The settlers came from Sutherland notably, a large number from the parish of Lairg, from Stornoway in Lewis, and the north-west Highlands and Islands of Scotland generally. With the mention of one notable Scot, it will be necessary to close these desultory gleanings. Edward Mortimer, "The King of Pictou," as he was proudly called, came from Keith in Banffshire, and was originally employed by the Liddells of Halifax in the shipping trade. Settling at Pictou, he married a daughter of Squire Patterson and at once entered upon a prosperous business career. Personally he was a man of commanding presence, tall, strongly-built and portly, as a visitor described him, "with the appearance of a great man

and the address of a great man." By his energy and intelligence he controlled the trade of Pictou, and made it the business centre of the Gulf.

The number of Scottish settlements on the mainland of Nova Scotia, and the number of Scots whose names are recorded in Haliburton and Murdoch are too many to detail here. The District of Sydney, we believe, comprised the Counties of Antigonish and Guysboro'. The former was sparsely settled by the disbanded Nova Scotia regiment, and in 1795-6, immigrants from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland flocked into the district and were reinforced by a number of disbanded Highland soldiers who settled upon the district from Merigomish in Pictou, through the County of Antigonish. Arisaig pier, Judge Haliburton tells us (vol. ii. p. 82), was projected by the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, and the whole county was and still remains, Scottish. Fox Harbour, in Cumberland County, was settled by Highlanders; New Edinburgh in Annapolis, and the township of Grenville in the same district were of Scottish origin. The latter settlement owed its origin to the redoubtable Sir William Alexander in the first instance.* The settlement on the boundary line between Maine and Acadia was projected by Captain Cowan so early as 1718, when the French were engaged in fortifying Louisburg;† but that

* An admirable account of Sir William, with copies of the three charters, a specimen of his literary powers, and a variety of curious information regarding his efforts in the cause of colonial settlement will be found in the Prince Society's publication entitled, *Sir William Alexander and American Colonization* (Boston). This work reflects great credit on the liberality of the clergyman whose name the Society bears, and the zeal for historical research which exists in New England.

† Murdoch, vol. I., p. 349.

portion of the old Province is, of course, in New Brunswick. It is hardly necessary to mention individual Scottish names, inasmuch as the records fairly bristle with them.

Early agriculture in the Maritime Provinces was rude ; but during the vigorous administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, attention was specially directed to an improved and intelligent cultivation of the soil. The principal merit of this movement belongs to Mr. John Young, formerly of Glasgow, who stirred up the farming community in a series of letters bearing the signature of "Agricola." It is difficult to realize now the effect of these anonymous contributions to the press ; but it was unquestionably powerful and immediate. Their authorship remained unknown for a considerable period, and on one occasion, the Lieutenant-Governor, at a public banquet, toasted "Agricola," and delivered a warm eulogy upon his letters, while he was as yet but "the shadow of a name." Mr. Young's suggestions were plain and practical in farming matters, and his reproofs, though sometimes severe and pointed, were taken in good part by the agricultural community of Nova Scotia. The immediate result was the formation of a Provincial Board of Agriculture, and "the Scottish" system of husbandry.

After this digression, we may complete the preliminary survey of early settlement in the Eastern Provinces. Cape Breton, separated from Nova Scotia by the Gut of Canso, though now an integral portion of that Province was, as most people know, much longer than it, a French possession and longer still an independent Province. It is a rugged, cliff-bound island, in places dangerous to approach, and the

scenery is romantic, irregular and striking. The great basin of the Bras d'Or, and numerous inlets, score the island and almost divide it in two. The chief interests in colonization times were its mines, its furs and its fisheries—all of which were highly productive. Into the early history of Cape Breton it is unnecessary to enter, especially as occasion has already offered to refer to the capture of Louisburg by Kirk and Wolfe. In 1800, the indefatigable Highlander made his appearance, and continued for years to add a hardy and intelligent supply of immigrants to its population. Around Sydney, the chief town under British rule, and the chief seat of the coal trade, the early population consisted chiefly of Scottish emigrants, some disbanded soldiers, with a few Irish and American loyalist families. At Grand Anse Harbour, again, there was early a Scots colony, chiefly agricultural. On the Straits of Canso, where the population was densest, towards Port Hood, all the first residents, says Mr. McGregor, "with the exception of a few families, the descendants of Loyalists, were Scotch Highlanders, or rather Islanders, of the poorer sort, who have secured the means of existence, but who seem indifferent to greater comfort or affluence."* On St. Anne's Harbour, beautiful by situation, all the lands were granted to Scottish immigrants early in the century; Boularderie Island, again, between St. Anne's and Sydney, forming the two entrances to the Bras d'Or was originally Highland, with the exception of a few Irish fishermen. The Scots settled also on the shores of Bedeque Inlet, and upon the straits of Barra, which kept fresh in patriotic

* Vol. i. p. 397.

memories the name of one of the Hebrides. The shores of St. Andrew's Channel, St. George's, and indeed of all the numerous inlets from the Bras d'Or, were originally peopled by Scottish settlers, for the most part of the Highlands, or Islands of Western Scotland. Ainslie Lake, the largest fresh-water sheet in the Island, is bordered by lands of great fertility, and thither the Scots made their way.*

St. Paul's and Sable Islands are chiefly known to the outside world by the melancholy records of marine disaster. Cape Breton has a dangerous coast, and almost every port in the gulf has its volume of shipwreck history. In attempting to avoid its rocks many vessels perished, in former years, upon St. Paul's Island.† Sable Island, since the opening of Trans-Atlantic steam navigation, has borne a still more sinister reputation. Early in the century, the Legislature of Nova Scotia made provision for the establishment of some families there to aid shipwrecked mariners or passengers, and, in 1830, at the urgent instance of Sir James Kempt, the Imperial Government undertook to provide for what in these days we effect by such beneficent associations as the National Life Boat Association. In the attempts

* Some interesting information, in many respects curious, may be found in an old work on the French Dominions in North and South America, by Thomas Jeffreys, published in 1760. The most complete work on Cape Breton is that of Mr. Richard Brown, dated 1869. With regard to Nova Scotia generally, the writer is indebted to Judge Haliburton's *Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, Mr. Beamish Murdoch's *History of Nova Scotia or Acadia*, and Mr. Hannay's *History of Acadia*. So far as New Brunswick is concerned, the best authority is the work of Mr. Monro (Halifax, 1865).

† A sad account of some of these disasters is given in *British America*, Vol. II. pp. 413-17. That which befell the ship *Jessie*, in 1823, during a snow-storm, in which Donald Mackay, the owner, master, passengers and crew perished on the way from Three Rivers, P. E. I., was a melancholy one. The vessel sailed in December, and the wreck and some of the bodies were found in the May following. Mackay, the owner, who was buried at Charlottetown, was a brave and enterprising Scot, who had served under the British flag for a long period, and been confined for ten years, as a prisoner of war, in France.

made to provide either security or rescue for the seaman, the names of such men as Wallace, of Halifax, who has given his name to a lagoon in the sand island, stand conspicuous. Sable Island is not so dangerous of itself, but it stands in the way, and ships exposed to the periodical winds are always in danger from it.

Prince Edward Island is interesting on many accounts ; but it seems necessary here, in a preliminary statement of a few facts regarding its early settlement, to be brief. So far as its history is concerned, it may shortly be stated that, like Louisburg, it was disgracefully surrendered, in 1748, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1758, Colonel Lord Rollo, a Scottish peer, and one of Wolfe's most trusted officers, took possession of it, and in 1763, at the peace, with the rest of the French possessions, it was finally ceded to Great Britain. Prince Edward Island is pre-eminently an agricultural province, differing in this respect widely in aspect and geological configuration from Cape Breton, which it nevertheless resembles in the number of sea-inlets which traverse it to such an extent that "no part of the Island is at a greater distance than eight miles from the ebbing and flowing of the tide." On the northern side of Prince Edward Island lies Richmond Bay, which early attracted the Acadian and New England fishermen, the neighbourhood abounding in cod and herring. In 1771, a number of Scottish settlers, accompanied Judge Stewart and his family from Cantyre in Argyleshire, and formed the nucleus of a vigorous Highland colony.

The majority of these people were Presbyterians ; but some of them, as well as the few Acadian French, worship

in the Catholic Church, as do the few Indians on the Island At Harrington or Rustico to the eastward, and on the Whately and Hunter Rivers a large number of industrious farmers settled early in the century from different parts of Scotland. Hunter River falls into Rustico Bay, and there, in 1819, Mr. Cormack, of whom further mention will be made by-and-by, planted a settlement to which he gave the name of New Glasgow. Another tract of land in Stanhope Cove, or little Rustico, was in McGregor's time the property of Sir James Montgomery and his brothers—of his nationality, however, nothing is said. Five miles further east is Bedford or Tracadie Bay, the shores of which were chiefly peopled by Highlanders. "On the west side of the bay, and from that to Stanhope Cove, there was, when the Island surrendered, in 1759, a dense population. The late Captain Macdonald, of Glenalladale removed to this place in 1772, with a Highland following. Savage Harbour also owed its early settlement to the same source. On the Hillsborough River above Charlotte town again there was an early Scottish settlement in an exceedingly picturesque locality. The laird of the district, as he may be called, in Mr. McGregor's time, was John Stewart, of Mount Stewart, sometime paymaster of the forces in Newfoundland, and then Speaker of the Prince Edward Assembly. At St. Andrew's on the same stream was "the large Catholic Chapel, the seat of the Catholic bishop," who bore the unmistakably Highland name of the Right Reverend Æneas M'Eachern, titular Bishop of Rouen, a venerable prelate, highly esteemed by people of all creeds.* In Prince Ed-

* McGregor : vol. i. p. 306. By the way is the name of Æneas in Highland families, an assertion of the old legend of Trojan ancestry ?

ward Island as elsewhere, in the early days of colonization, agriculture was in a rude condition ; yet by the end of the first quarter of this century a vast improvement had taken place. The establishment of agricultural societies effected much, and more was attributable " principally to the force of example, set by a few of the old settlers, chiefly the Loyalists and Lowland Scots, and by an acquisition of industrious and frugal settlers from Yorkshire, in England, and from Dumfries-shire and Perthshire, in Scotland.* Charlottetown, like all the urban colonial centres, boasted a mixed population of all the three British nationalities in those days ; but through the settlements, though there were representatives from almost every county in England, and considerable numbers from Erin, the Scots formed more than half of the population, from the Highlands, Hebrides, and the southern counties. " The Lowland Scotch," wrote Mr. McGregor, " make probably the best settlers, at least those who during late years removed to the island may be considered so ; and the Perthshire Highlanders, as well as those sent to the colony by the late Earl of Selkirk, may also be classed among the most thriving part of the population."†

The Island of Newfoundland has never contained a large number of Scottish settlers—the English and the Irish having always preponderated. Mr. Cormack, already mentioned, was an exploring Scot of note, who, in 1826, with a party of Indians, traversed the Island from Trinity Bay to St. George's Bay—no light undertaking. The rugged, broken

* *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 525.

† *Ibid.* p. 343. See also Walter Johnstone : *Travels in Prince Edward Island, &c.* Edinburgh, 1824.

contour of the surface, the numerous lakes, which caused the traveller even greater labour than they caused Livingstone and Stanley in Africa, had to be walked round, with a Miemac and a pocket-compass as his only guides. His observations were of much weight in determining the value of the country, geologically and otherwise. The notes he took of the fauna and flora of the island at its broadest part were, also, intelligent and serviceable. In the general history of the Island, some Scots, by birth or descent, occur, who deserve passing mention. The redoubtable Kirk was there in 1654, and formed a settlement; and it was constantly visited, from time to time, by naval officers of various ranks. Up to a comparatively recent period Newfoundland was governed by the commander of the fleet cruising in the neighbouring waters. In 1740, Captain Lord J. Graham was Governor; in 1775, Commodore Duff; in 1782, Vice-Admiral Campbell; in 1794, Admiral Sir John Wallace; but having ascended to the dignity of Admiral, it seems unnecessary to mount higher. Having thus taken a hasty survey of early settlement in the Eastern Provinces, it seems well now to direct attention to the character and effect of the British conquest of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Hereafter, an attempt will be made to examine, at greater length, the work performed by the Scots in each Province, the service they rendered to the moral, intellectual and social progress of those various communities; the share they took in building up each of the interests which together make up the sum of Canadian wealth, prosperity and vigour.



CHAPTER III.

BRITISH RULE AFTER THE CONQUEST.

IT seems convenient, as a connecting link between the old *régime* and subsequent settlements in the west, after the American Revolution, to glance briefly at early British rule in Canada and the Eastern Provinces. Nova Scotia or Acadia, including New Brunswick, was conquered by the force under General Nicholson and Colonel Vetch in 1710; and the whole of it, exclusive of Cape Breton, formally ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713). Samuel Vetch, an Edinburgh Scot, had long entertained the project of conquering all the French possessions* to the northward, and he was the active spirit in the movements of the early part of last century. He had been Councillor of the Scottish settlement at Darien, and was a Colonel, when he made the attack under Nicholson at Port Royal. A short time previously, an abortive attack had been made, by way of Albany, on New France. In 1716, however, the British forces, setting out for Massachusetts, attacked M. Subercase, the French Governor at Port Royal. The fort was invested by land and sea, and nothing remained for the starving and half-naked garrison, but surrender. Port Royal was called Annapolis Royal, in honour of the

* The conquest of New France was a hobby of Vetch's, for very early in his career, when at Quebec to effect an exchange of prisoners, he took soundings all the way up the St. Lawrence.

Queen and Nova Scotia, the old name devised by Sir William Alexander, was substituted for Acadia. Vetch's plan for taking Canada came to a most unhappy termination by the annihilation of Sir Hoveden Walker's fleet, which was shattered to pieces on Egg Island, off the coast of Northumberland, in 1711. Eight hundred bodies were washed ashore on the island, and the unhappy Admiral, to whom this was only one of several fatal disasters, returned home to be disgraced undeservedly, and to die broken-hearted. On board the fleet were a large number of Scottish settlers for Boston, many of whom perished. Tom Moore, when passing Deadman's Island in 1804—having learned the story of the phantom ship—wrote a poem, from which Mr. Le Moine aptly quotes the lines :

" There lieth a wreck, on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
Where under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed."*

Shortly after the capture of Nova Scotia, Colonel Vetch was appointed first Governor of the Province, to be succeeded in 1714 by his comrade in arms, General Nicholson. During these early years, the colony was kept in a constant state of disquietude by the hostility of the French population, and the constant assaults, excited by the Acadians, of the Micmac Indians. Then follows a chapter in the record, around which poetry and partizan history have thrown a de-

* *Poems relating to America.* Deadman's Island is one of the Magdalene group. It appears that Vetch had given a caution to Walker regarding his French pilot as one who could not be depended upon; "not only an ignorant, pretending, idle fellow, but I fear he is come on no good design." See an admirable account of this terrible disaster in *Le Moine's Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, chap. ix,

ceptive glamour. Longfellow, in *Evangeline*, has simply adopted the story of the French chroniclers without inquiry; and the result is a beautiful and touching poem, appealing to human sympathy, however, upon a false basis of historic narrative. That the Acadians should cling to French rule and French institutions was natural; but, by the capitulation of Port Royal, it was distinctly agreed that they should remain in possession of their property and the free exercise of their religion for two years without molestation. At the expiration of that period they were to be required "to take the oath of allegiance to Her Sacred Majesty of Great Britain," or leave the country. As the time approached for making a choice, the Governor of Cape Breton was appealed to for lands on which to settle the recalcitrant Acadians; but the reply of M. Costabelle was that he had none at his disposal. Still, "whilst declining to leave Nova Scotia, the Acadians expressed a firm determination to continue loyal to the King of France, affirming that they would never take the oath of allegiance to the Crown of England, to the prejudice of what they owed to their king, their country and their religion."* Such was the Alsace England had upon her hands early in the eighteenth century. Colonel Vetch, who was as tolerant and mild in policy, as he was bold and enterprising in conquest, urged the British Government to delay the administration of the oath. He represented the value of the Acadians (2500 in number) and the cattle, &c., which were scarce in the colony; and expressed a hope that their antipathy to the new *régime* might disappear

* Campbell's *Nova Scotia*, p. 74.

with time. On the accession of George I. and the appointment of General Nicholson, the policy of the Government underwent a marked change. The conciliatory plan of Vetch was abandoned, and the oath tendered to all the French population. Cape Breton, now called "Royal Island," was in the hands of France; and Louisbourg soon became a formidable menace to the British power in the North Atlantic. The Acadians were disaffected and they were allied to Indians, who were at any time ready, when the signal was given, to rob, scalp, and tomahawk the British settlers. Nor were the French content with passive resistance merely, or even with covert intrigues with the Indians. In 1720, under Governor Phillips, they openly aided the savages in the work of robbery and slaughter. They had sent assurances of their fidelity to the French Governor of Cape Breton, paid dues for their lands to lords of the manor in Cape Breton, and were ready, with their Indian allies, to assist an expedition from Louisbourg at any moment. The pastoral picture of peace and content in the "forest primeval" is historically false. The Acadians had been indulgently treated for years and had returned evil for good; and if their turbulence brought suffering and hardship upon them, the British Government was not to blame under the perplexing circumstances of the case. The troubles of the colony so far weighed upon Armstrong, who was Lieutenant-Governor from 1728 to 1739, that he committed suicide.

In 1744 war broke out between France and England, and the first step taken was an expedition against Louisbourg. This enterprise had been suggested by Governor Clarke, of

New York, and pressed upon the Home Government by the Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Boston, Mr. Robert Auchmuty, who is said to have been a man of extraordinary abilities.* The command of the expedition was given to William Pepperell, and Whitefield, who was preaching in New England, proposed as its motto, "*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*" Mr. Campbell notices "as a striking instance of the religious fervour of the country and period, that one of the chaplains carried a hatchet to hew down the images found in the churches."† Louisbourg fell for the first time in 1745, partly from the great superiority of the invading force, and partly because of disaffection in the garrison, caused by the infamous peculations of Intendant Bigot. Then followed the abortive French expedition against Boston, and the taking of Annapolis by the Scoto-French De Ramsay, already referred to. In 1748 the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated the war, and Cape Breton was again restored to France.

The last French war had tended to destroy any hope that might have been entertained of conciliating the Acadians. Petitions and remonstrances were followed by overt acts of rapine and insurrection. The time had come when forcible measures must be taken against them, if Britain were to retain the colony. They had enjoyed now for forty-two years, perfect civil and religious liberty; they were free from direct taxation on their property; they were not asked

* See Drake's *Dictionary of American Biography*. Sabine, in his *Loyalists*, states that he was the father of the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, and grandfather of General Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Robert was the son of a Scot, and the progenitor of a number of United Empire Loyalists.

† *Nova Scotia*, p. 89.

to fight. "And what return," says Mr. Campbell, "did the Acadians make for the kindness and consideration shown them? In violation of law, they traded systematically with the enemies of Britain, withheld supplies from the garrison of Annapolis; when distressed for want of provisions, allowed a British ship to be plundered at their very door by a party of eleven savages, without rendering any aid to the owner, not to speak of the charges of furnishing information to the enemy, and of paying rent for their lands to Lords of Manors in Cape Breton; and when the fort of Beau-séjour was taken, three hundred of their number were found with arms in their hands, in open rebellion against the British Crown."* And not merely were they spitefully hostile to an indulgent Government, but, in the words of poor Governor Armstrong, "not only was there little prospect of their being brought to obedience to the government, but even to any manner of good order and decency among themselves; for they are a litigious people, and so ill-natured to one another, as daily to encroach on their neighbour's properties," &c. Whatever

* Campbell: *Nova Scotia*, p 116 (quoting *N. A. Archives*, p. 277). In chap. iv. of Campbell's work will be found a complete refutation of the Acadian fancy-picture of Longfellow. The poet, in fact, slavishly followed the Abbé Raynal. Witness the following from Raynal, and compare with the poet. "Who will not be affected with the innocent manners and the tranquillity of this fortunate colony?"—the key-note to *Evangeline*; the sixty-thousand cattle and the immense meadows are Raynal's; and when he wrote that their habitations were extremely convenient and furnished neatly as a substantial farmer's house in Europe, he hardly could have anticipated that; it would appear in Longfellow thus:—

"Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the days of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway."

In 1745, Messrs. Beauharnols and Hocquart, who were neither poets nor historical romancers, wrote that the houses of the Acadians are "wretched wooden boxes, without convenience and without ornament, and scarcely containing the necessary furniture,"

blame, therefore, may be attached to the Governor for the manner of their removal, the Acadians themselves are not entitled to the exuberant tears and sympathy which have been so mistakenly lavished upon their story, no less than upon many another fiction. It is much to be wished, at the same time, that the cool Scottish head and thoroughly humane heart of Samuel Vetch had not been wanting, when the crisis arrived.

The final capture of Louisbourg, under Amherst, Wolfe and Boscawen has already been alluded to, as well as the distinguished part taken in the exploit by the Highland regiments. Reverting to the civil government, which was invariably in military hands, with a small council, largely military also, a remarkable feature to be noticed is the frequent change of Governors. Between 1700 and 1808 there were no less than twenty of them, and of these two—Michael Franklin and Lord William Campbell—served two terms. In 1770, Prince Edward Island was separated from Nova Scotia, and, in 1784, New Brunswick became a separate Province. Meanwhile, Nova Scotia, since 1758, had been in the enjoyment of representative government, Governor Lawrence being the first ruler under the new system. In 1788, Major Barclay took part in an attack upon the irresponsible system of the time, in a debate on the impeachment of two Supreme Court judges for maladministration of the law—men whom the Governor, in answer to an address, had personally acquitted without trial. The struggle for responsible government, however, belongs to a later time, and will be more fully detailed in a future

chapter.* A constitution was granted to Prince Edward Island in 1773, and New Brunswick was favoured with one in 1784, at its separation from Nova Scotia, in which it had previously formed the county of Sunbury. Newfoundland was governed by a succession of naval officers, some of whom were Scots, down into the present century ; but the civil history of the island requires no further notice here.

After the taking of Quebec and Montreal, Canada remained under the rule of the Generals in command until the peace of 1763, when General James Murray was appointed Governor, as well as Commander-in-Chief. Garneau, who seems to have taken a particular dislike to Murray, insists upon it that Sir Jeffery (afterwards Lord) Amherst was the first Governor-General. The facts are against him ; since Amherst left in the very year of the Treaty of Paris, and General Murray was appointed under the constitution established by proclamation, the former having been only commander of the forces. James Murray was a distinguished officer, and saw a good deal of active service, both in Europe and America. He was a son of the fourth Lord Elibank and a native of Scotland. The history of his services in Canada, up to his appointment as Governor-General, has been already given. Before referring to the record of his civil government, it may be briefly noted that he after-

* In 1704, His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent, Her Majesty's father, visited the country, and was peculiarly beloved by the people both in Nova Scotia and in Canada where, by the Queen's munificence, a permanent memorial to an exceptionally kind, liberal and intelligent Prince is to be erected—the Kent Gate in the fortifications of Quebec. His Royal Highness particularly endeared himself to the Nova Scotians by his benevolent care of the survivors from the wreck of *La Tribune*, at which Dunlop and Munroe distinguished themselves, and the Quarter-Master McGregor perished, in a courageous effort to rescue a not less heroic wife.—Campbell, pp. 181-2.

wards served in the unsuccessful defence of Minorca, where "De Crillon, despairing of success, endeavoured to corrupt the gallant Scot, and offered him the sum of one million sterling for the surrender of the fortress."* Murray's indignant reply, in which he refused any further communication with the French general, but in arms, and to "admit of no contact for the future but such as is hostile to the most inveterate degree," is as spirited as the Duke's was astute and politic. The latter ran in these words, "Your letter restores each of us to our places; it confirms in me the high opinion which I have always had of you." Morgan says, "In June, 1794, he ended a long, honourable career in the service of his country, in which he had risen to much distinction; but, perhaps, not more than his services, high talents and abilities deserved. As a soldier he stood foremost in the army, and had won his way by his own merit and by his own good sword, owing nothing to influence. As a genuine Christian officer, he was esteemed by all good men, and ever distinguished for his humanity and readiness to relieve the oppressed."† At his death, according to Haydn, numbers of bullets were extracted from his body prior to embalment—bullets received in Germany and America.

The task laid upon General Murray when he became commandant at Quebec, and subsequently Governor-General, was an exceedingly delicate and arduous one. Placed in the midst of a high-spirited and patriotic people, recently conquered and brought to subjection by force of arms, he had at

Morgan's *Celebrated Canadians*, p. 67.

† *Ibid.*

command but a handful of British subjects, soldiers and traders, who assumed all the airs, and expected an ample share of the rewards, of conquerors. The French rulers had left the country in a fearful state of confusion and poverty, and it fell to Murray's lot to evolve something like order out of the chaos in which it had been plunged. When the nature of the French *régime* which prevailed during the preceding century and a half is considered, it is marvellous that historians can be found to complain of the provisional system of military rule which followed the conquest. Under the Bourbon kings Canada was a military colony, governed on the most approved Parisian system of despotic centralization. In Louis the Fourteenth's reign, and especially whilst the genius of Colbert directed the destinies of France, Quebec suffered under the most unyielding tyranny, the absurdest of trade restrictions, and generally—though that was not the fault of the Minister at home—under the most corrupt, wasteful and rapacious set of adventurers that ever cursed a new country with their malign presence. In the reign of Louis XV. the abuses of that system culminated in the disgraceful career of Intendant Bigot* and the satellites moving

* See, respecting Bigot, Le Moine: *Maple Leaves* 1st Ser., *The Château-Bigot*, p. 8, *The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or)*, p. 29. For a general account of feudalism in New France and French colonial government of Canada, see Parkman's "*Old Régime*" and "*Frontenac*," as well as Miles's *Canada under French Régime*. Garneau, who writes indignantly at what he calls the "military despotism" under Murray, speaks thus of the system which preceded it when at its purest and best. "In the exercise and apportionment of the power of the colonial government, the people counted for nothing. It was considered a high favour done the inhabitants of Quebec, when they were permitted to elect a deacon to represent and support their interests in the sovereign council, but the office, as a popular institution was null; and as the election of that functionary was but a mere act of routine, the custom of attending on such occasions was gradually wearing out. . . . It will be understood that all real power resided collectively in the Governor, the Intendant, and the members of the sovereign council being directly or indirectly of royal nomi-

around him and basking in his sinister light. That there were patriotic and energetic Governors, as well as honest Intendants, such as Talon, need not be denied or concealed ; but the system which obtained was essentially rotten and mischievous, and those who set to work, with pure and elevated purpose, to reform abuses, were constantly hampered by the trade speculators, the farmers of taxes and all the other harpies who preyed upon the vitals of New France. The country was looked upon as a field for hurried fortune making, by trade, by extortion, speculation or downright robbery. It was to the penniless adventurer, noble or plebeian, of France what India, in the old time, used to be for the " nabob " who had gained favour in Leadenhall Street—an Eldorado where an unscrupulous and rapacious man might rapidly grow rich. As for the government, established thousands of miles from France, too far distant for close or minute inspection, it became what might have been expected. The French Ministers were very copious and particular in their instructions, and everything was ostensibly directed from Paris ; yet, notwithstanding all that, the Governor and the Intendant were occasionally made spies upon each other's conduct ; they were virtually under no control whenever they chose to unite for self or mutual aggrandizement. So long as they succeeded in blinding the eyes of rulers at home, they were at full liberty to do as they pleased. The French Government had two main objects in view, the extension

nation. The colonial government was simplicity itself, as all absolutisms are wont to be ; no jarring of its uncomplex parts ever deranged its movements, whether pursuing the way of public well-being, or moved in a direction to subserve selfish interests, or for the gratification of personal ambition." Bell's *Garneau*, vol. I., p. 195.

of Gallic power and territory in the New World, and also a steady revenue from the furs and fisheries of their American possessions. Their ablest Canadian rulers were constantly crippled by the niggardliness, begotten of home extravagance and national bankruptcy. Men and supplies were constantly asked for imploringly by the Governors—but asked in vain; and if even the brave Frontenac engaged in trading speculations, it ought to be a sufficient apology that he had no adequate means of livelihood otherwise. But not all the efforts of the clergy, nor the interposition of an angel from heaven, could have effected any reformation in a colonial system which was born of military absolutism, fattened on fraud and extortion, to perish at last as much by its own inherent rottenness as by the sword of Wolfe or the claymore of the Scottish Highlander.

It was Murray's duty to organize an effective government, suited to a people hitherto treated as serfs—strong enough to curb the rapacious element hitherto predominant, yet sufficiently mild and tolerant to win, in time, the loyal affections of a happy and contented population, and to fix them securely on the side of British law and order. The Governor has left behind him a despatch in which he exposes the weak points of the small English-speaking population. "All have their fortunes to make," he wrote, "and I fear few are solicitous about the means, when the end can be obtained. I report them to be in general the most immoral collection of men I ever knew; of course little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion, and customs; and far less adapted to enforce those laws which are

to govern." How unlikely it would be that a man of Murray's opinions should prove a harsh ruler of the Franco-Canadians, may be judged by a sentence or two more from the same despatch: "On the other hand the Canadians, accustomed to arbitrary, and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious, and moral race of men, who from the just and mild treatment they met with from his Majesty's military officers that ruled the country for four years, had greatly got the better of the natural antipathy they had to their conquerors."* It will be found that all the reasonable complaints made against the administration of General Murray may be traced to the incompetent, and sometimes worthless, instruments at his disposal. He complains bitterly of "the improper choice and numbers of the civil officers sent out from England," as increasing "the inquietude of the colony." "Instead of men of genius and untainted morals, the very reverse were appointed to the most important offices." * *

Whilst it was the desire, as well as the duty, of the Governor to be conciliatory to the subject inhabitants of Canada, he had obviously a duty to perform to his king and country. In the years immediately succeeding the cession, anything in the form of representative government was out of the question; since it must either have been illusory or else have thrown the effective power of the State into the hands of an ignorant people, whose wounded feelings were not yet won over to the Crown and whose acquiescence in the new *régime* was sullen and dubious. One would suppose, to read Garneau, that one of the privileges of a British subject consists in

* Written in 1766, by Gen. Murray, and largely quoted by LeMoine: *Quebec, Past and Present*, p. 188.

being governed by civil, and not by British, law. It certainly was annoying to the Canadians to have their entire system of jurisprudence altered at once on a change of masters. But that was not Murray's fault; and when the Canadians had settled down into the steadfast loyalty since characteristic of them, the Imperial Parliament, by the Quebec Act of 1774, re-established the civil law "in all matters of controversy, relative to property and civil rights."* Another alleged grievance was the destruction of the old French Church establishment. Etienne Charrest, at the Paris negotiations, had vehemently demanded the maintenance of the old hierarchy, and the clergy went so far as to insist upon the nomination of bishops in Canada and a general supervision over the interests of the Church by the French king. The Act of 1774 conceded the right to collect tithes and the free exercise of the religion; but no more. Up to that time, the only guarantee the Catholics of Canada possessed was that securing liberty of worship, "so far as the laws of England permit"—and those laws did not err on the side of freedom and toleration at that time, not to speak of the statute of Elizabeth recited even in the Quebec Act. Neither the Articles of Capitulation of 1760, nor the Treaty of Paris in 1763, contains one word which can be construed as assuring any thing further than bare toleration and freedom of worship.† Murray's course throughout was liberal

* See Cavendish's *Report of the Debates* on this Act. Singularly enough Chatham in the Lords, and Fox and Burke in the Commons opposed the Bill, as well on other grounds as on account of the concessions made in matters of law and religion.

† See Miles: *Canada Under French Régime*. Appendix. Also Knox: *Historical Journal*. For the Quebec Articles signed by De Ramsay (vol. ii. p. 87), and for the Montreal capitulation, as proposed by Vaudreuil and altered by Murray, vol. ii. p. 423.

and humane in the extreme. He even tried to constitute a representative assembly; but that must necessarily have failed, as Carneau says (vol. ii. 92), because the French Catholics were not willing to take the test imposed, not by Murray, but by Imperial statute. If he did not succeed in conciliating the Canadians, it was not for want either of cordial desire or earnest effort; indeed he went so far in that direction that the British residents petitioned for his recall on the ground that he was pandering to the prejudices of the French population and sacrificing English interests. He was honourably acquitted of the imputation in England; and, having done his utmost to establish a settled government, acceptable to subjects of both nationalities, retired from the Province. He had accomplished the hardest part of the work, established order and even-handed justice where all was confusion, fraud and tyranny before, and surrendered the reins of power to Sir Guy Carleton, to whom fell the easier task of completing the work already begun. Murray left behind him an honourable record, and his reputation, both as a soldier and ruler, is one which his fellow Scotsmen have every reason to cherish with pride and satisfaction.

The only other Lower Canada ruler it concerns us to notice, in the period preceding the war of 1812, is Sir James Craig, Lieutenant-Governor from 1807 to 1814. His life was a most eventful one, both as a soldier and an administrator, and as he was a Scot in all but his place of birth, a brief sketch of it may be given. His father was civil and military judge at Gibraltar, when Craig was born, in 1750. Early in life he entered the army; was aide-de-camp

to Sir Robert Boyd, Governor of Gibraltar; went to America with the 47th Regiment, and was wounded at Bunker Hill. In 1776, he was in Canada, fighting at Three Rivers; in 1777, at Ticonderoga and at Hubertown, where he was badly wounded. At Freeman's Farm he received a third wound, and served through the Saratoga campaign. In 1778, he was in Nova Scotia; in 1779, at Penobscot; in 1781, in North Carolina—in active service during the whole time. In 1793, he was sent to the Cape, being now a Major-General, where, aided by Admiral Elphinstone and Major-General Clarke, he conquered the colony. In 1797 he went to India, and took command of the Manilla expedition; and after five years' service in the East, had a brief respite of three years. In 1803, he was on duty at Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta and Naples, and in 1807, when the relations between England and the United States were beginning to threaten a rupture, Sir James was despatched as Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, and commander-in-chief of the forces at Quebec. He died not long after his return to England early in 1812.

In attempting to form a judgment of Sir James Craig's career as a representative of the Crown, it is necessary to take into account both the man and the people with whom he had to deal. He was a bluff soldier, brusque in manner, courageous in spirit, and determined in will and action. Garneau,* who, of course, has no love for the brave soldier, says that "he was somewhat whimsical, fond of military pomp, and accustomed to address deputations, parliamentary

* Garneau; *History* (Bell's Trans.), vol. II. 245.

or other, as if they had been so many recruits, liable to the quickening impulsion of the cat-o'-nine-tails." That he was blunt in speech, may be readily admitted; and that he lost patience when crossed—as he often was—is very certain. But what sort of men were they with whom he had to do? Representative institutions had been conceded to the Canadians; and, so far from any assimilation resulting, it was evident, not only that the people did not understand their purpose, but that those whom they elected knew not how to use their liberties. The Constitutional Act had provided for the appointment of an Executive Council; but, unfortunately, it failed to make Ministers responsible to Parliament, or even to the Crown. It was boldly asserted by some of the Ministers that although the Governor could be recalled, they themselves could neither be forced to resign nor dismissed from their offices. In the very first Assembly, the temper of the majority had been shown by the election of M. Panet, a gentleman who could not speak a word of English, and it was soon evident enough that the vanquished would be satisfied with nothing less than the complete subjection of the conquerors. As might have been expected, the experiment of Pitt, notwithstanding his sanguine anticipations, turned out to be premature. At times it was impossible to get a sufficient number of members together to conduct the public business; and, when they crowded the chamber, it was to fight over religion and nationality. Sir James Craig, in an angry speech, characterized their proceedings thus: "You have wasted in fruitless debates, excited by private personal animosity, or by frivolous contests upon trivial matters of

form, that time and those talents to which, within your walls, the public have an exclusive title. This abuse of your functions you have preferred to the high and important duties which you owe to your sovereign and your constituents. . . . So much of intemperate heat has been manifested in all your proceedings, and you have shown such a prolonged and disrespectful attention to matters submitted to your consideration, by the other branches of the Legislature, that whatever might be the moderation and forbearance exercised on their parts, a general good understanding is scarcely to be looked for without a new assembly."* That House was dissolved, and a second one, much the same in complexion, elected. The offer to undertake the burden of the civil list was, of course in fact, an effort to gain control of the expenditure, and, through it, over the whole machinery of Government. Those who pronounce judgment upon the affairs of that unquiet time, by the canons of modern responsible government, will no doubt applaud the Assembly; but a calm consideration of the state of the Province must lead most men, however liberal, to a different conclusion.

How utterly ignorant of the constitution, and unfit to be clothed with political supremacy, the Assembly was, may be gathered from what they did during this session. Under the Constitutional Act, judges were eligible to seats at the council-board, and also in either branch of the Legis-

* Of the substantial justice of this picture there can be no doubt. The speech is quoted in Garneau (vol. II. p. 253), but that historian has no word of censure for the legislators, whom he throughout represents as reasonable, enlightened and patriotic champions of popular rights.

lature. The Assembly, in 1810, passed a Bill disqualifying the judges—a step they had no doubt a right to take. But the Legislative Council chose to make amendments with which the Assembly refused to concur. Then followed a series of squabbles between the Houses; and the Assembly, chagrined at its defeat, actually expelled Judge De Bonne, the mouth-piece of the Executive, contrary to law and constitution. Moreover, by simple resolution, they declared Jews ineligible to seats in the House, and turned out in consequence Mr. Ezekiel Hart, who was doubly obnoxious as a Jew and an Englishman. This House was also dissolved, after listening to a reproachful speech from the Governor.* During the elections Sir James Craig or his Council took it upon them to suppress *Le Canadien* newspaper, and to arrest six prominent members of the late Assembly. These arbitrary acts only served to fan the flame of popular discontent; and, although the desperate state of affairs may, to some extent, serve to palliate them, it certainly falls far short of being a complete justification. Garneau exonerates Sir James Craig from any great measure of culpability in the matter; but censures severely Chief Justice Sewell, who was at the head of the Council. Sir James Craig retired from the government in 1811, worn out with disease, care and disappointment. Entering upon his allotted task with an

* Speaking of the acts above alluded to, Sir James said: "It is impossible for me to consider what has been done in any other light than as a direct violation of an Act of the Imperial Parliament—of that Parliament which conferred on you the Constitution to which you profess to owe your present prosperity; nor can I do otherwise than consider the House of Assembly as having unconstitutionally disfranchised a large portion of His Majesty's subjects, and rendered ineligible, by an authority which they do not possess, another not inconsiderable class of the community. Such an assumption I should, at any rate, feel myself bound, by every tie of duty, to oppose," &c.

earnest desire and resolution to promote the best interests of the Province, he had been thwarted by those he desired to conciliate, and hampered by the clique of English counsellors, who ruled, rather than advised. If he had a fault which seriously impaired his usefulness, it was the fruit of long and effective service in the army of his country. He had been accustomed to order and discipline, and had to deal with a people politically insane, and essentially insubordinate. They had escaped from Bourbon tyranny, and yet were not fit for British freedom; and if the Governor erred in his dealings with them, if he was irascible, and even peevish, it must be remembered that he received great provocation, and that he filled the high station to which he was called at a time, when no man who was unwilling to surrender the rights of his Crown and country could have done better than he did. The character* of Sir James Craig is well drawn in Christie's *History*: "Positive in opinion; prompt in action; manly and dignified, yet sociable and affable; hasty in temper yet easily reconciled to those with whom he differed; hospitable and charitable, and lastly, though

* As Morgan remarks, the honesty and purity of his intentions are evinced in nearly every proclamation or speech he ever made. One extract from the honest and earnest appeal he made against seditious writings like those of *Le Canadien* does him infinite credit. After assuring them that it was not in order to serve the king that he could meditate tyrannical measures: he continued in these almost eloquent words: "Is it for myself, then that I should oppress you? For what should I oppress you? Is it from ambition; what can you give me? Is it for power? Alas! my good friends, with a life ebbing out slowly to its period under the pressure of disease acquired in the service of my country, I look only to pass what it may please God to suffer to remain of it, in the comfort of retirement among my friends. I remain among you only in obedience to the commands of my king. What power can I wish for? Is it then for wealth that I would oppress you? Enquire of those who know me whether I regard wealth; I never did when I could enjoy it; it is now of no use to me; to the value of your country laid at my feet, I would prefer the consciousness of having, in a single instance, contributed to your happiness and prosperity." Quoted in Morgan; *Celebrated Canadians*, p. 160.

not the least of his virtues, a friend to the poor and destitute, none of whom applying at his threshold ever went away unrelieved." When Sir George Prevost assumed the duties of the vice-royalty, the people of Canada had something better to think of than the miserable bickerings which had worried Sir James Craig into the grave; the enemy was at the gate, and, as will be seen hereafter, what sternness or conciliation had hitherto failed to effect, was accomplished by necessary union in the presence of danger from without.

Before leaving the Province of Quebec, a singular character, who should have been noticed in the proper place, ought not to be passed over. Major Robert Stobo was not a very fastidious man, or over scrupulous on points of honour. His connection with Canada commences at a period anterior to the Conquest. His history is chiefly interesting for its adventurous character, and might well form the subject of an entertaining romance. Born at Glasgow in 1727, the son of a prominent merchant, he was early trained to arms. He served in the war between the English and French colonies, and, after a visit to England went back to take part in the sieges of Louisbourg and Quebec. In 1754 he, and Captain Jacob Van Braun, a Dutchman, were surrendered as hostages for the fulfilment of the articles of surrender at Fort Necessity. Being allowed to wander about the country on parole, he amused himself by taking plans of the French fortresses. One of Fort Du Quesne he sent to Colonel George Washington. Being a handsome man he became a great favourite with the Quebec ladies, who undertook to instruct

him in French. Unfortunately some of his plans and papers were discovered, and the dashing officer soon found himself in a dungeon. Orders came from France to Vaudreuil to try Stobo for his life; but he escaped in 1756, and a reward of six thousand livres was offered for his recapture. Having been caught, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. The sentence, however, must be sent to France for confirmation, and Stobo again escaped but was rearrested at Montmorenci (1757). His lady friends interceded for him with the Governor; but, to make matters sure, he planned a escape with Lieutenant Stevenson, of the Rangers, and Clark, a ship-carpenter. For the third time, and now finally, he regained his liberty and at length reached Louisbourg in time to offer his services to Wolfe. But his misfortunes were not yet over. Being sent with despatches to General Amherst, he was made prisoner by a French frigate, and threw his papers overboard. The vessel being short of provisions, put into Halifax and Stobo was once more at liberty. He then served in the Champlain expedition and afterwards at Williamsburgh, at that time the capital of Virginia. In 1760 he went to England, but ill-luck still attended him, for the vessel was overhauled by a French privateer. However, having burned all his letters, save one to Pitt which he concealed under his arm-pit, he paid a ransom and reached home. Pitt remunerated him for his losses and sent him back with a letter to Amherst, in his favour, and there we lose sight of him. It is said that Smollett, who, we learn from a letter of Hume's, knew Stobo,

celebrated him in Humphrey Clinker as Captain Lismahago, the favoured suitor of Miss Tabitha Bramble.*

There is not much to record regarding the Upper Province between 1791 and 1812, in special connection with the object of this volume. Colonel Simcoe, the son of a Northamptonshire naval captain, an officer of the Queen's Rangers, was its first Governor. The first Legislature met at Newark, now Niagara, on the 17th September, 1792. The Legislative Council consisted of seven members, and the Assembly of sixteen, so that there was no danger of a tumultuous or turbulent meeting in either House, there were so few of them. In 1796 the seat of government was removed to York, now Toronto, and the scantily-peopled Province went on in a humdrum way for some years. General Simcoe left the Province almost immediately after, and the Government was left in the hands of the Hon. Peter, commonly called President, Russell, who administered, until the arrival, in 1799, of the† General, Peter Hunter. Russell's nationality was English, but Hunter was a Scot, being the brother of the celebrated physicians, John and William Hunter. He was born in 1746, and died at a comparative early age, in 1805, at Quebec. He had been a man of eminence in the military profession, and, in his new sphere of action—which in the Upper Canada of those days was a limited one—he managed all the affairs of the nascent colony, municipal as well as provincial, in a paternal sort of way. In 1799, according to the *Niagara Constellation*, he arrived at York,

* LeMoine : *Maple Leaves*. New Series, p. 55.

† See the Rev. Dr. Scadding's *Toronto of Old*, where a number of curious facts touching Russell are detailed.

and was received, in orthodox Vice-regal style, by a party of the Queen's Rangers. On the 5th of September, he was starring it at Niagara, amid the smoke of a salute of twenty-one guns. On these occasions His Excellency crossed the lake in the *Speedy*,* one of the clippers, doubtless, of those days. In 1800, a paper with the grandiloquent titles of the *Upper Canada Gazette or American Oracle*, was issued at York, and from it something is learned of the flittings to and fro between Quebec or Niagara and York, of Peter Hunter, languishing, perhaps, of *ennui*. In 1803, in a lengthy proclamation, Governor Hunter set apart the market-square of York, from Market Place to Church Street. In less than two years afterwards he died at Quebec, and a month later no less, the *Oracle* opened its mouth with the following tribute to his memory:—"As an officer his character was high and unsullied; and at the present moment his death may be considered a great public loss. As Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada his loss will be severely felt; for by his unremitting attention and exertions he has, in the course of a few years, brought that infant colony to an unparalleled state of prosperity."† He appears to have been a man of ability, probity and amiable temper, a worthy member of a distinguished Scots family, and one well suited to guide and organize the young settlement in the early

* This vessel was lost in 1801, on the passage between York and Kingston, with Judge Grey and all on board; she was an armed vessel of ten guns.

† These particulars are extracted from *Toronto of Old*, whence much additional information of a curious character may be gleaned. The following is extracted from a writ of election directed to the Hon. William Allau:—"The Returning Officer was "to cause one Knight, girt with sword, the most fit and discreet, to be freely and indifferently chosen to represent the aforesaid County (Durham) Riding (East York) and County (Simcoe), in Assembly, by those who shall be present on the day of election." (Scadding, p. 249).

stages of its existence. The remains of the Governor were interred in the Cathedral, at Quebec, and his virtues and abilities are recorded on a monument "erected by John Hunter, M.D., of London." In 1806, Francis Gore arrived from England, and retained the Governorship until 1811, when General Brock administered the government, and took the command at the outbreak of war with the United States.

Of the Scots connected with Canada during the period from the conquest to the war of 1812, there are some who seem to require special notice. One of these was Sir William Grant, the third Attorney-General of Quebec, born in 1754, at Elchies on the Spray, in the north of Scotland. His distinguished judicial career has no connection with Canada, and he was only temporarily a resident in this country, during a brief period from 1776. When he returned home Lord Thurlow once said of him, "Be not surprised if that young man should one day occupy this seat,"—and it is stated that he might have occupied the woolsack but refused it. He filled high judicial offices in England, being successively Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Master of the Rolls. Francis Butler wrote in his "Reminiscences"—"The most perfect model of judicial eloquence which has come under the observation of the reminiscents is that of Sir William Grant," and, it may be added, that he was an effective parliamentary debater. The Hon. James McGill is a name to be had in perpetual remembrance as that of the founder of the University at Montreal, which bears his name. Born at Glasgow in 1744, he came to Canada at an early age and became a successful merchant. He was a member

of Parliament and subsequently of the Legislative Council and, at one period, an Executive Councillor. During the war of 1812, he became a Brigadier-General. He was a thoroughly good man, charitable without ostentation, kindly to men of every creed and both nationalities and, in the interests of superior education, he laid the foundation of one of the noblest academic institutions in America. Connected with his fellow-subjects of French origin by marriage, he was popular amongst all classes of the people, and died in 1813, on the verge of three score and ten, sincerely respected and regretted by the entire community. The name of Irving is, as Dr. Scadding observes, "historical in Canada, the earliest being Colonel Paulus Æmilius Irving, who was born so far back as 1714, at Bonshaw, Dumfries, of which his father, William, was laird. At the siege of Quebec, he served under Wolfe as a Major of the 15th Foot, and received a wound in the battle of the Plains. At the departure of General Murray, he was commander of the forces, and Administrator of the Government for a time. He died in 1796, leaving a son of the same name, who became a general in the British army. The Hon. Jacob Æmilius Irving, M. L. C., was a grand nephew of Paulus Æmilius, born at Charleston, S. C., in 1797. He served in the 13th Light Dragoons and was wounded at Waterloo. So notable were his services during that campaign that, on his return, he was presented with the freedom of Liverpool, where his father was a merchant. He did not take up his residence in Canada till 1836, and in 1837 aided in the suppression of the Rebellion. He was first warden of the district of Simcoe,

and in 1843 became a Legislative Councillor, and remained one until his death in 1856. His house on Yonge street was called Bonshaw after the ancestral domain in Scotland. It may be added that, in politics he was a Liberal, and a strong opponent of Lord Metcalfe. His son, Æmilius Irving, Q. C., was M. P. for Hamilton during the last Parliament.* Both these last fall within a period posterior to 1812, and are noted here merely in family connection, and for convenience sake.

In the Maritime Provinces, the number of loyalists who founded families, at once or afterwards, prominent in civil affairs was considerable. A large proportion of these were Scots, if one may judge by their names—Burns, Campbell, Gordon, Galbraith, Graham, Henderson, Hume, Johnstone, Macaulay, Macdonald, Macdougall, McGregor, McIntosh, Mackenzie, Maclean, Macleod, Macpherson, Munro, Stuart, &c. The Scottish origin of the patronymic, however, is not always evidence of Scottish birth or parentage, although it is of descent and national origin. Many of those bearing purely Scottish names were born in Ulster, and are, therefore, nominally Irish—Scoto-Irish as they are occasionally called. So far as this is the case, mistakes may, and no doubt will occur, in claiming individuals, although there is no mistake at all in tracing well-settled national characteristics to the Scottish colony across the Irish Sea—a community which has always been, and still remains substantially the same as its progenitors had been in the auld

* See Morgan : *Celebrated Canadians*, &c., pp. 80 & 275 ; and Scadding ; *Toronto of Old*, p. 490.

land. The loyalists were either born in the mother country or the sons of immigrants—the Americans born of the third generation, and so on back, having lost their hereditary attachment to British soil, and their loyalty to British connection. Somewhere about twenty thousand of the loyalist refugees, many of whom had lost ample fortunes in the cause, settled in British North America. Receiving grants of land from the Crown, and being almost all of them men of probity and intelligence, they naturally became leaders of the people in the new colonies they had made their home. As advisers of the Crown, as Judges or as Legislators, their names are frequently recorded in Sabine and elsewhere; and not a few of the prominent men of a later time have been proud to trace their descent from those steadfast, long-suffering and enterprising loyalists of the Revolution.

Amongst the more notable men of mark may be mentioned the Cunninghams, of whom one, Archibald, of Boston, was banished in 1778, and afterwards held a responsible office at Shelburne, N.S. The Grants were chiefly represented by Daniel, a native of Gillespie in Sutherlandshire, who settled in what was a purely Scottish colony at St. Andrews, N.B., where he died, in 1834, at the age of eighty-two. Joseph Gray, a United Empire Loyalist, settled at Halifax, established the mercantile firm of Proctor & Gray, and died in 1803, aged seventy-four. He seems to have established a colony on his own account, for he had thirteen children. His brother John went to India; and there were other Grays in the loyal ranks, one of whom, William, from the Province of New York, became a magistrate in King's

County, N. B., and lived to be ninety-six, dying in 1824. The Macdonalds and the Macdonells appear in great force in the annals of the United Empire Loyalists, over twenty-four being mentioned in Sabine, a number of whom settled in the Lower Provinces, and one, named Donald, who had served under Sir William Johnson, died at Wolfe Island, Ontario, in 1839, at the age of ninety-six. Two of the McKays are specially noted—Hugh, who belonged to the Queen's Rangers during the entire Revolution, and settled in New Brunswick at the peace. Sabine says that he was the "only full Colonel" in the Province, member of the Assembly for thirty years, and long the father of that body; and also Senior Justice of Common Pleas for the County of Charlotte. He died at St. George, in 1848, aged ninety-seven, "distinguished for his urbanity and gentlemanly bearing." John McKay had been a Captain in the Queen's Rangers under Simcoe, and settled, in 1783, in York County, N. B. He held public stations of honour and trust, and died in 1822. His wife was a sister of Chief Justice Saunders, of New Brunswick. Mr. Duncan McKenna was another United Empire Loyalist, who, having originally emigrated from Scotland to New York, settled at Shelburne, N. S., and became the father of the Hon. Gilbert McKenna, member of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, so far back as 1840, and called to the Legislative Council in 1868. Another old legislator was Mr. Morrison, grandfather of the Hon. Thomas Morrison, M.L.C. of Nova Scotia. He was not a United Empire Loyalist, but the son of a Scot who had settled in New Hampshire. He left that Province for

Nova Scotia in 1760, and was for many years a Member of Parliament. John McKinnon (of the Isles) emigrated from Inverness-shire early in the century and settled in the County of Sydney. Of his two sons, one was made a Legislative Councillor in 1867, and served as Agricultural Commissioner, and the other, the Rev. Dr. C. F. McKinnon, became Bishop of Arichat. Colin Campbell, of Argyleshire, emigrated to America in 1770, and occupied many positions under the Nova Scotian Government. In 1793, he was elected Member of the Provincial Parliament for Shelburne, and sat for it over twenty years, dying in 1822. His grandson was, or is, Member of the Provincial Parliament for Digby. Amongst the Pictou Scottish settlers was Mr. Mackay, who came from Sutherlandshire—father of Mr. Alexander Mackay, M.P.P. for Pictou. William Robertson was a United Empire Loyalist, living in New York, who settled at Shelby N. S., as a merchant, and, afterwards, at Barrington. According to Sabine, he was remarkable for possessing “a wonderful memory, and was consulted by all the country round.” His son, the Hon. Robert Robertson, has been a member of the Assembly for many years, and also a Commissioner of Public Works.

Of the New Brunswick pioneers, Archibald McLean was Captain in the New York Volunteers and fought bravely at Eutaw Springs. In 1783 he went to St. Johns, N. B., and was one of the original grantees there. In 1812 he was again in active service. He resided in York County and was a member of the Assembly and magistrate for that county for many years. He died at Nashwaak, N. B., in

1830, at the age of seventy-six. John Fraser, of Inverness-shire, Scotland, settled in Nova Scotia first in 1803, and in 1812 at Miramichi, N. B. His son is the Hon. John James Fraser, Q. C., M. P. P., as well as Provincial Secretary and Receiver-General of the Province. Mr. LeMoine mentions a number of Gallicized Scots in the Province of Quebec; the family of Urbain Johnston, M. P. P. for Kent, is an illustrative case in New Brunswick. About a century ago, the family came from Scotland and settled with the Acadians on the Châteaus Bay and were, so to speak, naturalized, and became French amongst them. Alexander Wedderburn, who may not improbably have been related to Lord Loughborough, was an Aberdonian, and for many years emigration officer for New Brunswick, and the author also of several works on the Province. His son is the Hon. William Wedderburn, Q.C., M.P.P., who has been Speaker of the Assembly. In Prince Edward Island, there is a large sprinkling of Scots, "Maes" and others, many of these however, such as the Lairds, McGills, McIsaacs, Munroes, Walkers, Wightmans, Campbells, Macdonalds, &c., may be more properly referred to at a later period. Hon. Arthur McEwen, formerly M.L.C., had as his great-grandfather one of the earliest settlers on the Island, for he came from Perthshire to settle at St. Peters somewhere about 1760. Charles McLean left the Highlands at the commencement of the century, began life in the New World at Charlottetown and finally made his home at East Point, where his grandson, the Hon. James R. McLean, M.P.P. for Kings (1st District), was born. The clan Maclean or McLean has made such a conspicuous figure in the world,

that it seems well to mention something further about them here. David Maclean, of Dochgarroch, belonged to the 73rd or McLeod Highlanders and settled in Pictou, N. S. James Maclean, of Ardgour, was a lieutenant in Montgomery's Highlanders, who served in Nova Scotia and in the expedition to Dominique. Archibald Maclean of the same ilk also went to America, and his third son, Neil, was commissary at Niagara. Lachlan, of another branch, served in the West Indies, rose to the position of Major-General, and died Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Another fighting Maclean was Francis of the Blaich stock, captain of the 42nd; he served at Bergen-op-Zoom, was a prisoner of war in France, and afterwards served under Wolfe. After fighting in Portugal, we read of General Francis Maclean at the defence of Penobscot in 1779, with a force of 700 against 2,000 Americans. He died at Halifax in 1781.* Hector Maclean, of Torren, again was a settler also in the colonies, and, we believe, the progenitor of Mr. Allan McLean Howard, who lives in Toronto. General Allan Maclean, of the Macleans of Torloisk, was a notable figure in Canadian struggles. He had served in Holland, and began his career in America as a lieutenant in the 60th or Royal American Regiment, and afterwards in the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. Not only did he serve under Wolfe, but also took part in resisting the invasion of Montgomery and Arnold in 1775. He retired, went home, and died in 1791. There are also Counts Maclean in Sweden; indeed wherever fighting or hard, honest work was to be done, there

* See Irving: *Life of Washington*, Vol. iii., p. 511.

was always a Maclean to perform the task.* John McNeill came to the Island from Argyleshire in 1773. His son, William, sat in the Assembly for twenty-five years, much of the time as Speaker. A grandson, William Simpson McNeill, was M. P. P. for Queen's (2nd District). Daniel Montgomery also left Argyleshire about the same time, and possibly in company with John McNeill. He sat for Prince County for over thirty-five years, and is now represented by a grandson in the Senate of the Dominion, the Hon. Donald Montgomery, who has passed the term of three score and ten.

In only a few cases, does a single span of human life bridge over the interval between last century and the present, now waning through its last quarter. The Hon. John Holmes, until recently a member of the Senate, was born in 1789, in Ross-shire, Scotland, went to Nova Scotia in 1803; sat in the Assembly of the Province during the periods from 1836 to 1847, and from 1851 to 1858; was then a Legislative Councillor up to the Confederation year, and from 1867 a Senator of the Dominion. Dr. Forbes, ex-M. P. for Queen's, N. S., represents an old family connected with the barons of that name. William settled at St. Kitts, in the West Indies, and the Doctor's father was born there and served in his early years in the 64th. The honourable member himself was born at Gibraltar, and finally found a home at Yarmouth, N. S., where his father was Collector of Customs. If in Mr. Holmes' case, we have

* See *Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan Maclean*. By a Seneachie. London, 1883.

the extraordinary persistency of the Scot as a sturdy long-lived toiler for himself and others; in the case of the Forbeses there is an equally characteristic love of roaming and adventure. The grandfather of Colonel Kirk, ex-M.P. for Guysborough, was an old settler—William Kirk, of Dumfermline, who served through the Revolutionary War in the regular army. An old Highland family is represented by Mr. William McDonald, M. P. for Cape Breton. He claims descent from the Clan Ranalds, and his grandfather left the Island of Uist to settle in Inverness county, N. S. The member for Kings, P. E. I., also comes of an old settled family, his grandfather having left Inverness-shire in 1785, and settled in Prince Edward Island; on the mother's side he is descended from an officer who fought under Wolfe. His uncle is the Right Rev. Dr. McIntyre, R. C. Bishop of Charlottetown. Hon. Henry Starnes, so well known as a financier and an energetic and enterprising worker in Montreal, is of U. E. Loyalist stock, of Scottish origin. Lieut.-Colonel Ogilvie, ex-M. P. P., Quebec, came of a sturdy old Scottish stock in Banffshire. His parents emigrated at the beginning of the century, and his father served in 1812 and 1837, on behalf of the Crown. The Hon. Joseph G. Robertson, of Sherbrooke, M. P. P., and a Minister of the Crown, it may be remarked, in passing, is also a Scot, the son of the Rev. Joseph Robertson, from Aberdeenshire, where the honourable gentleman was himself born.

Having thus selected, though by no means exhaustively, the names of some of the early settlers in the Eastern Provinces to whose energy and intelligence so much is due, not

only for the settlement, but also for the orderly social life and good government of the country, it seems unnecessary to pursue the subject farther in this direction. It will not be denied that in the whole of the Maritime Provinces and, to a large extent, in the Province of Quebec, whether they appeared as loyal refugees from the revolted colonies, as retired officers and soldiers, or as immigrants simply, the Scots supplied a fresh, vigorous, honest, and sterling element to the population which would have been sorely missed in those early days. The energy which overcomes all difficulties, the frugality which spares and accumulates, and the power of self-denial, are in themselves half the battle of life; the rugged earnestness, the unswerving probity, the thoughtful and educated intelligence have always been the hereditary possessions of the Scot, when, as mostly happened, he had no other estate to boast of. He possesses qualities which, as the first part of this volume was designed to show, came to him through the disciplinary sufferings, hardships and struggles undergone by his forbears through long and painful periods of national education. It will be necessary now, before entering more into detail upon the modern period, to trace as briefly as may be, the operation of the same indomitable national character in Ontario and in the vast domain to the North-west of it, where the courage, the industry, the endurance of the Scot have brought forth peculiarly rich and abundant fruit. In Eastern Ontario, a settlement will be found purely of Celtic origin, and to a large extent still clinging to the old Gaelic tongue and the ancient faith. Small colonies of these brave old Highlanders will be met

with elsewhere in the Province ; but on the whole, the great work effected for Ontario, as an agricultural, industrial and mercantile community, has been achieved by the Saxon Lowlander. It will be seen also that the Scot has made the vast territory to the north-west from the Arctic circle to the boundary-line, and from Fort William to Victoria peculiarly his own, whether as an explorer, a hunter or a settler.



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